




CANADA'S

COEUR DE LION


& BRITISH HEARTS OF OAK.



BY
REV. E.W. MATTHEWS

LONDON:
RICHARD J. JAMES, 3 & 4, LONDON HOUSE YARD, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.
TORONTO:
R. D. WARREN, THE BOOK ROOM, 27, RICHMOND A., W.





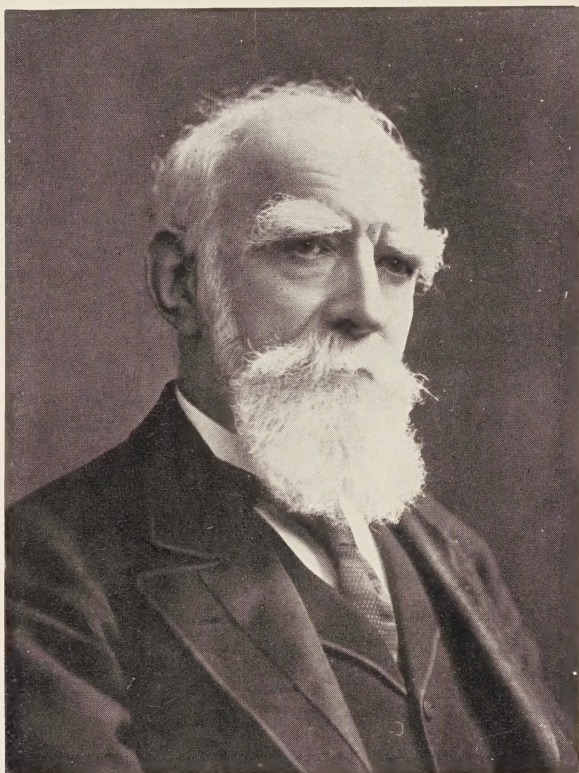
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MANY HAPPY RETURNS,

August 6th, 1910.

"Seest thou
a man dili-
gent in his
business? He
shall stand
before Kings;
he shall not
stand before
obscure men"

R. V.



Photo]

[Lafayette.

THE RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA.

"I am com-
manded by
the King to in-
form you that
His Majesty
is graciously
pleased to be-
come Patron
of the British
and Foreign
Sailors'
Society."

THE BOARD OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY (Incorporated), on behalf of its many branches and members, and as representing the seafaring classes generally, very cordially unites with others in offering your Lordship its hearty congratulations on the attainment of your ninetieth Birthday; and expresses the earnest hope that in the good providence of God, you may yet be spared for some years to your family and friends, and to witness the growth of the Empire, and especially of Canada, in all that makes for the nation's highest good.

This year will be specially remembered by the passing of a great King, universally loved and lamented; and the accession to the Throne of our Sailor-King, George V. Your ninetieth Birthday year will also be remembered by the purchase, by the Canadian Government, of its first ship H.M.S. Niobe for the beginning of its Royal Navy—a ship, which, it is worthy of note, is to be commanded by a Canadian officer trained in His Majesty's Navy, Flag-Commander J. W. Macdonald, of H.M.S. Victory.

The Society would specially include in these birthday greetings Lady Strathcona, and would wish for you both every possible happiness, and the continual blessing of Almighty God, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow.

THOMAS MASON, Chairman.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G., Etc.

CANADA'S CŒUR DE LION AND BRITISH HEARTS OF OAK,

CONTAINING

NINETIETH BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
TO THE RT. HON.
LORD STRATHCONA & MOUNT ROYAL
G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., LL.D., ETC.,

High Commissioner for Canada,

PRESIDENT BRITISH & FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY.

WITH CHAPTERS FOR SCHOOLS ON
THE KING'S DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS,

WITH THE NAME OF EVERY SAILOR WITH
GALLANT NELSON ON H.M.S. VICTORY AT
TRAFALGAR, ETC., ETC.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY

REV. EDWARD W. MATTHEWS,

Senior Secretary, British & Foreign Sailors' Society.

Editor of "The Chart & Compass" Sailors' Magazine (30 Vols.)

TENTH THOUSAND.

PRICE ONE SHILLING or TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

LONDON:

RICHARD J. JAMES, 3 & 4, LONDON HOUSE YARD, PATERNOSTER ROW,
E.C.

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1910.

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AN EXPLANATION.

Thanks are due and are hereby given to all those who have so kindly lent us blocks. C.P.R., B.F.S.S., G.T.R., C.N.R. Unfortunately some photographs were copyright and others we were unable to bring in.

Some friends will be angry with the author for not giving them a chance to send an appreciation. At Birthday times everybody feels kind ! So pray forgive old father Neptune (too hard worked) not only this fault but all other faults discovered in this book. After Aug. 6th, 1910, the Centenary will loom ahead of us. Well what will happen then ? WAIT AND SEE !

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Elliott & Fry, Photographers, we are enabled to reproduce the Portrait of Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zealand.—See page xiii.

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FAC-SIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF VICTORY LEDGER.

44

Victory

We the undersigned James & Co. Messrs. & Co. as Messrs. & Co. subscribed being the Captains
 Officers & Company of H. M. Ship Victory under the command
 of the late R. Hon Lord Nelson at the Battle off Cape Trafalgar
 on the 21st Oct^r 1805 do acknowledge to have received by ourselves or
 legal Representatives through the hands of Messrs C. Cooke &
 J. Hallford joint or account of the R. Hon Lord Howick
 John Girdle Spencer & Lord St. Petty Trustees for the Distribution
 of £300,000 voted by Parliament the several Sums expressed
 against our Names being the Amount of our private accounts of the R. Hon
 And we do hereby discharge our said Trustees as well as the said
 Messrs Cooke & Hallford from all further demand on acc^t thereof.

As Names Quality Sum Date To whom Paid Witness

Lord Viscount Nelson ¹⁸⁰⁶ 11th Aug 1806 5 Aug 1806 Paid Receipting 56

Lord Collingwood	1809 8 4	Paid J. Receipting to Captain	56
Lord St. Vincent	1809 8 4	Paid Capt. St. Vincent	56
Gen. Sir John	1809 8 4	Paid by John St. Vincent	56
John Knight	1809 8 4	Paid J. Receipting	56

First Class

1805 J. M. Hardy Esq. (Capt 1809) 6 Aug 1806 Paid Receipting 56

Second Class

17 John Bulliam Esq. 1806 17th Aug 1806 Paid Receipting 56

17 G. M. Blyth Esq. 1806 17th Aug 1806 Paid Receipting 56

DEDICATION.

To the precious memory of King Edward, who sent us many cheering words, and to the young people throughout the British Empire, I respectfully dedicate this little book.

The late King, when at Biarritz, promised to see the Trafalgar Ledgers on his return to London, and, at the same time, to receive the bust of Nelson standing on Victory Oak, a picture of which appears in this book. The inscription submitted for approval contained the title given to His Majesty by the French press and public:



HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

“Le Roi du Paix.” This title was significantly taken out, as though the King said: “It is true I am a peacemaker, and my life and reign, long or short, shall be consecrated to peace on earth among the nations, but there is only one PRINCE OF PEACE (Isaiah ix., 6-7); He is my King and Saviour, the title shall be His for ever.” This interesting fact has not before been made known, but when the King’s life is written I hope it may find a place.

PREFACE.

LORD STRATHCONA'S FAULTS.

Statesmen and others sing of his virtues, but I will speak of his faults. Two I have specially discovered. Fault one is dwelt upon under the heading STRATHCONA THE SILENT. Fault two should also have a chapter all to itself and be headed STRATHCONA THE STRENUOUS. The plain English of this latter fault is, he works too hard and too long. If there is an eight hours a day law in Canada or in the Old Country then the High Commissioner for Canada is a law breaker all the time ! At the Mansion House last May, the Lord Mayor presiding, I ventured to remark, in the presence of Lord Strathcona (fortunately for me his hearing since his accident has not been quite so acute) that on this question of work, he would not obey even his great Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, nor his popular Governor General of Canada, Earl Grey, "nor indeed not even you, my Lord Mayor."

Lord Strathcona was, as President of the British & Foreign Sailors' Society, to have introduced a small deputation to the late King Edward, on the occasion of presenting the Bust of Nelson, and I had intended if I could have escaped the eye of my chairman, to have said to the King in an undertone, "Our President with his many virtues has one glaring fault, and the worst of it is, he will not obey when it comes to hours of work anybody in this world, but his Sovereign ! So if your Majesty could quietly command that he put in less hours of labour, this fault may be partly cured !" The King himself was a prodigious worker, and would have had some difficulty in preaching to this distinguished servant of Empire what he himself did not practice. We sometimes fear number two fault may lead to a breakdown.

Lord Strathcona does not know, and I dare not tell him, that some chapters in this book refer to himself, or that these distinguished persons have written so affectionately and appreciatively, or I believe he would stop me right away ! He knows I am preparing a small book for my school friends but that is all.

It will be noticed in the four corners on our front cover symbols of our four great self-governing Dominions, created, united, defended by a ship, the one symbol of our nation past, present, and future. My colleague in the Secretaryship said at a public meeting that like Cecil Rhodes, I thought in continents.

But British boys (or girls) whether they have the privilege of a sea life as I had or not, should be taught to think and pray and read in continents, for our Empire is literally composed of Continents. Instead of the average Britisher being as small as his Isles, he should be what after all he really is in many things, large in heart and mind and outlook.

This booklet with its imperfections is saturated with this idea, that in spite of our National sins and vices there is a Divinity running through our National life and history, from the King downwards, making for righteousness. The book is simply a sheaf of Birthday greetings from eminent and representative persons to one who embodies in his life the Colonial and Imperial idea of the British race—with a few chapters thrown in bearing upon the Strathcona man and the Sailor man. Having secured two of the Trafalgar ledgers from the Victory, it is a real pleasure to give the name of every sailor who was with gallant Nelson on Board that famous ship on the never-to-be-forgotten October 21st, 1805.

But not so much as the Secretary of this Society have I written, nor indeed in a stately manner, as becometh one who received from a Rector of Nelson's County and others the great title, perhaps earned by a whole life of service for the sailor, namely, "Archbishop of the Sea," but I have rather written in the free and easy style of Santa Claus speaking to youngsters; for this is the title the Schools of the Empire as I passed through fondly gave me! I don't see how even young Lord Strathcona could be angry with Old Father Christmas for gathering these appreciations. I never did and never will wait till a man dies before speaking a kindly word of him. To do so is not flattery, but often fearlessness and justice irrespective of criticism and consequence.

The Hudson Bay Company at its last Annual Meeting, resolved to present Lord Strathcona with his portrait in oils. I beg to present the President of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society with his portrait, only a sketch, in ink. The inkpot rules the world to-day, but the subject is too tempting and I forbear.

In thinking of Lord Strathcona and the fulness of his years this text struck me as suitable for Statesman as Seaman:—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." In Canada he mounted up with wings, in London the next stage came—to run and not be weary, but after August 6th, 1910, starting the next decade, he must really try and WALK. It is easier for a man of Lord Strathcona's temperament and build, to mount, to run, than to walk. The application of this little sermonette is, Don't work too hard, and D.V. you'll make your century. "But if I do," comes the reply and reflection, "you shall not print a Centenary Booklet."

My Lord, you are the Captain of the ship (B.F.S.S.) I am only an A.B., but I beg you to

WAIT AND SEE.



QUEEN MARY.

Her Majesty was present at the Opening by her husband of the Passmore Edwards Sailors' Palace, the Head-quarters of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. When they were married the *Princess May Samaritan Fund* was established, which has helped thousands of men on a lee shore. To-day we may call her the May Queen of the British Empire. The Nation owes a debt to the Duchess of Teck for the way she trained her daughter to fit her to be Britain's future Queen.

The Queen has become Patroness of our Ladies' Guild, which sends to-day its heartiest greetings and good wishes to Lord Strathcona, the President of the Society.

Birthday Greetings from Ladies' Guild.

British & Foreign Sailors' Society.

Patronesses :

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, DUCHESS OF FIFE.

Vice-Patronesses :

LADY STRATHCONA, Canada.
LADY REID, Australia.
LADY HALL-JONES, New Zealand.
LADY SOLOMON, South Africa.
LADY PIRRIE, Ireland.
MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, Wales.

Hon. President and Treasurer : LADY DIMSDALE.

President for Ireland : LADY ROBERTS.

Vice-Presidents :

MRS. WHITE (daughter of late President the Hon. J. H. Angas).	
MISS CORY (daughter of late President John Cory, Esq., D.L.)	
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MRS. RICHARD CORY.	MRS. N. LL. JENKINS.

Hon. Secretary : MRS. E. W. MATTHEWS.

Acting Secretary : MRS. BARNES, " Meldreth," Woodford Green, Essex.

Association Secretary : MISS A. M. GREGORY, L.L.A.

Hon. Secretary for Canada : MRS. ALFRED HALL.

The Presidents, Treasurers and Secretaries of the Branches join the above in wishing many happy returns of the day. Mrs. White, whose ancestors were among the principal founders of the Society, and who has just become a Vice-President, will present through the Ladies' Guild, two thousand copies of this Booklet to as many young ladies (in schools) and those not so young, who may become members of the Guild after August 6th, 1910. The minimum member's fee is five shillings, and she hopes 2000 will join during the year. Here is a letter which links up the great past, addressed to the Senior Secretary :—

" In becoming Vice-President of your Ladies' Guild, I would like to give through the Guild two thousand copies of your new book, ' Canada's Cœur de Lion and British Hearts of Oak ' to as many ladies in schools (and others) throughout the Empire who will after August 6th, 1910, become members of the Guild. In doing so I join our Ladies' Guild in wishing Lord Strathcona many happy returns of his birthday. My father, the late Hon. J. H. Angas, was President of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, my grandfather, Mr. George Fife Angas, proposed its name and was its first Treasurer under its present comprehensive title, while my great Uncle, the Rev. William H. Angas, was its first ordained Missionary to work for the welfare of seamen. My brother of South Australia is to-day the Commodore of its Bethel Union, and you know how keenly interested was my beloved mother, recently taken from us, in its welfare. I have great pleasure therefore in enclosing my cheque for the above, which carries with it my earnest hopes and prayers for great growth in your work, and very cheering results in all parts of your great Mission.—Yours faithfully,—L. GERTRUDE BAZLEY WHITE."

STUDY WELL THIS PAGE !

Canada is big ! British Empire is bigger !!
 Dominion of the Sea is biggest !!!

By this Map you will see that the chief Nations of Europe could be put right into Australia alone. It will be noticed that the following parts of the Empire are not included in the rough outline.

The Dominion of New Zealand.

The Union of South Africa—Cape to Congo.

The British East and Central Africa.

The British West Africa—Nigeria, Guinea.

The British North Africa—Egypt. The Empire of India.

The West Indies, Guiana in South America.

The Isles of the Sea as Malta and Gibraltar (semi-isle), and part of New Guinea. The Isles in Pacific—Arctic and Antarctic.



Europe, omitting Russia and Scandinavia, is put into Australia, and still there is room. Australia is put into Canada.

I do not refer to what the British Isles, nestling under the north west of Europe, have done for themselves and others by their little Colonies, as in the Argentine and other countries—the English speaking representatives of the nation scattered abroad upon the face of the earth. I do not speak of the U.S.A. as springing from British parents, who gave language, laws, literature, and the Bible written in the language, Shakespeare, Bunyan, and the rest had the inspiration to adopt. I do not speak of the unique position of the English-speaking race nor of that significant phrase

DOMINION OF THE SEA.

This act of the Queen Mother tells of the men who under God secured the Dominion. :—

“Queen Alexandra received Captain Scott, of the British Antarctic Expedition, at Buckingham Palace on Saturday, and presented him with a Union Jack to be planted at the most southerly point reached.”

The British Empire is a great Trust from God, not for itself but for the World.

Cablegram from New Zealand.—The Prime Minister, Sir Joseph Ward, cabled as follows :—

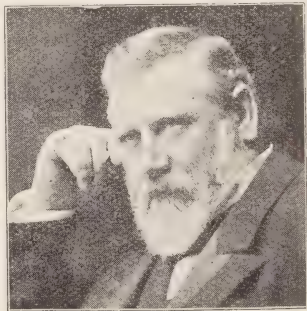


SIR JOSEPH WARD.

“ Referring to your letter re the occasion of the 90th birthday of Lord Strathcona, the people of this most distant Dominion heartily join kinsfolk in other parts of our Empire in honouring one whose life has been of increasing service in the interests of the British race, and whose name will ever be inseparably associated with the history of Canadian development. We sincerely congratulate his Lordship on attaining his great age, and trust he may be spared many years to continue to take an important part in national affairs. Lord Strathcona’s able advocacy of the all-British Ocean Mail communication is gratefully remembered by New Zealanders, and I would regard the consummation of the scheme whilst

he is yet amongst us, as a fitting recognition of the high esteem in which his Lordship is held by us.”—WARD, Prime Minister.

This cablegram must have a special place of honour. When Britain was passing through her agony, her Gethsemane, and was bleeding upon the veldt, it was the cablegram of that great New Zealand statesman, Premier Richard Seddon, which called the Empire to its feet and thrilled the hearts of her sons. When Britain was again greatly moved from centre to circumference, concerning her fleet, it was the cablegram from New Zealand’s present patriot and worthy successor, Premier Sir Joseph Ward, promising a Dreadnought, which again proved that the New Zealand Islands, first circumnavigated by Captain Cook, were to-day a great factor in the British Empire. In the above cablegram is a great hope, namely, that the consummation of a scheme, the “All Red Route,” shall take place during Lord Strathcona’s lifetime. We are a maritime nation or we are nothing. The Empire expects the best that is possible upon the sea.



LATE RICHARD SEDDON.

Will British Empire Rise or Fall?

THE BRITISH EMPIRE is a big thing. It was a big thing in 1805 when Nelson and his men gave the nation

Dominion of the Seas.

She is greater still in 1905.

Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, said in New York, and repeated on landing in England, June 1910 :—
“Every day proves more and more clearly the justice of Sir Wilfred Laurier’s statement that the

Twentieth Century is Canada’s Century.”

But I have no hesitation in saying what is true of Canada is true in some degree of AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, and AFRICA.

The British Empire is only beginning.

Twentieth Century Belongs to British Empire.

The Marquess of Salisbury once said :—“ Turkey could be prevented being murdered, but none could prevent her committing suicide.”

The BRITISH RACE has the awful power to commit suicide. But the world combined could not

Murder the British Race,

if (and it is a very big if) she is to herself but true. True to subject races and other nations ; if true to her Divine destiny.

Our Empire owes much to SAILORS, STATESMEN, SCHOLARS, SOLDIERS, BRITISH BREED, and BRITISH INDUSTRIES, but she can alone be built on the

Family - School - Church.

CHARACTER.

CONDUCT.

CHRISTIANITY.

If the nation is to be vitalizing and victorious, then she must have the

**Bed-rock Foundation of Holy Scripture,
father - Son - Holy Ghost.**

Other foundations, for Empire Building, can no man lay.

GREETING FROM SCOTLAND.

The Duke of Fife, Lord Lieutenant of the County of London, just as we go to press sends the following appreciation. Perhaps few in high places have helped the British and Foreign Sailors' Society more than His Grace and the Duchess of Fife, the Princess Royal:—

"I am much interested to hear that Lord Strathcona's ninetieth birthday falls on an early day, and I should like to add my very sincere and hearty congratulations to the many which he will no doubt receive then. Although Lord Strathcona was not born on my property in Scotland, like his friend and colleague Lord Mount-Stephen, he was born within a very few miles of it, in a district which I know well and represented for some years in the House of Commons; therefore I have always followed Lord Strathcona's remarkable career with particular interest and great admiration, and I devoutly hope that it may yet be prolonged for many years."

FIFE. July 7th, 1910.



GREETING FROM IRELAND.

The Countess of Aberdeen, Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, in sending me her charming book, "Through Canada with a Kodak," writes from Ireland concerning her old friend and host, the present High Commissioner for Canada:—"I need scarcely say how heartily I desire to join with your Society, and with all who wish to do honour to Lord Strathcona on his 90th birthday, and to offer him and Lady Strathcona heartiest felicitations."

INDIA VICE-REGAL LODGE, SIMLA, INDIA.

Earl Minto, Viceroy of India, and formerly Governor-General of Canada (and in his young days chief of the staff in the Canadian Rising, 1885) sends through his Private Secretary the following kind message:—"I am desired by the Viceroy to reply to your letter of May 24th, and to say he wishes every success to the booklet which you propose to bring out, especially in view of the fact that he has always been a sincere admirer of Lord Strathcona's great career."

STATESMEN SEND GREETINGS.

The Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., who was visited by His Majesty King George before leaving for his home in Birmingham, sends the following letter :

Highbury, Moor Green, Birmingham,

June 10th, 1910.

DEAR SIR,—“ I have received your letter and observe with great pleasure that you are about to acknowledge the services rendered by Lord Strathcona. I feel that no man has done more for the Empire than himself, and I gladly add my name to those who congratulate him on the attainment of his Ninetieth Birthday.*

I am, yours truly,

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

Viscount Gladstone, P.C., Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, High Commissioner for South Africa, wrote to the Senior Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society on leaving our shores : “ I heartily congratulate you on securing the good will of Lord Strathcona as President of your Society. His is a personality which is revered in all parts of His Majesty's dominions.”

The Marquess of Lansdowne, ex-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Viceroy of India, and last but not least, Governor-General of Canada, writes :—“ I gladly associate myself with those who desire to do honour to one whom all regard as one of the most distinguished citizens of the Empire.

It has been my good fortune to see something of Lord Strathcona's work both in that great Dominion in which his name will always be a household word, and in the mother country. His untiring energy, his absolute straightforwardness, the simplicity and sincerity of his character, and his splendid but unobtrusive generosity, have earned for him the admiration and affection of all who have had to do with him. Scotland ; Canada ; the British Empire are alike proud of him.

I join cordially in the congratulations which you are about to offer to your President.—LANSDOWNE.”

*When my beloved friend, the late Samuel Plimsoll, M.P., who left his mark on every British ship, was spending his money and strength to get a Bill through Parliament, all hope that he could do so was taken away. Being a man of glorious impulse, as a last resource he went on pilgrimage to Birmingham, poured out his heart to Mr. Chamberlain, and secured a generous and kindly letter to the Prime Minister. The Bill was not wrecked as he feared, but was duly passed, received the Royal assent, and Plimsoll lived a little longer and died happier. Many such kind things have been done by Mr. Chamberlain, and they would fill a book if written. Not a few persons in the Dominions beyond the seas are hoping and praying that his strength may be renewed at his eventide.

BROTHER HIGH COMMISSIONERS.

The High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia, the Right Hon. Sir George Reid, writes :—

“Lord Strathcona is one of the wonderful men of our wonderful Empire. His success shows how much is open to a British youth, however poor and destitute of rich friends, if he have high qualities of mind ; in other words, high mental power, backed by indomitable purpose, and resolute will. One of the many remarkable things about Lord Strathcona is the ease with which the man who worked in the far away frontier outposts of the remoter Canadas under primitive conditions, has made himself so conspicuous a success in affairs of Canadian enterprise and finance, and even the larger projects centred in this Imperial city. I am proud to hail him as the senior High Commissioner ; proud to honour him as one of the Grand Old Men of the Empire ; and delighted to possess his good will and friendship, of which I have already enjoyed many welcome proofs.

LORD STRATHCONA DOING MORE THAN HE THOUGHT.

LINKING UP CANADA, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND.

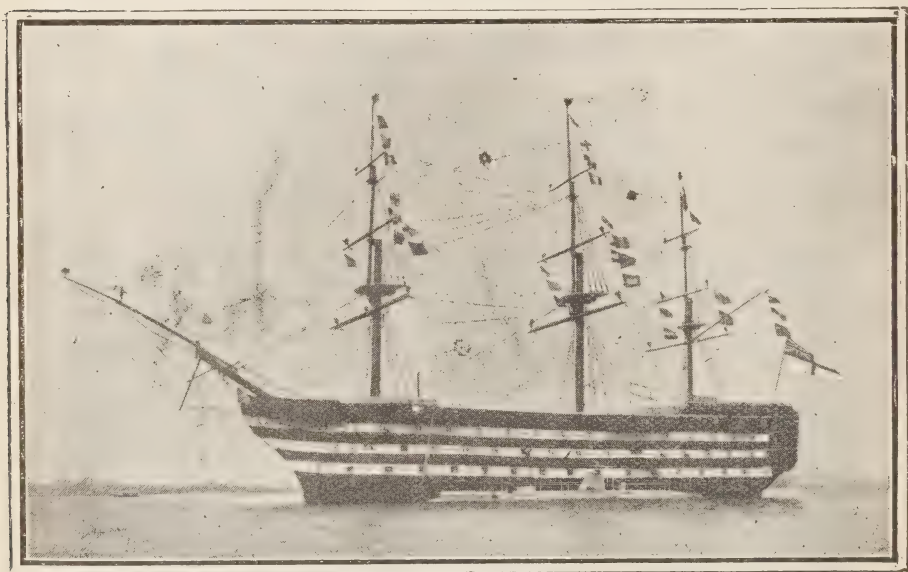
UNITING OCCIDENT WITH ORIENT.



Lord Strathcona (then Hon. Donald Smith) driving the last spike on the C.P.R. at Craigellachie, B.C., November 7, 1885. Lord Strathcona with hammer : behind him Sir Sandford Fleming and Sir William Van Horne.

It is rather interesting to note, that the country which he represents and the country which I represent, account together for nearly seven millions of the twelve millions of square miles, which constitute the total area of the British Empire."

The Hon. Sir William Hall Jones, High Commissioner for the Dominion of New Zealand, writes :—" With pleasure I join with others in expressing my appreciation of that excellence of character which has so distinguished Lord Strathcona as to have gained for him the affection, not of Canada alone, but of the United Empire. Lord Strathcona's career has been conspicuous, not only by a remarkable ability and a great but unobtrusive generosity, but also by an unblemished sincerity and never relaxed straightforwardness, that have won a very real esteem from all classes in the British Dominions."



VICTORY—TRAFALGAR DAY—SIGNAL FLYING.

"England expects that every man will do his duty."

THE HON. SIR RICHARD SOLOMON, High Commissioner of the Union of South Africa, writes : "I must thank you for calling my attention to the fact that the British and Foreign Sailors' Society is publishing a birthday booklet for the Schools of the Empire, in commemoration of the anniversary of the ninetieth birthday of Lord Strathcona who has become President of that Society. You have kindly invited me to send a word in connection with the booklet.

I am sure that I can, on behalf of the people of the Union of South Africa, congratulate Lord Strathcona on the anniversary of his birthday and on his extraordinary vigour at so great an age. Not only is he a 'grand old man of Canada' but he is one of the grand old men of the British Empire, and we all sincerely hope that he may yet be spared for many years.

I look forward with much pleasure to reading your booklet. Trafalgar brought Cape Colony, the Mother of the Union of South Africa, permanently within the orbit of the British Empire, and now that the four Colonies of South Africa are united under the Crown, I am sure it will be the endeavour of the people of South Africa to make the greatest possible success of the Union and to strengthen the ties which bind it to the Mother Country. They will more and more appreciate the blessings of being under the protection of the British flag, and will more and more recognise their responsibility in helping to maintain the supremacy of the British Navy on which depends the safety of every part of the British Empire."

Let the thought sink into the hearts of men and women, and my young folk, what this British Empire, under God, owes to our brother sailors,

Past, Present, Future.

LAST ROYAL VISIT TO THE VICTORY.

King George and his Queen are on the Royal Yacht Victoria and Albert, reviewing historic Portsmouth and its wonderful centres of to-day, the Naval College at Cowes, and the mighty fleet in the Channel.

While their parents were at Haslar Creek little Prince George and Princess Mary made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Nelson, the glorious Old Victory. They were shown the spot where the hero fell, the cockpit where he died, and their attention was drawn to his never-to-be-forgotten words inscribed on the old wheel of the ship: "England expects that every man will do his duty."

"I know that," said the little Prince gravely. Then he and his sister went to sign their names in the visitors' book.

We want boys and girls in all our Schools, in thought if not in person to visit the Victory and learn Britain's story of the sea.

MORE TESTIMONIES.

Col. the Right Hon. John Bernard Seely, D.S.O., Under Secretary of State for the Colonies writes :—

" I am much interested to hear of your proposal to publish a Birthday Booklet for the Schools of the Empire. The project of bringing home to our school children throughout the King's Dominions the immense importance to all of us of the Royal Navy, and also of the Mercantile Marine, is one which deserves every encouragement, and it would be impossible to choose a more suitable occasion than the 90th Birthday of our President, Lord Strathcona, whose name is a household word wherever the Union Jack flies."

RE: ..

The Rev. Alfred Hall, our Secretary for Canada, writes :—" No one who has not lived in Canada can fully understand how truly Lord Strathcona is the colossus of Canadian national life to-day. The veneration inspired by his long and arduous career ; the admiration evoked by his far-reaching and princely generosity ; and the honoured place he has won among the counsellors of the Crown, make him a personality of unique standing, whose mark will long remain upon this great Dominion. His latest acts of sympathy with the new generation by the presentation of Nelson Shields to Universities, Colleges, and Schools ; and of interest in the welfare of the sailors of the world, by his Presidency of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, give a full-orbed completeness to the utilities of his long life. At ninety, what else can one say but ' God bless him ! ' and ' Grant him the promised Light for even-tide, that his barque may quietly and safely reach the haven prepared through the grace of Christ our Lord.' "

A Sailor's appreciative way of putting it at St. John, N.B. Among Canadian Fathers was that great man the Hon. Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, K.C.M.G. His son the late Mr. H. C. Tilley, was the beloved President of the St. John Branch till his death. Mr. R. Morton Smith is now the able and active President, and at a recent meeting of sailors in their new fine Seamen's Institute, writes Manager Samuel C. Gorbett, it was hoped that Lord Strathcona may be long spared to hold the office of President of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. In the speaking a sailor said his lordship was a grand craft to throw a line to when you wanted to be pulled into deep water. A chum immediately caught the idea of the danger of the lee shore and the safety of the open, called upon his shipmates " three cheers for Lord Strathcona."

Yes sailors you have hit it off splendidly, in his time he has helped to tug State crafts, railway crafts, Bank crafts, Hospital crafts, University crafts, and not least Sailors' Institute crafts, off a lee shore where they might have been wrecked, out into the open where they could voyage for God and men.



CHAPTER I. APPRECIATIONS.

LORD BRASSEY BOUND FOR CANADA.

The famous yacht *Sunbeam* is now crossing the Atlantic navigated by her master and owner, my old friend, Lord Brassey. I always had him down on my list as a coming First Lord of the Admiralty! He must have been away circumnavigating the Globe, when they were Cabinet building! But here is his parting shot on leaving our shores for Canada.



RT. HON. LORD BRASSEY, G.C.B.
Lord Warden of Cinque Ports.

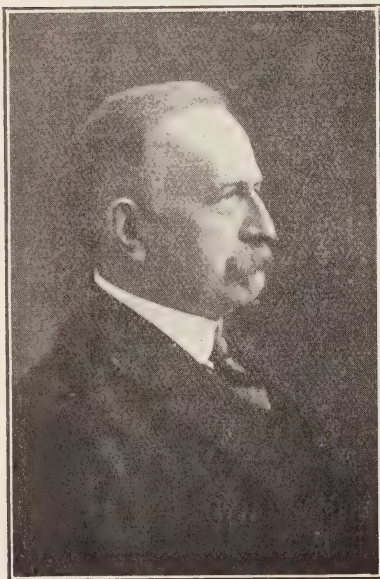
Lord Brassey, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and a notable representative of the Royal Navy and Seafaring Classes, whose life has been given up to Imperial, Naval, Commercial, and National subjects, writes: "Lord Strathcona is the Grand Old Man of Greater Britain, and an example to us all of devoted patriotism."

A young fellow 94 congratulating and encouraging his younger brother of 90 years of age !

Sir Frederick Young, K.C.M.G., the veteran Colonist and Imperialist, born in Limehouse, where stands the headquarters of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, opened by King George, when Prince of Wales, writes the following appreciation. This is the more interesting from the fact, that Sir Frederick is in his 94th year, and so watches with somewhat fatherly interest, the doings of his younger friend, Lord Strathcona, who is not even 90 at the hour of writing. Sir Frederick writes :—" It is one of the most striking features decreed by Providence to the gradual expansion and progress of the British Empire, that great men are in every age of its advancement from time to time created, to take their share in various ways, in its gradual steps towards a higher and nobler civilization.

" In our own day, the veteran Lord Strathcona, the Grand Old Man of Canada, stands out in this respect, deservedly honoured and admired. Endowed with great wealth, he is conspicuous as having devoted so much of it to many noble patriotic and charitable works of philanthropy and kindness during his long life on behalf of his native country, while the sentiments of his heart have always been so thoroughly Imperialistic, that his example from the con-

spicuous position he occupies has been of the greatest benefit and influence to his countrymen of all classes throughout the Empire. As one of his old friends I join in proffering to him the expression of my congratulations and good wishes on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday."



SIR THOMAS G. SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.

Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, sent the following cablegram :—" I have had the privilege of rather intimate association with Lord Strathcona during the past twenty-eight years, and the best that can be said of him by his friends and admirers in Great Britain and Canada has my hearty concurrence. Please add my sincere congratulations to the others that will be offered

him on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday."—Shaughnessy.

UNIVERSITIES, COLLEGES, SCHOOLS.

The Principal of McGill University, Montreal, Mr. W. Peterson, M.A., LL.D., C.M.G., writes : " In seeking to honour Lord Strathcona, you are honouring one of the most remarkable men of modern times. He is CANADA'S GRANDEST OLD MAN, and we are proud to claim him also as Chancellor of McGill University.

Queen's University, Canada. The very Rev. Daniel M. Gordon, M.A., D.D., Vice-Chancellor, writes :—" As a Canadian I am grateful to God for the large service he has enabled Lord Strathcona to render to Canada, and as a British subject grateful for the still broader service He has enabled him to render to the Empire."

The Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Chancellor University of Manitoba, the Most Rev. S. P. Matheson, D.D., D.C.L., writes from Winnipeg : " Lord Strathcona by his munificent benefactions has done untold good to manifold Canadian enterprises, but to none has he been more helpful than to the cause of Education."

Minister of Education for British Columbia, Mr. Henry Esson Young, sends the following epigram :—" For hundreds of thousands now crowding into Western Canada, Lord Strathcona blazed the trail."

Chancellor of the University of New Brunswick, Mr. Cecil C. Jones, M.A., LL.D., writes : " Not the least of Lord Strathcona's services to Canada is the development of the Imperial idea in our Educational affairs."

The President of Council of Public Institutions, Quebec, the Hon. Boucher de La Bruère, writes : " Lord Strathcona's name will ever be gratefully associated, particularly in the Province of Quebec, with Education and similar agencies for the betterment of mankind."

The Principal, Upper Canada College, Toronto, Mr. H. W. Andrew, M.A., writes the following appreciation, quoting from Shakespeare : " Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety."

The Chief Superintendent of Education, New Brunswick, Mr. W. S. Carter, M.A., writes : " One of our greatest benefactors."

The Chairman, Prot. Commissioners Council of Public Instruction, Quebec, writes :—" One of the greatest builders of our Empire, high and honourable in spirit, true to the throne, loyal to all our national interests yet broad in his world-wide sympathies,

MAORI CHILDREN, NEW ZEALAND.



God will bless New Zealand for her present treatment of the Maoris.

Nations will be prospered in proportion to the all-round education--intellectual, moral, spiritual--given to their youth. They will also be condemned or crowned (judged), by their treatment of subject Races--the wards of God.

with his wonderful life of 90 years his name will go down in the memory of our millions of scholars as a model patriot and a most exemplary servant of our Empire."

The Principal of the Congregational College of Canada, Mr. Edward Munson Hill, M.A., D.D., and a Vice-President Canadian Branch British and Foreign Sailors' Society, writes from Montreal:—"Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal is admired throughout Canada for his pluck and enterprise that have carried him to his height of influence; but in addition he is loved because of his generosity, his simplicity and kindness of heart. The glare of popularity has not spoiled him. The nation is grateful to him for his princely gifts to religious enterprises and to the cause of higher education in Canada."

The Superintendent of Education for the Province of Nova Scotia, A. H. Mackay, writes from Halifax:—"Nova Scotia through its Education Department congratulates Lord Strathcona on his approach to the Ninetieth anniversary of his Birthday in vigour of body and mind; and acknowledges with delight its appreciation of his generous aid in developing the higher life of the Dominion, and particularly of the stimulus of the Strathcona Trust to Physical and Patriotic Education in Canada. As Nova Scotia enjoyed the advantage of this stimulus for more than a year in advance of any other Province, it is especially appropriate thus to speak for the rising and future generation which will have even more substantial reasons to call his memory blessed."

The Minister of Education, Manitoba, The Hon. G. R. Coldwell, K.C., writes:—"Lord Strathcona's generosity and public spirit is an inspiration to all men and women of Canada, and the children of our Public Schools should remember with pride his worthy example."

The Superintendent of Education British Columbia, Mr. A. Robinson, B.A., writes: "Lord Strathcona's life is an object lesson to every youth in Western Canada."

Chief Inspector of Schools, Toronto, Mr. James L. Hughes, writes: "Lord Strathcona is the Canadian of whom Canadians are most proud. His career in Canada is a great lesson to all young Canadians to show them the value of honesty, honour, energy, and persistence in winning success. He took a leading part in the development of Canada at a time when men of faith, and insight, and enthusiasm, were required to start Canada on her way to the great success which she since has achieved. His generous assistance given to the empire at the time of the South African War, proved him to be one of the most liberal and most intelligent citizens of the whole empire. His recent gift to the Government of Canada, for the purpose of stimulating a deeper interest in the training of Cadets throughout Canada, will do much to make Canada the leading part of the empire in the preparations of her citizens to defend their

country and their empire in case of need. I think, personally, that Lord Strathcona's birthday should be celebrated in the schools throughout the whole of Canada every year, that the lessons of his great life should be impressed annually on the boys and girls of the country for which he has done so much."

Future Backbone of the British Navy.



Patriotism—Loyalty—Christianity.

"THE SPIRIT OF GOD MOVED UPON THE FACE OF THE WATERS."

Government House, Toronto, the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, The Hon. Colonel John Morrison Gibson, writes : " If all the good things Lord Strathcona has done for the benefit of his fellow beings in one way or another could be scheduled or tabulated or in any way brought together, so that a perspective view thereof might be had, what an immense volume or monument they would make ! Truly he is the Grand Old Man of Canada. May he see his centennial birthday."

The Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, the Honourable Thomas W. Paterson, writes :—" Lord Strathcona, who is one of the youngest old men of Canada, has succeeded in making his name a household word in that great Dominion, and as an example of straightforward, shrewd intelligence and honesty, he has few equals in this or any other country. The interest he has always taken in the welfare of British Columbia, endears him to the hearts of the people of the West, and in the history of Canada his name will appear as one of the foremost empire builders and Captains of industry of the past and present century."

Government House, Quebec, The Hon. Sir Charles A. P. Pelletier, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec writes : " Lord Strathcona's Ninetieth Birthday falls on August 6th, 1910. How glad I am to join in thanking Providence for having left such a man so long to our admiration and veneration. The grand old man belongs to the whole Empire, but we Canadians more particularly claim him as our own. Since I had the honour to sit with him in the Commons of Canada up to the present time, I have constantly received marked proofs of his kindness.

His ability, his great courtesy, and his statesmanship have made him a great personality and figure in the British Empire.

As doyen of the representatives of the King's Dominions beyond the seas, he is the pride of England, and a great honour to Canada. His unbounded generosity has made him dear to all institutions needing help and encouragement.

Let us hope he may be spared for many years more as our distinguished and worthy High Commissioner for Canada."



SIR C. A. PELLETIER, P.C.,

CHAPTER II.

WHAT THE PREMIERS SAY.

The Hon. Newton Moore, Premier of Western Australia, writes :—
“ Western Australia, in common with the other Dominions beyond the seas, extends warmest congratulations and greetings on the ninetieth anniversary of the birthday of Canada’s Grand Old Man. May Lord Strathcona, whose name is a household word throughout the Empire, continue for many years the distinguished representative of our great Sister Dominion.”

The Prime Minister of Natal, **The Hon. T. R. Moor-Mills**, Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, writes : “ I have received your letters with enclosures of the 6th ultimo, and desire to most heartily associate myself with your movement for celebrating the Ninetieth Birthday of Lord Strathcona, whose long and distinguished life spent in loyal and devoted service to the Empire will ever be a source of pride to all Britishers.”

The Prime Minister and President of the Council, Ontario, the **Hon. Sir James P. Whitney**, writes : “ In order to save your space I will simply say that Lord Strathcona is the Grand Old Man both of Canada and of the Empire.”

The Premier and Minister of Education for Province of Alberta, the **Hon. A. C. Rutherford, LL.D.**, writes from Edmonton (across Saskatchewan River, bridged by electric tram stands the City of Strathcona where the Prime Minister resides) :—

“ From the days when the Highlanders so bravely supported Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, Scotland has given to Canada many great and good men. Our Doyen, Lord Strathcona, stands out before Canada and the Empire as the greatest of these living to-day ; may he be spared to the enjoyment of still many beautiful years.

Decades before this young Scot came out to the lonely trading posts of the Hudson’s Bay Company in Labrador, his uncle, John Stuart, a man high in the company’s service, had helped notably in establishing British law and order and commerce along the magnificent rivers of Alberta, and on Stuart Lake across the mountains.

But the fame of the young man has outstripped the Stuarts, and the Twentieth Century finds the Empire united in greeting him as one of the most distinguished Empire-builders in the world to-day ; one honoured and giving honour by his position as the head of a Society designed for the benefit of our brave sailors to whom the Empire is so deeply indebted.”

The Premier of Saskatchewan, The Hon. T. Vale-Scott, writes from Regina, his capital: "From every point of view the life and career of Lord Strathcona have been such as to afford lessons of incalculable value to the young, and the proposal to publish a Strathcona Birthday Booklet for the schools of the Empire and thus help to impress the lessons of this remarkable life and career upon the minds of the children throughout the British Empire, the interests of which Lord Strathcona has done so much to promote, is a proposal which cannot be too highly commended."

The Hon. Frank Wilson, Acting Premier, writes from Perth:—"Western Australia joins heartily in wishing many happy returns of the day to the oldest representative of the British Dominions beyond the Seas."

The Prime Minister of Newfoundland, the Hon. E. P. Morris, writes from the Hague, where he attended the great Arbitration Court:—"I regret the notice is so short as to prevent my doing full justice in the very limited space assigned to your subject, Lord Strathcona, whom you propose to honour on his birthday. Personally, I am in entire sympathy with the undertaking. I know no one in the Empire of all its public men so absolutely unselfish and disinterested in the great work of Empire in which for years he has not alone been a great worker but a living inspiration to all others. We are too apt to wait until such men have passed away to crown them with the bay and laurel of our appreciation.

"Mere Royal and Governmental recognition should not be regarded as sufficient, the people as a whole should be afforded opportunities of crowning their heroes and in their lifetime.

"You are setting to work the right way. As you say, in your letter to me, 'great and good citizens are the nation's chief assets.' Every child in the schools of the Empire should know in a short compass the life story of Lord Strathcona. Its study in our schools would lessen the many mute inglorious Miltons who, for lack of example and opportunity, still waste their sweetness on the desert air.

"The phenomenal success which has crowned every work undertaken by Lord Strathcona is due to the fact that in everything that he undertook he went into it with all his heart. It was only this summer I had occasion to call at the Board Room of a great London Bank of which he was director. I sent in my card, the manager was engaged with Lord Strathcona. The latter insisted on my being brought in, and he then and there occupied his time and that of his manager's for over an hour with a discussion on the bright future in store for Newfoundland. He appeared for the moment as if he had no other interest in life but Newfoundland. This is the secret of the charm he possesses for all who come in contact with him. Wishing you every success."

The Prime Minister of Manitoba, the Hon. R. P. Roblin, writes: "I join with those who are taking an interest in the proposed birthday booklet in honour of the anniversary of the distinguished gentleman who acts as Canadian High Commissioner at London. The people of Manitoba unanimously extend to Lord Strathcona congratulations on the 90th anniversary of his birthday. While the people of Western Canada can with some propriety claim his Lordship as their special own, they are willing to share with the citizens of the Empire generally in doing honour to Lord Strathcona for the magnificent achievements that he has been able to accomplish for Canada and the British Empire by virtue of his great ability and untiring devotion in that direction."

Mr. Will Crooks, ex-M.P. for Greenwich, a worthy representative of the best type of our great industrial classes writes to the Secretary:

"On my return home from the tour round the world I called upon Lord Strathcona not alone to thank this very remarkable man for his kindness to me and my wife, but to tell him of the blessed work your Society was doing and of the Home in Vancouver, B.C., which was named after him, and of the progress made at Victoria, B.C., towards your new Sailors' Home Institute, and the helpful interest taken in the work in both Ports by Prime Minister McBride and others I met. I told him of the men I met who but for the Home would indeed have become social and physical wrecks, indeed all the way round it was the same rescue from hard conditions, loving service to men for which no pay could compensate. That Lord Strathcona has become President of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society confirms me in my opinion of the man. No good effort for mankind but has his personal and sympathetic support and approval. What a marvel and an example he is to all of us.

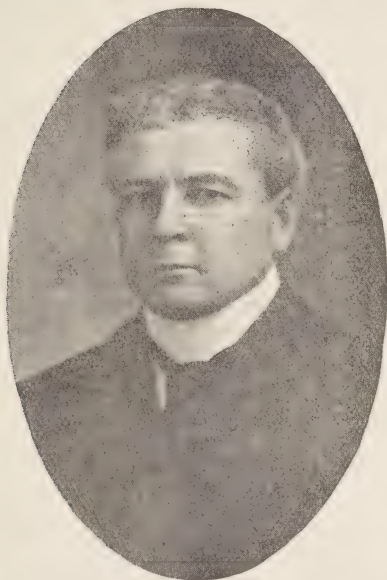
With kindest regards and thanks for all your efforts, believe me, yours always truly, WILL CROOKS.



WILL CROOKS.

THE PACIFIC PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Hon. Richard McBride, the Premier of this marvellous Province and a rising Statesman of Canada, sends the following



THE HON. RICHARD MCBRIDE.

greeting. It gives peculiar pleasure to receive this message from the Pacific shore, the gateway to and from the mighty East and a highway of the future to Australia and New Zealand. Mr. McBride opened the temporary Strathcona's Sailors' Institute at Vancouver. He has proposed a parliamentary grant of two thousand dollars for the proposed new institute in this rising port. He has also proposed to his Cabinet and Province a grant of two thousand dollars for the new Sailors' Institute to be erected at his own port and capital of Victoria, B.C. He puts great emphasis upon the Nation's indebtedness to Sailors, miners and loggers. But here is his word :—

“The feeling of unity animating the world-encircling fabric of the Empire is happily illustrated by the choice of Lord Strathcona, that grand old Canadian, whose Ninetieth Birthday falls on August 6th of the present year, as the President of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. He belongs not to Canada alone but to the Empire—an example of the success that may be attained by industry, a sterling character and unflinching courage to overcome difficulties by one's own efforts.

The Society in selecting Lord Strathcona as its President has wisely and happily recognized the ties of kinship that bind the various portions of the Empire to each other and the Motherland ; and in emphasizing this has brought home still more forcibly to the Dominions Beyond the Seas its great influence for the national good.”—RICHARD MCBRIDE, Victoria, B.C.

BRITISH COLUMBIA IS DESTINED BY
PROVIDENCE FOR A MARVELLOUS
FUTURE.

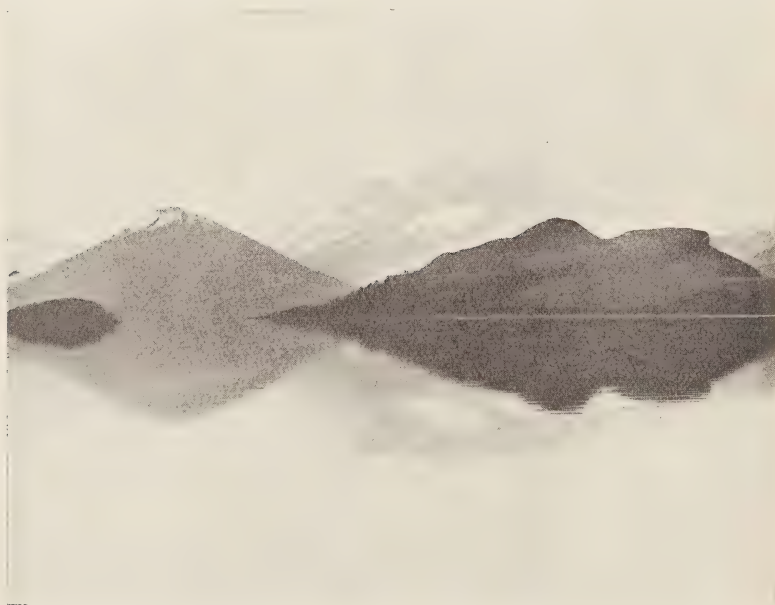
CHAPTER III.

STRATHCONA THE SILENT.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE :

TO-DAY, August 6th, 1910, Lord Strathcona is ninety years old, and I ask you to wish him many happy returns of the day, and to give him three hearty cheers in true sailor fashion. Having been privileged to organize some of the chief celebrations of the Nelson Centenary Year, and since to address tens of thousands of young people in the Colleges and Schools of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and other Centres within and without the British Empire, I know well your strong patriotic feelings, your high ideals,

SILENT LAKE, NEW ZEALAND.



your determination, by the help of God, to live for your country. This book is written chiefly for you, and while we learn lessons from the interesting life of Lord Strathcona, other British worthies will pass before us.

Canada's Cœur de Lion and British Hearts of Oak, suggest a title which indicates the thought that will run through this book. The sea links up the Colonies of the British Empire, and I want to write as a sailor and look at men and things from a sailor's point of view.

Prime Minister and President of the Council of Ontario, Sir J. P. Whitney, writes : " In order to save your space I will simply say that Lord Strathcona is the GRAND OLD MAN both of Canada and of the Empire." This was my first thought for a title, ' Canada's Grand Old Man,' but that is what he is whether it is expressed in the title or elsewhere.

It is the *heart* I was aiming at. Lord Strathcona is kind-hearted, large-hearted, good-hearted, child-hearted withal, and that's the charm, but he is lion-hearted and that's the difficulty ! The lion and the lamb are found in every great man. General Grant when ex-President of the United States came on a European tour. He passed through Antwerp to see his friends. It was my privilege to meet him with others on the deck of a departing steamer in a brief farewell. As the boat was detained I noticed the lion-hearted soldier fondled and played and took a little boy of some two years old upon his knee. As I watched them I said, in that man are the lion and the lamb. It is delightful to get alongside of a man whatever may be his other possessions, mental, material, spiritual, who has A HEART ! It is recorded of a man in an Ancient Book that he received untold wealth and wisdom but the climax of all was a *big heart*. Here are the expressive words :— " And God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea shore ! " And it is not too much to say, God has given Lord Strathcona many gifts but the greatest is ' largeness of heart.'

But what is the difficulty about the *lion* part of the man ? You can't make a lion do what you will particularly in his own den ! Out in the forest he will roar and in the lonely silence of the night, make creation itself shake and loudly declare himself king of the forest. But I defy any man to get Lord Strathcona to roar ! He has been making history but he will not write it !

If he invites you to his home you say within yourself, " Now is my chance, I'll see his pictures, dip into his books, look through his varied collections, away from officialdom he will unfold and tell me his experiences among wild beasts and wilder men, he will take me over thousands of miles in the sledges of his dear Canada as he found it, with its rivers, mountains, canyons, bays and bergs, away north among the eternal silences. I'll get into his inner and outer life as others have not yet seen it, and if I can only catch inspiration and use a pen, I'll write a book to beat Robinson Crusoe ! " Such is the day-dream as you dance over the pavement to secure your prize ! Facts are stranger than fiction but you have to catch them ! Here is a man who spent a lifetime in helping to build an Empire, but you cannot discover, at least, not from himself, where he came in ! I know an old sailor who now pities those Hebrew lads who had to make bricks without straw ! Lord Strathcona is a good text for a thrilling sermon but if you can't get the context what is a poor preacher to do ?

Once a fisherman said :— “ We have toiled all the night and have taken nothing.” Perhaps it would be an exaggeration for a sailor to say I have been angling for hours and caught nothing. You cannot come alongside of a winsome, winning personality, a face with ninety years of service whole hearted and loyal behind it whether to a company or a Crown, without catching inspiration. Sympathy and appreciation will open your eyes to see much that is hidden from other eyes. In the winter of 1877 I was standing by Niagara Falls and feasting my eyes and my heart with awe and reverence. Seeing a man breaking stones I said to him, “ I suppose you often look around at these wonders,” and he instantly replied, “ No I don't,

SILENCE OF THE NIGHT.



THE MIDNIGHT SUN, ALASKA.

I don't see any thing in 'em ! ” There are some people like that ; they can see nothing in sea or sky or shore, in painting or palace, see nothing even in a human face. “ Go up now and look towards the sea,” said the prophet to his servant. Like many another he went up and saw nothing. Everybody sees something in Lord Strathcona but they want to see more. A mother I know was teaching her wee daughter to pray, and she suddenly stopped and with a sob-broken voice exclaimed, “ I don't like telling God all about myself.” Lord Strathcona does not like telling men about himself. Lord Aberdeen calls this unwillingness to tell out personal recollections a virtue, but in view of the Schools of the Empire, I call this reticence about himself withholding what is due. It is certainly most tantalising, so I give up in despair and name him

STRATHCONA THE SILENT.

Since writing the above “ Black and White ” brought out in the middle of June a special Canadian Supplement in colour with many illustrations. Able articles were given by L. W. and D. J. Obed Smith with “ Lord Strathcona interviewed ” and what the

great Dominion offers the Empire. So I eagerly read the very interesting number, especially the interview by L. W. with the High Commissioner. Two things specially strike me concerning the interview, 1st, L. W. closes his reflections by saying, "While Britain produces such 'lion-hearted' men as he there is no room for fear or talk of decadence." So that L. W. uses a word we had long chosen for the title of our book. 2nd, L. W. has not been able to extract any of Lord Strathcona's personal doings! Now if L. W., a press-man, accustomed to this kind of work, and these press-men rush in where sailors fear to tread—if L. W. supposed to be a past master, fails, what can be expected of one, only a sailor?

Lady Aberdeen in her charming book "Through Canada with a Kodak" speaks of the evening they "spent at the beautiful house of Sir Donald Smith, whose name is a household word in Canada, as well it may be, for he has acted the part of fairy godfather to his adopted country. I think we must someday try if Sir Donald cannot be persuaded to tell Onward and Upward Association (for which she was writing) some of his stories of the bygone days of the Hudson's Bay Company, of which he was President, and in whose service he has taken many an adventurous journey." Well much has happened since that night in Montreal, when Sir Donald's guests were Mr. Shaughnessy, the Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway; the Rev. Mr. Barclay, whom many of you may have heard of, as he was colleague with Dr. Macgregor, at St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, for some years before going to the Montreal congregation, by whom he is held in such high esteem; and last, but not least, Father Lacombe, a priest missionary amongst the Indians, who has given all his life to their cause."

Some eighteen years have passed and much has happened since then, but neither Sir Donald Smith nor Lord Strathcona has told his stories yet, gallant as he is, with the old-world courtesy, ready to do anything within reason for the Countess and other lady friends, except to tell the stories, so we must still call his lordship, Strathcona the Silent.



Our smallest Victory Shilling Charm,
made of pure copper from Nelson's
flagships, Victory and Foudroyant.



CHAPTER IV.

“MY DONALD.”

What Manner of Child shall this be ?

“ They’ll be proud of my Donald yet,” said the mother of Lord Strathcona. But before she arrived at this prophecy there was that first momentous question which comes to every true mother’s heart, namely, What manner of child shall this be ? No sooner was he born in the pretty town of Forres, Morayshire, August 6th, 1820, than another question arose and had to be answered right away. “ Thou shalt call his name John,” was written in an Ancient Book much prized in that Scottish home, and the child was named Donald Alexander Smith. Away there in the Canadian Rockies is a mighty peak towering towards heaven, and it was pointed out to me as I climbed the heights in the C. P. R. as Mount Sir Donald named in honour of the man whose name is writ large across that Mighty Continent, where wonders are only beginning to be disclosed, but stretching from Atlantic shores to Pacific slopes. My DONALD. The little Scottish hill has grown into a snow-capped Mount. A Mount Royal among the Canadian Alpine Range. So has Donald Alexander Smith now known as Lord Strathcona.

My Donald, like “ my dearly beloved son Timothy ” and our King George, and many another had a good mother and grandmother. In that Scottish home at Kinloss Bridge by the rushing Burn of Mosset his education began. What did his parents give him by way of mental, moral and spiritual outfit for a start in life ? Did he have one or ten talents ? I am not asking how much money he took away in his pocket, but what did he take away in his mind, in his heart ? Here is a peep into this home and school life at Forres from that delightful book “ Lord Strathcona, the story of his life by Beccles Willson.”*

A kinsman of his lordship, one William Grant, a member of a prosperous family, in a reminiscence says :—“ We attribute much of our prosperity, under Divine Providence, to the good example and good counsel of our worthy parents. Indeed their mother, Mrs. Grant, née Mackenzie, was a woman of rare character and piety as was her sister Lord Strathcona’s grandmother.”

Donald had a mother who loved him (not licked him) into shape. Blessed is the nation, thrice happy the boys, who have such mothers. Schooling begins in the home but does not end when you leave the school house. Let it be known by my young readers that Donald had no special educational advantages. For the encouragement of thousands of boys and girls I place special emphasis upon this fact. Many a big boy says, “ if I had only gone to a secondary school, if I had only passed through a University I should have made my mark.”

There are thousands of boys who start life earlier and with less home advantages, than Donald, but in life there are

* Published by Methuen & Co.—See Advertisement.

compensations and hope for every persevering lad. May I tell the story of one descended from a long line of sailors, whose sailor father was stricken down with affliction, the son became at



MOUNT SIR DONALD.

eight years of age a veritable cow-boy, the master and minder of four cows, his mother's proud possession ! But his mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother all whole hearted, fine hearted, were good holy women. Eight years of age and one hour a day at school. To

encourage the lad, a sister of a beloved clergyman of precious memory gave sixpence to her rather dull pupil for every multiplication table mastered ! At twelve this lad was at sea with his father, the skipper of a small craft. Between the two summer voyages, a winter was spent in a good Secondary School. The gifted master pleaded with his father (a man of great natural gifts) to let him stay on. He said no, I had little schooling, I had to pick up as I went along. I can navigate a ship, my son will be able to do the same ! Little did this capable sailor (priding himself that on several occasions he mentally beat young fellows fresh from the University), think that his sailor lad would have to navigate not a ship, but a big Institution of a world-wide character. How his mother and grandmother moaned and wept over the educational deprivations of those early days. But I want to encourage boys and girls, you young people, that whatever are your early deprivations, there are for earnest spirits wonderful opportunities. Many of our great sailors, like Nelson himself, went to sea when they were mere youngsters, with a very small educational equipment, but they became masters of ships and masters of men, and not a few like Admiral Collingwood, whose centenary we have just held, became past masters of the King's English.

Many boys, less now than formerly, go to sea, go to colonies, go out on farms, go to workshops, mines, offices, &c., handicapped with a very small mental outfit. The mental outfit in the past often corresponded to the material outfit, which was stowed away in a very small white bag. A sea-chest was not dreamt of in those days ! General Gordon liked a very small portmanteau en voyage. Battles have been lost through over-much luggage ! But to-day the schoolmaster is abroad. Yes, that is true, but in spite of schools, there are thousands of lads, through stress and storm of human life, afflictions and death, it may be poverty, trials to which flesh is heir, many boys start the race of life with tremendous odds against them. But there are merciful Providences, marvellous compensations to true-hearted, loyal-hearted, brave-hearted, God-fearing youths of our land here and beyond the Seas.

It is a favourite doctrine of mine that every boy (or girl) is destined in the Providence of God to do a definite bit of work. It follows therefore that there must be special schooling to fit the boy and man for the work to be done. That in the process a man can mar or mend goes without saying. Did Shakespeare write "there's a Divinity which shapes our ends rough hew them as we may ?" A man's name may be blazoned out across history as Moses, or nameless as an armour bearer, but the principle is the same. In this book not only the name of Nelson is given, but the name of every sailor with him on board the famous Victory at Trafalgar.

Moses' life was divided into three parts, 40 years schooling in Egypt, 40 years schooling in the solitudes of Arabia, and his life work was done in the last 40 years. But who was his mother and

what was her name ? His education began in that mother's heart of love, and he had to enter the Egyptian Schools through that small floating ship on the Nile. Pharaoh's daughter opened the little craft and saw the child and "the babe wept, and she called his name Moses, and said, Because I drew him out of the water." And we read in another place, "Moses was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians : and he was mighty in his words and



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

works." In one word his education was suitable for the work he had ultimately to do.

So with Donald, 18 years in Scottish home and school, 22 years in Labrador's University, half a century of life work, bringing him down to 1910, and the record is not yet completed. Scottish families have been in the front rank in educating their children, but to those who have made their mark in history, and tens of thousands whose names are unrecorded, the best part of their education for their life work, has been obtained after they have left their schools, or their native hills. Their Education was continued in India, Canada, Australasia, London or elsewhere or everywhere ?

"My Donald" was no exception to the rule. But speaking of the Foundation School in Forres, Willson says, the intention of the founder was that children who could not be sent to the Schools of

Scotland in distant towns, and for which Scotland was famous, should be instructed in reading English, writing, arithmetic, and such branches of education as the provost, magistrates, and town council should think proper.

The building, in the Grecian style was erected in 1824, and Donald became one of the earliest pupils. His youthful traits at that time were those appropriate to his later character. A fellow-pupil who remembers describes him as of a shy, amiable disposition but with a fund of sturdy resolution and even hardihood when occasion demanded it. When Donald was nine the Findhorn and the Spey broke their boundaries and flooded the country. Many of the peasant folk with their families came into Forres to seek relief, and among them the parents of one of Donald's childish playmates who was drowned. After school Donald called on the bereaved family, and with a gravity beyond his years consoled with them, and on leaving begged they would accept a slight token in memory of his friend. He then handed over all his pocket money, amounting to a shilling and some odd coppers. Thus was the child father to the man."

Lord Strathcona has made, out of the overflowing kindness of his heart, many investments since, but this was the first and best investment he ever made in his life!

Donald's father and mother had their plans and purposes for his business life, and their rich relatives, the Grants, of Manchester, offered to give him a start in their office, but God willed it otherwise. There was also an opening for him in Forres.

"Donald Smith was 18 years old when he had thus to choose a calling for life. It is not much in doubt which of the two offers he would have accepted, had not an event happened which completely overturned his mother's plans for him and rendered a decision in another direction altogether irresistible. His uncle, John Stewart, the redoubtable fur-trader returned to Forres, and through his influence came the offer of a junior clerkship in the service of the great Hudson's Bay Company.

Thus it came about that in his eighteenth year, before the fair young Queen Victoria had been many months on the throne, Donald Smith took an affectionate farewell of his parents whom he was never to see again, gripped his uncle's hand and sailed away from Scotland for the Canadas. Mr. Smith, his father, was living at Achieston for many years.

While still in her prime Mrs. Smith's eyesight failed her, but to the last her son's letters were amongst the chief pleasures of her life. Although at that time even she could not foresee her boy's future renown, it was a saying of hers long remembered in this district, 'They'll all be proud of my Donald yet.'

It is worth while our pausing a moment here to take note of a curious omen. Was it not of significance to other than the superstitious that the patron saint of Donald's native town should be

St. Lawrence? For it was to the river of St. Lawrence the ship was bearing away an obscure youth, who was destined to spend many years on and in the immediate neighbourhood of Laurentian shores.

Yes, mother of Donald, now sainted mother, thy prophecy is more than fulfilled, thy prayers before and after his birth, the proud desires of thy heart, have been abundantly answered, and to-day "They ALL (and a very big all) will be proud of my Donald yet." And the end is not yet, for Donald is only in his ninetieth year!

SPECIMEN SHIELD PRESENTED TO (MY DONALD) LORD STRATHCONA



BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY AT MANSION HOUSE, LONDON.

CHAPTER V.

"GET THEE OUT."

COLONIZATION RATHER THAN CENTRALIZATION.

WHY DONALD LEFT SCOTLAND.

Man's idea has been centralization, God's idea has ever been colonization. Sometimes man and woman too have had to be

MEN WHO LED THE WAY.



CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT, QUEBEC.

driven out. If that happy pair had not been driven out of that wonderful Garden would their children have ever caught the Divine idea of making the earth the garden of God? In the great past men have built their walled cities, and would raise their Babel Tower even unto heaven, but that is not the way to heaven! That thought of concentrating cannot be put in terser language than in that short fascinating story found in a very Old Book. The people of that day said "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth!" The Divine purpose of colonization could have been thwarted had man's idea prevailed, so very drastic measures had to be used! Perhaps no more effective means could possibly have been employed than the language question, and it is significantly written, "So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth."

Sometimes terrible wars, sometimes dire famine, sometimes horrible persecution,

storms without have scattered the fleet but colonization has been the outcome. Near Albion's towering white cliffs I was born, and in the days of my ancestors, the old smugglers, half cousins to the ancient sea roving vikings, were still there ; and eagles built their nests on the rugged spurs jutting out into the sea. The little eaglets grew and got so fond of their nests and so enjoyed their sunshine, sea air, daily meals, &c., that they were quite content to remain. But the parent bird moved with a Divine instinct said you must "Launch out into the deep," and they looked out



WIND MOUNTAIN NEAR BANFF.

over the vasty deep with those keen piercing little eyes, and said with trembling voice, look at our little wings and our small feathers, we should fall down and down, and be smashed upon those ugly rocks or be drowned in the angry sea ! But the giant eagle stirred up the nest and one was actually pushed out of the nest and began not only to cry, but screech for help as its tiny wings would not bear up its podgy fat little body, but the big eagle leapt out of its nest, caught it, and with mighty pinions bore it along, proudly sailing and circling round, teaching the trembling wee thing confidence to use its wings, to fly.

In an ancient poem and of a remarkable people it is said, "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her pinions, so the Lord alone did lead him." Whenever an inspired poem is written of the British Race, in the light of the past and in the trans-

endant facts of the present, language describing the intervention of the Almighty will surely be found.

At first sight, this leaving the nest, this launching out upon the deep, this scattering abroad principle, this colonizing, is absolutely

SAILORS ALWAYS LED THE WAY.



H.M.S. CARNARVON OPENING AT MILFORD HAVEN
JOHN CORY SAILORS' REST.

painful, and often accompanied, as we have seen our ships leave our quays, with pangs and with tears. Yet this is the way the fathers trod.

Voices, Providences, strange unaccountable yearnings with all the authority of an Imperative command, come to an individual, a group of families, or City or Nation. "Get thee out." There stands out sublime in history, far-reaching as destiny itself, lessons eternal for the men and women of faith, who are obedient to visions, follow dreams, and venture forth to the regions beyond. From whence sprang that outstanding fact which changed history, and is still the twentieth century miracle, wrapped it may be in mystery impenetrable? Here are the words, prophetic for all ages: "Now the Lord had said unto Abram, get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee. And I will make of thee a great nation."

The British nation, account for it as you may, in the Sovereign Providence of the Almighty, has been destined, perhaps as no other nation, to obey the voice Divine. "Get thee out of thy country." That love of conquest, love of venture, love of getting on, love of political or religious freedom, it may be love of gold, love of discovery, love of country, a thousand and one things outward and inward, came to our fathers and still come to their children, and in the past a veritable Babel of voices, blood, and fire and smoke, thunders and lightnings, so to speak, still the main fact remains untouched, namely, that whatever the primary or secondary causes, a Divine Sovereignty and an over-ruling Providence has called us to "Get thee out of thy country."

That peoples other than British, in all ages, have felt the propelling power within and without to carry out the original design of God goes without saying. That a special people have been called out for a special purpose, as the ancient Hebrews, is as clear as the glorious sun shining in the heaven to-day. But for the peoples of the British Race, there must have been a double dose, in the blood of the Angles who first came to these Islands, and as the days passed, fed by ocean winds and ocean waves interspersed, till it was irresistibly stirred, their spirits were moved within them, so they responded to the call of God and nations were born. Our seamen for centuries gloriously led the way, they were followed by the settlers, first men then women, and so they left our shores, not knowing (so far as ultimate issues were concerned) whither they went, but having heard a voice they obeyed, having faith, they followed the pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, in the name of God they set up their banners, they erected altars not to an unknown God, but to the God of their fathers, and it has all come true what we do now see and hear, and strange as it may seem, the command is as authoritative to-day and as effective as when first uttered, "Get thee out."

Our Irish friends think if they get Home Rule, they will stop this, our social legislators think if they change our laws they will stop English emigration; you may change the flow possibly of our Niles, Amazons, &c., but you cannot stop them, much less can you stop the Gulf Current. Crossing the Atlantic the first time, we were all called on deck to see a great sight, the Captain said he had never seen it in such a marked degree before. Ahead of us, the waters looked like an agitated race, rushing, leaping, sending up irregular little hillocks, rather than the ocean's billowy wave, as we entered the moving mass of waters, the temperature itself changed, for we had entered the warm Gulf Stream. Like a clean cut river with its banks on either side it was proudly cleaving the ocean itself, leaping forward against all obstacles the cold icy North West regions could send down, it raced forward conquering and to conquer. So wide was it, that it seemed to take our steamer some time to cross it, and so effective was it, that when it did

spread out, it would change the very climate of the shores we had left.

A picture and a prophecy of a people moved by a Divine instinct, responsive to a great command, obedient to a fascinating vision, strengthened by a promise full of inspiration. "Certainly I will be with thee," and all gathered up in the far-reaching command "Get thee out."

"Your children shall fill the land,
Your work is the work of God."

Noble, inspired and prophetic words these. We give the para-



CHATEAU FRONTENAC AND DUFFERIN TERRACE, QUEBEC.

graph from Lady Aberdeen's book written at Montreal.

As at Quebec, our thoughts irresistibly turned to the contrast between this proud and splendid city, with her beautiful buildings, and churches, and universities, to the nestling Indian village found by Jacques Cartier at the foot of the mountain which he first called Mount Royal (the royal mountain), in honour of his king. We fancied we could see the groups of 'braves,' with their squaws and children, crowding out of their little huts to look at these strange beings; the women stroking the moustaches and beards of the explorers, to make sure of their reality; the infirm, and sick, and feeble, with their paralysed chief at their head, im-

ploring for the 'healing touch' which they believed these denizens of another world could give.

"The words which were spoken by Maison-neuve, the leader of the little band of forty-five emigrants who landed on the island of Montreal in 1642, with the intention of founding a colony and a mission, have indeed come true. No sooner had the little party landed than they gathered together for prayer and in consecration of their mission in this new land, and at the close of their worship Maison-neuve turned to his companions and said, 'You are a grain of mustard-seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.'"



LOUISE, LADY ASHBURTON OBSERVATORY,
PASSMORE EDWARDS' SAILORS' PALACE.

The Marquis of Northampton (sitting holding high hat) opened the Observatory for his Mother-in-law, the late Lady Ashburton.

There sits the man, Mr. J. Passmore Edwards, who gave over £14,000 to the B.F.S.S. for its new headquarters.

CHAPTER VI.

DONALD AND HIS LABRADOR UNIVERSITY.

If Scotland was Donald's first School, Canada on the Labrador side of it was his University. The foundation of Donald's character was laid at Forres. Here his mental, moral, and spiritual nature drank in the quickening influences of Home, Church, and historic little town.

If this part of Elgin is one of the most interesting districts of the Highlands, Forres is certainly the most interesting spot in the Shire. It has been rendered classic ground by Shakespeare, in his tragedy of *MACBETH*. Time had been when Forres, which when Donald Alexander Smith was born contained about 3500 souls, was a place of greater importance than the town of Elgin. It is not known when it became a royal burgh, all the older charters having been lost; but in the verse of one of Scotia's minstrels:—

Forres, in the days of yore,
A name 'mang Scotia's cities bore,
And there her Judges o'er and o'er
Did Scotland's laws dispense;
And there the monarchs of the land
In former days held high command,
And ancient architects had planned,
By rules of art in order grand
The royal residence.

Canada kindled and fired Donald's imagination so that the first plans and purposes of his parents could no longer hold the lad. The arrival home from Canadian wilds of that great heart (referred to in that splendid word from the Prime Minister of Alberta) Uncle John Stewart turned the current of Donald's life. The Stewarts and the Frasers their kith and kin were notable, brave and conquering adventurers both East and West of the Rockies.

John Stewart, accompanied Simon Fraser, the discoverer of the Fraser River, to the Pacific in 1808, and was present during the Astoria troubles of 1813. When the two companies amalgamated in 1821 he remained in the country, and during his nephew Donald Smith's boyhood was chief Factor at Lesser Slave Lake. He died at Springfield House, Forres, in 1847, having directed in his Will that he should be "interred in the tomb of his ancestors in the parish churchyard of Abernethy, south-east corner of the church."

Donald's open receptive mind had taken in the Canadian seeds sent over in descriptive letters written by John Stewart to his sister, Donald's mother.

"Mrs. Smith desired to see her two sons in the two great professions. In her heart of hearts she looked higher than a fur-trader's career for her sons: she wished to see John a physician and Donald a lawyer. And as both showed mental aptitude, it seemed as if, in spite of the secret longing of the one to be a soldier

and the other to be a rich fur-trader, the maternal designs would attain fulfilment. For in the course of time John was sent to Aberdeen to study medicine, and the subject of this memoir entered the office of Mr. Robert Watson, the Town Clerk of Forres."

Here is another description of Donald's University, from the gifted pen of R. M. Ballantyne:—

"Imagine an immense extent of country, many hundreds of miles long, covered with dense forests, expanded lakes, broad rivers, wide prairies, swamps, and mighty mountains, and all in a state of primeval simplicity—undefaced by the axe of civilised man, and untenanted by aught save great roving hordes of Red Indians and



THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS.

myriads of wild animals. Imagine amidst this wilderness a number of small squares, each enclosing half a dozen wooden houses and about a dozen men, and between each of these establishments a space of forest varying from fifty to three hundred miles in length, and you will have a pretty good idea of the Hudson Bay Company's Territories, and of the number of, and distance between, their forts. The idea, however, may be still more correctly obtained by imagining populous Great Britain converted into a wilderness and planted in the middle of Rupert's Land. The Company in that case would build three forts in it—one at the Land's End, one in Wales, and one in the Highlands—so that in Britain there would be but three hamlets with a population of some thirty men, half a dozen women,

and with a few children! The Company's posts extend, with these intervals between, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from within the Arctic Circle to the northern boundaries of the United States."

Donald Alexander Smith completed the first stage in his life's journey when he left our shores in 1838, aged 18 years. He might have gone to the University of Aberdeen, Edinburgh, or Glasgow, but he would not have got the education he needed for his life work in either seat of learning, so that he sails away that he might enter, matriculate, and take his high degree in Labrador University. The nomination to this seat of learning was with the Hudson Bay Company. Its size is thus described:—

"The huge peninsula which in 1838 went by the name of Labrador—although the designation is strictly proper only to the north-east portion—occupies an area between the Atlantic and Hudson's Bay. The gulf of St. Lawrence, the North Atlantic, Hudson's Straits, and Hudson's Bay bound it on three sides, while the south-western limits may roughly be said to be Rupert's river, the Mistassini, the Betsiamites River. The reader may be further informed that the area of this mighty region is about 420,000 square miles, or equal to the British Isles, France, and Prussia together."

Lord Strathcona on University.—Here is a look back and a reflection by L. W. :—

"I pointed out to him that many of the readers of 'Black and White' had sons at the Universities. Some of these young fellows were eager to put fortune to the touch in the New World. I asked Lord Strathcona to tell me if Canada was the country for such as these, and, if so, what steps they should take before entering upon the new life.

'My view of education is that it begins, or at any rate, it is continued after a young man leaves school or college,' said Lord Strathcona. 'In a country like Canada, a man's success depends less upon what he knows than upon his own innate strength of character. There is no reason in the world why a young man from Oxford or Cambridge should not succeed; but success would not come to him because he came from an English University. It would depend entirely upon his own grit and energy, upon his adaptability to new conditions, upon his patience and common sense.'

I looked into the resolute eyes of this old man who has seen so much of life, and thought I understood the secret of his philosophy. His head is crowned with white hair, and his wisdom is as old as the hills and as new as the rising sun. Foresight, patience, faithful service, courage—these are the qualities that make men and countries great. One land may hold out greater opportunities than another, but it is for a man to lay hold upon them.

'There is no royal road to success,' said Lord Strathcona, 'but there is room for everyone, time for everything.'

I thought of the young Scot in the New World making his own way, building his own fortune, building the fortunes of Canada. I remembered the great industries associated with his name; I remembered Strathcona's Horse galloping over the veldt, and a thousand public services; and the secret of it was plain. There was time for everything, room for everyone; room for everyone except those who are afraid or who nurse a false pride; time for everything except undue haste and impatience.

That is the philosophy of Canada's greatest man. At the age of ninety he is still full of energy, still resolutely patient, still looking



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY'S STEAMER EMPRESS OF BRITAIN.
WHAT A CHANGE!

into the future with the eyes of a dreamer of dreams, still gripping the present with the firmness of a man of action. Busy though he is, he receives his visitor with an old-world courtesy that is a standing rebuke to the fluttering haste of smaller men.

In the years that are yet to be, when the Great Dominion has carved its own history, and men talk of its early beginnings with the affection with which strong manhood looks back upon childhood, when they talk of Wolfe and Montcalm, and Macdonald and Laurier, and the giants of the past, the name of Strathcona will be remembered with love and reverence; he will be spoken of as one of the

greatest of the builders, the man who knew there was time for everything, room for everyone."

Donald Alexander Smith leaves our shores, not knowing what was before him. He had to help to conquer a continent, build an empire, deepen and broaden the foundations of a nation. For a work so great the youth of 18 must qualify in God's great university. He must pass through the sea, the foundations of his own character must be laid among the eternal solitudes. He must be faithful in that which is least before he can be a leader trusted and tried in that which is most. A splendid introduction is a sailing ship voyage.

"When I went to Canada," he once said, many years afterwards, "I took my first sea voyage; and it is interesting by way of comparison, to state that I took between forty and fifty days, and that the clipper ship in which I sailed of 800 tons or thereabouts, was a considerable vessel in those days—the largest boat of this kind being about 1000 tons."

What rapture, inspiration, and awakening of unexpected bliss to find yourself whether on sea or shore following a cloud by day or a pillar of fire by night. The sea at first has a delightfully humbling effect on some natures, it takes all the starch out of them, and the belittling pride out of human beauty. When Neptune lifts up the head and the soul is in tune with the ocean, to hear its music, when the eyes open to see the eternal wonders of sea and sky, the kind of education I mean is commenced.

The sea is God's biggest university, and it has turned out some of the finest specimens of the human race and particularly the British part of it. Our Sailor King, George V., would admit the best part of his education was in this school. King Edward by an unerring instinct sent his two sons to the ship and the sea, to voyage round the world to prepare them for their life work. The sea, the wide and open sea, will do for Britain's sons in the future what it has done in the past. So that I look upon the great lone land of Canada, to which Donald Alexander Smith was sent by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1838, as his Labrador University.

Who was his Principal—who were his Professors? I say it reverently, God was the head of his university, and the works of God were his teachers. But what was true of Livingstone and Gordon in great part was true of Strathcona. Under these Northern skies he laid the foundation of his future career. Here by patience, perseverance, and pluck he made his first and greatest conquest, the conquest of himself. It was a long trying apprenticeship, but not out of proportion to a man likely to make his century. Unthinking men would have called the isolation, transportation! But where did that famous King, David by name, prepare for his throne—among the solitudes, under those Eastern skies, mid storms and tempests, mid the fastnesses and wonders of Nature, mid wild beasts and wilder men, where he observed, studied, felt, drank in

the mysteries, the wonders of the works of God. Without these experiences the divinely inspired Psalms, so full of the heavens above and the earth beneath, could never have been written. It is true his soul was saturated with the spirit of a Book written for his people, and to which in the providence of God he was to add a chapter not unworthy of all that came after and all that came before. But in the Book of Nature which was to him equally divine, and came from the same Infinite Mind, he found the raptures, and the power and the glory.

Said Lady Aberdeen after passing the Rockies:—"All that remains now is a remembrance of towering snow-capped



YOH0 GLACIER NEAR FIELD, B.C.

peaks rearing themselves up in all their strength above us, and stretches of mountains changing in the varying light of sun and cloud, from palest blues and greys to rich tones of yellow and red and purple, as we come nearer, and as the autumn foliage shows itself blending with the deep browns and bluish-green colours, the waters foaming below. To appreciate scenery such as this frequent halts should be made, and time should be allowed for the eye and mind to drink in and realise what is before them. Solitude too, and deep, unbroken stillness, are needed, if you would be in harmony with these surroundings, if you would have Nature lead

you up irresistibly to Nature's God, if you would be able from your heart to bow yourself down and say :—

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good.
 Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable! who sits above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these Thy lowest works, yet seen
 Declare Thy goodness beyond thought
 And power divine,

To the devout, thoughtful, open, reverential, dutiful, parent-loving, loyal hearted young man from Scotland, there were teachers, influences—from stars, from seas, from shores, pouring into his nature, fitting, forming, his inner life, disciplining his mind and heart for the work that was to come. What must be the effect of a night journey, under the ever-changing glories of that Northern sky? The Northern Lights, the Aurora Borealis, the marvels, manifestations, the mysteries, raining down and flooding the mind and heart? Jacob might see in visions of the night a ladder set up upon the earth, the top of it reaching to heaven, and angels ascending and descending upon it.

Donald Alexander Smith arrives at Montreal and receives his orders from his mighty chieftain—the Hudson's Bay Company Governor, Sir George Simpson, "variously dubbed the 'King of the Fur Trade,' and 'The Emperor of the Plains.'"¹ He sent his last arrival to that terrible bleak winter coast of Labrador as described above. Here the Company had recently opened one of its forts and stations. "In September, 1838," writes McLean, the head of this station, "I was gratified by the arrival of despatches from Canada by a young clerk appointed to the district. By him we have received the first intelligence of the stirring events that had taken place in the Colonies during the preceding year." Donald begins at the bottom with open eye, ear, heart, reads hard, with determination to do his duty. For thirty years Donald was in this Labrador University. In addition to his clerking, doing business with the children of Nature, those interesting Indians and Eskimos; in the short summer canoeing, boating, fishing, shooting, and one has said sky-larking. In the long winter of eight months there was the sledging from station to outlying station, and when not journeying, reading and writing. Bacon said reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, so Donald proved, and afterwards that speaking made a ready man.

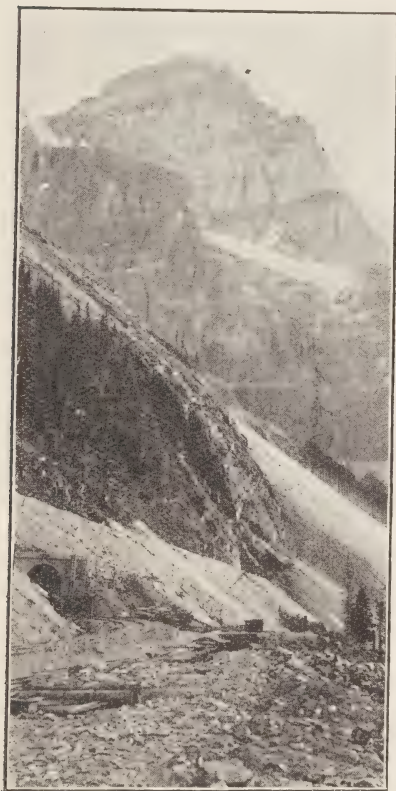
But where are the letters written to his mother? the jottings of his log? during those thirteen years? He was moved from station to station, North-West River, Rigoulette, etc., and from Labrador proper he spent several years on the inhospitable shores of Hudson Bay.

People in the Old Country not accustomed to vast distances can scarcely realise the tremendous fact. "There is now probably

no other country in the world where there exists a longer or more dangerous postal route for men and dogs—two thousand miles of land travel from Quebec to Ungarva in the depth of winter, which, in these Arctic latitudes, lasts from December to June. And yet this route in its various stages has actually been traversed on foot and in dog-sledge not once but several times by Lord Strathcona."

THE CRISIS OF HIS LIFE.

In my judgment the crisis of his great public life came when Donald Alexander Smith made that long terrible journey for the restoration of his eyesight. Not that he could not have succeeded



MOUNT STEPHEN, FIELD, B.C.

in anything he put his hand to, for if he had gone to sea he would have become an admiral, and with that dogged perseverance backed by character and capacity he would have risen anyhow. But his life is a whole. If a link of the chain which holds the ship is broken you cannot tell if the ship may drift or ultimately take another course. Every man is tested, tried, sometimes very specially and sometimes it seems more than flesh and blood can bear. Abraham, Joseph, Daniel, they all went through the crisis. Faith conquers where weakness fails. It was necessary for him to complete the course of his study at Labrador and Hudson Bay, necessary for him to become the Governor of the Hudson Bay Company in Canada, that he might accomplish and round off his life work. But it can only be accomplished along the lines of submission and obedience however hard to bear. In Beccles Willson's delightful book is given the crisis. He says :—

"The writer of these pages has often heard it told of Lord Strathcona that, during his Labrador apprenticeship, he contracted a painful affection of the eyes, and, unable to endure the malady any longer, journeyed by arduous stages to Montreal to consult an

oculist. Sir George Simpson, the Governor, hearing of his expected arrival by one of his trusty couriers, met him on the outskirts of the city, when the following colloquy is alleged to have taken place : ' Well, young man, why are you not at your post ? ' ' My—my eyes, sir,' faltered Mr. Smith, pointing to his pair of blue goggles. ' They got so very bad, I've come to see a doctor.' ' And who gave you permission to leave your post ? ' thundered the Governor. As it would have taken a full year to have obtained official consent to his journey, Mr. Smith was forced to reply, ' No one.' ' Then, sir,' said the fur-trade autocrat, ' if it's a question between your



PRINCESS VICTORIA (Pacific Coast Service).

eyes and your service in the Hudson's Bay Company, you'll take my advice and return this instant to your post.'

Although stunned by this pronouncement, it is related that the future Lord Strathcona did not hesitate. He turned then and there in his tracks and commenced a painful return journey of nearly a thousand miles to the scene of his dreary duties."

The temptation was to resist this manifestation of cruel intolerable despotism. In one word, to do what men do every day, " chuck up their job." He might have said, " I have served the Company faithfully, whole-heartedly, all these years and this is how I am treated." " Blessed is the man that endureth temptation ; when he hath been approved he shall receive the crown of Life." Lord Strathcona can only receive his earthly crown by obeying Governor Simpson, and he did it. Did Simpson realise that Smith would

be his successor ? Did Sir George Simpson say, as his great servant with sublime obedience turned his face from civilization towards his Pole Star, that he was Sir Donald A. Smith, and destined for something higher ? In any case the links are being forged in the fires of trial so that the chain may be complete. Mr. Smith became a chief factor in the great fur company that he might, in an unerring ever-loving Providence, become a chief factor in the making of Canada itself.

Governor Simpson dies, his successor, Governor Dallas retires, and who shall now in 1868 be appointed to this high and all important position for the future history of Canada ? The choice falls upon Sir Donald Alexander Smith who has finished his long course in the Labrador University extending over thirty years, so at the age of 48 he becomes the head, appointed by the Council in London to be the Governor of the Hudson Bay Company in Canada, or in other words, the Governor-General of the great North-West (and North-East), stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Had his mother been living to have seen that day, he could have written :— “ The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof I am glad,” and she would have replied : “ My son Donald, continue to be faithful and thou shalt see greater things than these.”

Labrador owes much to that heroic medical, all-round Missionary and Leader, Dr. Grenfell. *The Times* in reviewing his splendid book on Labrador, says :—

“ It is fitting that the preparation of this little encyclopædia of trustworthy information regarding Labrador and its inhabitants should have been entrusted to Dr. Grenfell, a member of Oxford University *in partibus*, who has done more than any other colonist or explorer, living or dead, to advance the development of a land which, though it lies at the very door of the great Dominion, has been generally neglected until recent years even by the makers of geography, the forerunners of those who make the history of a new country. Dr. Grenfell confesses that he has fallen deeply in love with the country to which he has devoted his life, and, for other reasons than the allurements of this wondrous wilderness, has a firm belief in its future. “ Some day,” he believes, “ a railway will come to export our stores of mineral wealth, to tap our sources of more than Niagaran power, to bring visitors to scenery of Norwegian quality, yet made peculiarly attractive by the entrancing colour-play of Arctic auroras over the fantastic architecture of mountains the like of which can seldom be matched on earth.”

CHAPTER VII.

DONALD SMITH LINKED WITH HENRY HUDSON.

The Hudson Bay discoverer and the Hudson Bay Man: Hudson the discoverer, and Smith the trader, are for ever linked together. Our history of the Colony is first the navigator, then the trader, afterwards sooner or later to be followed by the farmer and the fisher. Occasionally the miner rushes in after the sailor and a city is born. Hudson stamped his name on the scroll of fame, the name is writ large across the Northern Continent of America. Hudson River, on which stands the greatest city of the New World, is in many respects the most important river in the Northern States of America. Its discovery by the daring and glorious sailor, Henry Hudson, has just been celebrated in a way worthy of the river and all the river stands for, worthy of the sailor whose name it bears.

Canada must have a Hudson celebration too, worthy of all associated, past, present, and future, with his name. Let it be when the railway is finished to Port Nelson in Hudson's Bay, and the first grain ships inaugurate another grain ocean highway to Europe. Hudson's Bay was Hudson's grave, but after three centuries it will become Hudson's granary for the Isles which gave him birth, and Europe, which will live to bless the day he was born. When this celebration takes place, let there be steamers chartered from Canada, from Britain, and all countries which will join us, to take passengers on their exhilarating trip to the great inauguration !

So far as Canada East is concerned, let us go back to the beginning of things, not the geological, not the interesting wild animal age, not to roving Indian and Eskimo or earlier races, but to the time when sailors led the way.

"It is a mistake," writes the author of "Canada's Century" "to assume that the beginnings of Canada only date back to the landing on the shores of Gaspé, in 1534, of Jacques Cartier, a navigator, who hailed from St. Malo, in France. As a matter of fact, England was 'in at the beginning' of that then terra incognita now called Canada, it becoming known to Europeans as the result of the landing on the coast of Labrador, so far back as 1497—when Henry VII. was King of England, and a year-and-a-half before Columbus sighted American soil—of John and Sebastian Cabot. But England was slow to follow up her discovery, and it was left for a Florentine sailor named Verazzano, sailing under the protection of the French flag, in 1524, to navigate the coast from Florida to Cape Breton, and appropriate the ill-defined region for France under the title of New France. This was followed by Cartier's appropriation of the strip of land at Gaspé.

“ Cartier’s first occupation of Gaspé was of brief duration, but a year later he returned thither and made more extensive explorations, navigating the St. Lawrence as far as Quebec—then a native village—and further still to the Indian town of Hochelaga, which he renamed Mont Royal, afterwards corrupted into Montreal. For a time these hardy Norman and Breton adventurers enjoyed a monopoly of fish and whatever else might reward their enterprise, but it was not till three-quarters of a century later that a better

DID HUDSON FIND ONE ?



INDIAN GRAVEYARD, SPENCE'S BRIDGE, B.C.

organised attempt was made to develop this territory. The leader of this expedition, Samuel de Champlain, was in person admirably equipped for the venture, and, while seeking to propagate Church doctrines, at the same time recognised the value of developing trade. Then Quebec grew up, and gradually the French settlement expanded from Acadia in the East to the Great Lakes in the West, and even as far south as the Gulf of Mexico. In 1621 a grant of Acadia was made to Sir William Alexander, and the name of the Colony was changed to Nova Scotia; but British attempts to colonise the country on a large scale were defeated by French intrigues, and the peninsula was receded to France in 1667. The English colonists, however, refused to recognise this cession, and

so harassed the French that in 1713, under the treaty of Utrecht, France gave up all claim to the Colony."

THREE HUNDRED YEARS.

Hudson Bay was discovered 300 years ago this very year, 1910. For it was in 1610, "one of the most daring sailors the world has ever seen," Henry Hudson, by name, left our shores never to return. But he left a name and fame, which would live for ever. Nothing more pathetic is told in ocean story than Henry Hudson the cast-away. He made only four voyages, but they were for ever



HUDSON AND SON CAST ADRIFT BY A MUTINOUS CREW.

From a Painting by the Hon. J. COLLIER.

memorable. He suddenly sprang out of the darkness into our sailor firmament, shining like a star of the first magnitude, and as suddenly departed into space and the mystery—death. In 1607, he startles the world by his daring attempt to reach China by way of those unknown frozen, ice-bound regions of the great North-West. He did not discover China or the way to it, but he discovered WHALES in abundance. This led to the great whale fishery industry.

Did he go on this voyage in a *Mauritania*, or three-decker, or even a frigate? He left in a little 60 ton ship, with ten men and a boy, well named the *Hopewell*! Faith, hope, and love played no small part in the minds of these ancient mariners.

The next year this mighty sailor made another attack on the unknown regions of the North. But he did not find in his crazy little ship that North-West passage which existed, and which led to the Pacific sea. But his superstitious sailors found veritable mermaids visiting with enquiring looks at the mysterious invasion of their sacred domain. Vividly they described her appearance. How that "she came to the ship's side, looked up at them . . . Her skin was white, her hair was black and long, and she had a tail like a porpoise!" No doubt they had seen the seal which was to play such a part in a fur trade company which was to bear his name, and on the other side of his China passage in Alaska regions!

Hudson, nothing daunted, started on his third voyage, but turning south on the other shore he made that marvellous discovery of the river which goes up from New York passing West Point up to Albany and beyond. The next year, not satisfied with this almost epoch-making voyage, he starts on another.

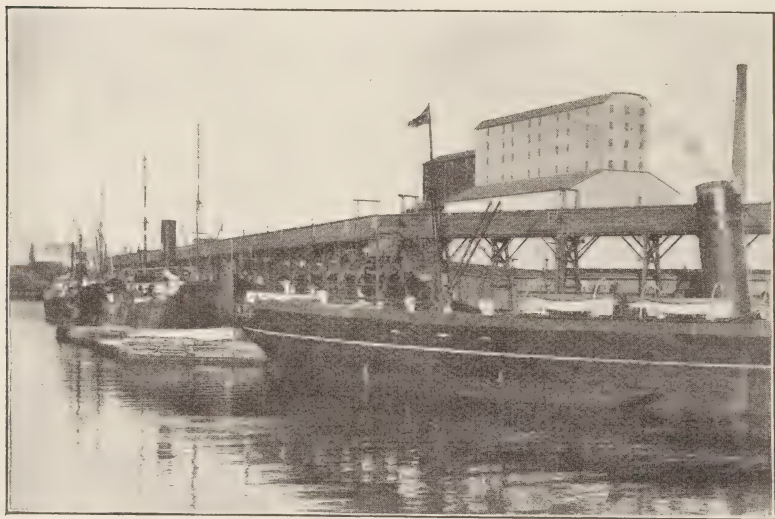
Here is a compressed word from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, on Hudson's last voyage:—

"The command was given (by a company) to Hudson, who, on April 10, 1610, sailed in the *Discoverie* of 70 tons, the ship that took Waymouth in 1602 in the same direction. How he penetrated through the long straits, discovered the great bay that bears his name, at once his monument and his grave, how here his men wintered in its southern extremity, how in coming north in the next summer near the East Coast, half-way back to the straits, he, his son and seven of his men, in a mutiny, were put into a shallop and cut adrift on Midsummer day, 1611, is told in many books. The ringleaders and half the crew perished miserably, but the *Discoverie* was finally brought home to London. No more tidings were received of Hudson, but no one doubted the success of his voyage."

How many of our great sailors died away from their homes. Captain James Cook, R.N., Captain Sir John Franklin, R.N., Admirals Nelson and Collingwood, Sir Walter Raleigh, and a host of others. Among the earlier leaders was Captain Henry Hudson, a brave sailor adventurer. No doubt he was pressing his men to some more daring enterprise when the miserable mutiny took place. These lawless sailors did not with their own hands shed innocent blood, but resolved on the desperate act of putting this brave captain and leader with his young son and his loyal part of the crew in an open boat, without food, or proper clothing or provisions to live through a rigorous winter. A pathetic picture is that open boat with its castaways drifting to their doom. Hudson Bay was

discovered at the price of blood and the name must be ever sacred to every Britisher, every Canadian, and everyone who admires the pluck and crown of Henry Hudson.

Hudson's beginning and ending are alike shrouded in mystery. Strange to say nothing is known of his parents, birthplace, childhood, schooling, first sea life, names of his ships, voyages—nothing



WEST ST. JOHN, N.B., 1910.

is known of his coming in nor of his going out. He bursts upon our nautical firmament as a star of the first magnitude, shines for four short years, and departs from whence he came. What he could have accomplished, had not such a terrible calamity ended his brilliant career, we know not.

But he had discovered in his 60-ton ship *Discoverie* the biggest (I suppose) land-locked sea in the world, outside of the Strait which also bears his name, one of the highest rise and fall of tides in the world, being second only to the tide of the Bay of Fundy. This is why the rushing, swirling, never ceasing tides, tossing and moving about icefields and icebergs, made the channels and bays at certain times of the year so dangerous. But right here at Ugarva Bay did Donald A. Smith establish a Hudson Bay Company station.

Marvels and Mysteries of Canada. One of the great marvels about Canada, and what is now falling upon the world as a revelation is this, that places which were thought to be useless, not worth

the picking up, are proving to be of untold and almost unthinkable value ! Alaska (alas) was thought to be useless, not worth having, so the United States of America slipped in and bought it of Russia for a mere song. The seal fisheries alone must have repaid the capital outlay many times over ! What a pity Canada had not secured the prize and so rounded off her northern continent without another nation coming in at the back door. Still she is big, with enough and to spare, and can afford to gracefully fall in with arrangements specially when Brother Jonathan is the co-partner. Klondyke, who would have thought this out-of-the-world district would have been of any use to mortal man ? But Canada has many Klondykes and Cobalts which the eye of man has not yet seen (or seen intelligently) and is only waiting for a Hudson or a Discoverie. Millions of acres of land which were supposed to be absolutely useless are now found to be the greatest grain assets of the world. Not only so, but the very snow, frost, and weather conditions which were once thought to be fatal to life, at least stunting and prohibitive, are now found to be the very opposite, and the grain grown under their sovereign reign is finer in quality than that grown in tropical and sub-tropical climes.

Hudson Bay was supposed to lead to Nowhere ! Instead of that it led right to the heart of Mid-Canada, within striking distance of what was to become the world's granary ! Hudson's Bay was the hero's grave, and could be the grave of those who



REAPING, WESTERN CANADA

attempted to do business within its waters. Instead of that, fleets of steamers loaded with golden grain and other precious things, will come out in their seasons as safely and quickly as in the Baltic voyages of the past.

Hudson's tragic death and Hudson's Bay touched the imagination of our people for ever. It would be an interesting subject for a

prize essay: "What does our nation owe to Companies?" There were the East India Company, Rhodesia, and what we are now thinking of—the Hudson's Bay Company. Company promoters and adventurers are words with unpleasant associations. But in former times, and in the dawn of the various undertakings beyond the seas, the company of adventurers had dreams, but they never

EARL GREY.

"His Excellency desires me to say that he wishes you every success with your Strathcona Booklet."

A. F. S.

Earl Crewe, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, at the Dominion Day Dinner, held July 1, 1910. After paying a tribute to the



manner in which Lord Grey had carried out his responsible duties as Governor-General, referred to the distinguished part which Lord Strathcona had played in the development of the Dominion, and congratulated him upon being so hale and hearty on the eve of his 90th year.

GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.

dreamt in their wildest imaginings what would be the final outcome of their ventures.

"In the year 1670, Charles II. granted a charter to Prince Rupert and seventeen other noblemen and gentlemen, incorporating them as the 'Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay,' and securing to them 'the sole trade and commerce of all those seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks, and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that be within the entrance of the straits commonly called Hudson's Straits, together with all the lands and territories upon the countries, coasts and confines of the seas, bays, etc., aforesaid, that are not already actually possessed by or granted to any of our subjects or possessed by the subjects of any other Christian prince or state.'"

Hudson's Bay was therefore stamped upon the minds of men.

They looked out at that far North West with the feeling, whether it leads to China or not, there are unknown possibilities around and beyond that great sea ploughed by the Discoverie. Hudson's Bay was to stamp itself upon the imagination of the world. It was undefinable in 1610, and it is unrealizable, save to a few, in 1910.

What is taking place in 1910 in Hudson's Bay? The two Englishmen who have been nearest the North Pole and the South Pole, it is said, will be surveying in Hudson Bay! Sir Ernest Shackleton is the one, and Captain Bartlett of Newfoundland (he must forgive calling him Englishman) is the other. It is announced that "the Arctic navigator will take the Canadian Government steamer Stanley to Hudson Bay with a survey party this season. The Government has also purchased in Newfoundland a schooner suitable for navigation in northern waters. This vessel will carry a party to survey the inlets of the Bay and the rivers emptying into it. Later in the season Captain Bartlett will take the Government steamer Earl Grey over the same waters as the Stanley, to meet the Governor-General, who is going to see Hudson Bay for himself."

Since the above was written there has been further development, for things move swiftly now, all along the line, the King's business requireth haste. But whether Earl Grey resigns his great position this year or next he must navigate the Hudson Bay and mark out the track of the future.

Governor Donald Alexander Smith found himself in that great succession following Governor Prince Rupert, with forts, centres, traders, scattered, dotted, not only to the Rockies but to the islands on the Pacific shores. To me it is an interesting and precious link, Henry Hudson the master mariner of the Discoverie, with Donald A. Smith, the master-mind of the Hudson Bay Company.

Canada's great Premier of the past, Sir John Macdonald, called his friend Donald the HUDSON BAY MAN, and we link his name with the man who, on Midsummer day, 1611, was cast off from the good ship Discoverie, with his son and loyal worthy braves in Hudson Bay—the first Hudson Bay man—Henry Hudson.



CHAPTER VIII.

GOVERNOR SMITH, AN EMPIRE BUILDER.

Empire Building continued in Parliament.—Manitoba, with Winnipeg as its centre, was now carved into a province. To this Provincial Legislature Governor Smith was elected in December, 1870. "On March 2nd, 1871, the election of members to the Dominion House of Commons took place." Four members were to represent the new Province of Manitoba. He was elected to represent the division of Selkirk at Ottawa. Things moved fast in those days, and they are moving fast, if not faster now. There were mighty forces at work, gulf currents setting in, Governor Smith had to rise to the occasion, not only to control, but to follow—following the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, which though making a zig-zag course first South, North, it may be, yet like the magnetic drawing sun, always Westward Ho.



HIS HONOUR
COL. J. M. GIBSON, K.G.,
LIEUT. GOV.
PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

"When, as Commissioner for the Dominion Government, he had left Montreal less than fifteen months before, little did he dream of the possibilities in store for him, less did he think of political honours. He had gone out amidst the snows of winter, traversing a desolate, almost impassable country, to endeavour to quell an incipient rebellion in a territory governed for nearly two centuries by his masters, the Hudson's Bay Company, in whose service he had passed his youth and manhood. When that rebellion had had its day, and events had rendered it necessary for him to continue to represent the Company in the North-West, he could hardly see that he would have a career independent of that body and yet continue of it. Indeed, the turbulent meeting of the fur traders at Norway House, over which he had presided, seemed to presage revolt from within, which would jeopardise the whole constitution of the North-West fur trade. Even if the Company continued to exist and prosper, the ancient hostility, which had been fostered against it in the country, seemed to render it in the last degree unlikely that any of its officers would ever be voluntarily chosen by the enfranchised inhabitants as their political leaders.

But in the short space of fifteen months the unexpected had happened. In the course of that time Mr. Smith had gained the confidence of the inhabitants; he had acquired a reputation for fairness and square dealing, as well as for those qualities of heart, mind, and purpose which denote the natural-born leader of men,

and three months after the flight of Riel, it is safe to say, there was no more popular man, from Red River to the shores of the Pacific, than Donald A. Smith. He had by this time definitely decided to cast in his future lot with the North-West. He saw it already in his mind's eye a great and prosperous country, demanding those advantages and presenting those opportunities which mark every undeveloped country whose natural resources are not matters of conjecture, but palpable and visible to the eye.

Nor was it long before his eye had seen and his brain was busy with schemes which were to lay the foundation of the fortune of the future millionaire."

But it was not so much the fortune of the future millionaire, as laying the foundation for millions of people to make their fortunes, where the moral battles had been fought and won over a goodly land which required the eye of a seer to see the illimitable plain, the largest on earth, hitherto despised and rejected, but to become God's great gift to His people!

"Wake up!" was the battle cry of King George when he returned from his Colonial world tour, in his famous speech delivered at the Guildhall. Governor Smith was wide awake while others slept, not only did he "wake up" to a great opportunity, but he shouldered a great responsibility and woke others up to their privileges, so much so that now the shaking among the dry bones in the Isles and in Europe is delightfully alarming! The skeleton army, now better clad with flesh and skin, is marching West, a great irresistible host.

Governor Smith in his wildest imaginings did not see all; only one Eye sees all, but he had visions from his Mount Royal that ravished his spirit, that always kept him young and is keeping him young to-day! As Member of Parliament at Ottawa, he kept steadily before him as his Pole Star the land of the mighty West. He would not, however, sacrifice principle even for present great expectations, and so voted against his great chief, Sir John Macdonald. But the Premier lived to appreciate Donald Smith's character as well as his capacity and consecration to duty.

"When Canada, and the whole empire, lost in 1891, that really great political genius, Sir John Macdonald, there were few who felt the loss more than Sir Donald Smith. The gulf created between them many years ago at the time of the Pacific scandals had long been bridged, and they were at the time of the Premier's death warm and intimate friends.

"One of the most pleasing things to me," said Sir Donald a few years afterwards "is that Sir John Macdonald himself told me, and in the most kindly way, that he could never have thought so well of me had I supported him on that occasion. I believe that in the latter days, and for several years before we lost him, I was as much in his confidence as any man inside or outside his Cabinet.

I don't speak of mere political matters, but in his confidence, I mean, as a friend.' "

His first appearance in the Canadian House of Commons is thus described by an eye-witness in the gallery :—

"A figure over the medium height, but looking taller from the alert, well-knit character of the frame, arises, and all eyes are directed

A MIGHTY CHANGE.



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

upon Donald A. Smith, the senior member of the brand new prairie province. No one can scrutinise the massive head and face which crowns this figure, with its high forehead, strong nose, long upper lip, and pent-house brows which jut out to twice the ordinary dimensions, without making up his mind that the member for Selkirk is a man out of the common. His report on the Riel disturbances led us to expect something from the chief officer of the Hudson's Bay Company in this session. But whether he speak or not, it is an open secret that the Government relies chiefly upon his knowledge to bring order out of chaos in the new territories."

He rose and defended with ability, sincerity, and success a co-partner from Manitoba, and so cleared the ground for his future campaign both in and out of the House for Canada West. He had enemies to fight, not only at Red River, but at Ottawa River. Right and truth and justice upheld him, and he was victorious.

Distances.—A friend of mine went into a store at Edmonton to make a purchase and found a man doing business who had

sledged down 500 miles from Peace River or beyond. He intended to buy an extra sledge, load up, and return for the spring. But what shall we think of distances Mr. Smith was so well acquainted with? To attend the Manitoba Council, which by Act of Parliament (passed 1872) governed the North-West Territories, it is said :

“ To attend this meeting, Chief Factor Christie travelled 2000 miles, from Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie River, to Fort Garry, by dog train, the journey occupying fifty-five days of actual travel. His French half-breed driver ran or walked the whole distance on snow-shoes, often going ahead of the dogs, ‘ making track ’ for days in succession.”

BUT WHO IS SMITH ?

“ Smith ! Why, fellow-citizens, who is Smith ? What is Smith ? Is the palladium of our destinies to be entrusted to Smith ? What has Smith done that he should seek to grasp the Ark of the Covenant with one hand and with the other wrestle for the sceptre of the Almighty ? Smith, why Smith isn’t a name, but an occupation ! ”

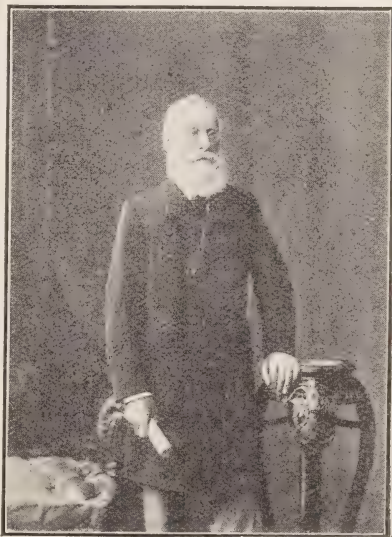
A reply to this tirade was soon forthcoming from the other side :

“ My opponent, boasting the classic name of Wiggins, and championing the honour of

FORMER PRESIDENT, B.F.S.S.

another patrician named Wilson, has ridiculed you for giving your vote to the ablest man in the settlement. He asks, ‘ Who would vote for Smith ? ’ Well, gentlemen, you cannot go far wrong if you always vote for Smith, wherever you are, or for whatever office he is running. If you want boldness and bravery, vote for the eminent Captain John Smith ; if you want the inventor of the most stupendous system of political economy, vote for Adam Smith ; if you want higher wit than was ever vouchsafed to man, give your vote to Sydney Smith ; and if you want Scotch ability united to Canadian patriotism, vote for Donald A. Smith.”

It is not at all surprising



THE LATE HON. J. H. ANGAS.

to learn that the speaker sat down amidst cheers. In the end Mr. Smith was triumphantly elected.

In the rough and tumble of these Western elections in the early days there was hard hitting and good-natured banter. In 1873 there were something more than words—even unlawful deeds.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

Rome conquered by her roads, Canada conquered and is conquering by her railroads.

Governor Donald Smith an Empire Builder.—That he came to his position at the right time, with the necessary experience, to do



SITE FOR NEW SAILORS' REST, VICTORIA, B.C.

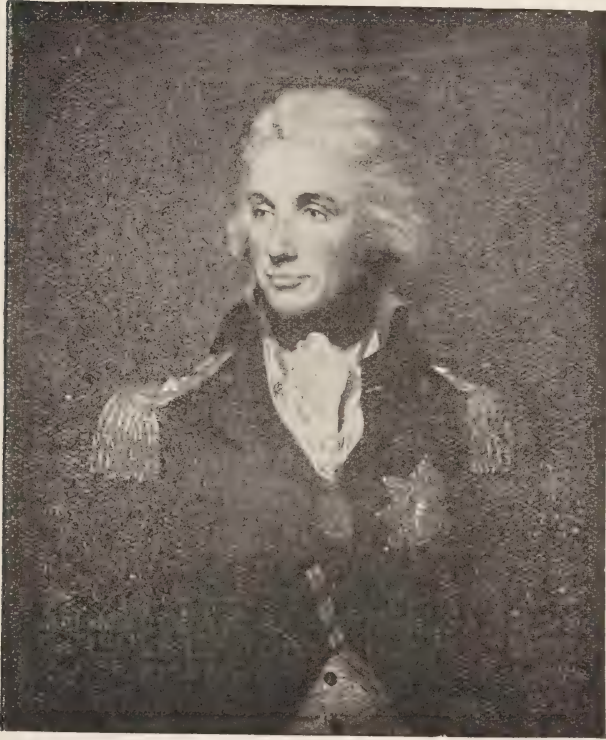
the bit of work before him no one can doubt. That there was an over-ruling Providence in his life, for his work is perfectly clear to my mind. At school the boy learns something about three little words, to be, to suffer, and to do. Governor Smith had now come especially to the third stage. From his youth he had been doing, but now on a scale commensurate with the need and possibility of Canada, he was *to do*. Character is laid in the *to be*, it is strengthened and shaped in the *to suffer*, it is consecrated and crowned in the *to do*. The Governor has come into a great possession of responsibility and opportunity. His horizon must broaden out to Fort Garry and extend to the Rockies, climb them, and go down to the land of promise reaching from South Vancouver to North Alaska.

George Muller, of Bristol, who along his own line exhibited a wonderful faith in deed and word, said that for a work to properly

succeed three things must meet. God's work, God's time, and God's man. These three will be found in every man called to do his special work, and who has responded to the call. This was true in Governor Smith, and can be seen by every generous unprejudiced eye. In the realms national, commercial, educational, spiritual, ecclesiastical, evangelistic, the principle holds good: the right work, the right time, the right man.

Governor Smith was like a general, the head of scattered forces

A PLEASING PICTURE.



ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.

with legal, moral, and social powers scattered over vast territories from Hudson Bay to Victoria, B.C. When there, on my last visit, I noticed the rented Sailors' Rest was at BASTIAN SQUARE, and on enquiry, I found it was the situation of the old fortification of the Hudson Bay Company. Neither the British Government nor the Canadian Government had any mounted police, any magistrate, any representative of law and order over vast territories

under its flag, save those represented by Governor Donald Smith's forces!

Mr. Gladstone once said of the Queen's Minister for Foreign Affairs, Lord Granville, that he had the paw of the lion with a velvet touch. This admirably sums up Governor Smith at this time.

In the course of the year 1869 a young officer of the Company writes: "I called to-day to pay my respects to Donald A. Smith our Great Mogul of the service, and was surprised to find him so affable and unassuming, with no trace of the ruggedness you would associate with the wilderness. You'd think he had spent all his life at the Court of St. James instead of Labrador, and I came away feeling I was going to be made a Chief Factor right away, instead of having to wait about fifteen years more for that promotion."

Such was the man when he had to go up on his Mount Royal and look West to see what was going on throughout Rupert's Land, as the great North-West was then called.

Sir John Macdonald (whose widow Lady Macdonald is still with us in England) was also going up upon his mount of observation at Ottawa looking West. This great leader and statesman felt the time had come for the British Government to hand over the whole of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territories to the Canadian Government, properly compensating the Hudson Bay Company. The time has come, the men are found, the work must be done. The biggest, the most far-reaching bit of work in its final extension ever undertaken in peaceful empire building. But what is the state of things in the Middle West, round Fort Garry, and the Red River district?

In a word it was seething with rebellion, and it would not have taken much to start the human prairie fire that would have had a disastrous effect upon Canada, and have seriously put back the hands of the clock in Canada's extension.

"To understand broadly the character and origin of the Red River Settlement it must be borne in mind that, in the early days the prairies round about were overrun by vast buffalo herds, which had from time immemorial produced the staple food of the Indians. As the settlers and the servants of the Company, French and Scots, increased and intermarried with the natives, they also took part in the buffalo hunts, large camps being organised by the half-breeds to penetrate into the interior. Feuds ensued between Indian and half-breed (or Métis), and the fact of these feuds being characterised by frequent bloodshed did not detract from the pleasure they afforded to a hardy, adventurous, somewhat excitable population, little fitted as yet for the soberer occupation of husbandman or artisan. In the midst of this population the Governor and Council of Assiniboia (as they were styled) made up of Company officers, men of an altogether different stamp from those about them, ruled with a firm hand. At the time when

Canada resolved, by an arrangement with the Company in London, upon taking the rod of authority out of the hands of these men and ruling the country herself, there were perhaps twelve thousand souls in the settlement, made up almost equally of English, Scots, and of French half-breeds, with a sprinkling of Europeans, Canadians, and Americans. To the majority of these, Canada was as foreign a country as America, with whom, owing to its immediate proximity, there was much in common.

“As early as the autumn of 1867 Mr. Smith perceived that it was the Dominion Government’s intention to bring about the transfer of Rupert’s Land to Canada. Indeed, in October, Sir John A. Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, had written to a mutual friend :

“ ‘The Hudson Bay question must soon be settled ; the rapid march of events and the increase of population on this continent will compel England and Canada to come to some arrangement respecting that immense country. We shall ventilate the subject during the ensuing session of Parliament, which commences on the 6th of November, and shall be able to judge what the feeling of Parliament is.’

“Messrs. Cartier and Macdougall, representing the Government, sailed for England in October 1868, to open negotiations with the Company. An arrangement was finally effected whereby, in consideration of £300,000, the latter agreed to surrender all their interests in the North-West to the Crown, with the reservation of one-twentieth of the fertile belt and 45,000 acres adjacent to the trading posts of the Company.”

But the question was how to bring about a peaceful settlement that would be just to all concerned without bloodshed and without lighting the prairie fire among Indians, half-breeds, and company servants who thought they had claims, and that they were being sold ?

On November 19, 1869, a thing was done in London which was to have, in the growth of Canada, a far-reaching effect not even yet realized in its significance. Nothing less than the deed of surrender by the Hudson Bay Company to the Canadian Government on the lines already referred to. Surveying parties rushed in, and in a word war was declared. Louis Riel, the educated half-breed, became leader, dictator, governor. He took Fort Garry and Hudson Bay fortifications, made prisoners of the Government forces, had some sixty men prisoners, held the fort, and if the right man is not soon at hand, blood will be shed, if not massacre, and a Republic proclaimed.

Here is the man, but he must go armed with the necessary authority.

CHAPTER IX.

"I THINK I WILL GET IN."

COMMISSIONER DONALD SMITH APPOINTED.

COMMISSION ISSUED TO DONALD ALEXANDER SMITH, ESQ.,
APPOINTING HIM COMMISSIONER.

CANADA.

VICTORIA, by the grace of God, etc.,

To Donald A. Smith, of the City of Montreal, of the Province of Quebec, in the Dominion of Canada, Esquire, and to all others to whom the same be in anywise concerned,

GREETING :

Whereas, by an Act of the Parliament of Canada passed in the thirty-third year of our reign, intituled "An Act for the temporary Government of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory, when united to Canada," it is recited that it is possible that we may be pleased to admit Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory into the Union of the Dominion of Canada before the then next session of the Canadian Parliament, and that it is expedient to prepare for the transfer of the said Territories, and that it is expedient to prepare for the transfer of the said Local Authorities to the Government of Canada, at this time appointed by us for the Civil Government of such Territories, until more permanent arrangements can be made by the Government and Legislature of Canada, and it is by the said Act in effect enacted that our Governor may authorise and empower such officer as he may appoint as Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, and who shall administer the government as the said Act contemplated.

And whereas, in the preparation for the transfer of the said Territories, our Governor of Canada was pleased to send the Hon. William McDougall, the gentleman selected to be the Lieutenant-Governor as aforesaid, on its union with Canada, in advance and in anticipation of the union, and his entry into the said Territories was obstructed and prevented by certain armed parties who have declared their discontent and dissatisfaction at the proposed union and their intention to resist the same by force.

And whereas, it is expedient that inquiry should be had into the causes and extent of such obstruction, opposition, and discontent as aforesaid.

Now know ye, that having confidence in your honesty, fidelity, and integrity, we do, by these presents, nominate, constitute, and appoint you, the said Donald A. Smith, to be our Special Commissioner to inquire into the causes, nature, and extent of the

obstruction offered at the Red River, in the North-West Territories, to the peaceable ingress of the Honourable William McDougall and other parties authorised by our Governor-General of Canada to proceed into the same ; and also to inquire into the causes and discontent and dissatisfaction alleged to exist in respect to the proposed union of the said North-West Territories with the Dominion of Canada ; and further, to explain to the inhabitants of the said country the principles on which the Government of Canada intends to administer the government of the country according

COMMISSIONER SMITH HAD NO SUCH LUXURY.



NEW ZEALAND COACH DRIVE.

to such instructions as may be given to you by our Governor in Council in this behalf ; and to take steps to remove any misapprehensions which may exist in respect to the mode of government of the same ; and to report to our Governor-General the result of such inquiries and on the best mode of quieting and removing such discontent and dissatisfaction ; and also to report on the most proper and fitting mode for effecting the speedy transfer of the country and government from the authority of the Hudson's Bay Company to the Government of Canada with the general consent of the inhabitants.

And further, to consider and report on the most advisable mode

of dealing with the Indian tribes in the North-West Territories.

To have and to hold the said office of Commissioner for the purposes aforesaid unto you, the said Donald A. Smith, during pleasure. In testimony whereof, etc."

" I THINK I WILL GET IN."

Governor Smith, however, like Admiral Nelson, saw his duty and did it even before he got his instructions from London. He placed his services at the disposal of Premier Sir John Macdonald, and went as a Commissioner of the Dominion Government. We could here remind our readers that Mr. Smith's long experiences with the forces of Nature, with Indians, half-breeds, with men in the years of his Labrador University experiences, the marvellous self-mastery specially fitted him for this great mission. For not only are there the disaffected and lawless of the Red River District, but there are the Indian tribes, the Fenian elements, the restless spirits across the border. From Montreal he starts on his momentous journey.

" Little time was lost in preparation. Requesting his brother-in-law, Richard Hardisty, an officer in the Company, to accompany him, and taking an affectionate leave of his wife, he set out on the following day for Ottawa, where he had a brief interview with the authorities, and was equipped with further documents bearing upon his mission.

" Leaving Ottawa on the 13th December, he says:—I reached St. Cloud, the terminus of the railway communication, on the 17th, continuing on the same day by stage, and arriving at Abercrombie on the evening of the 19th. Here we had to abandon wheeled carriages, and procuring a sledge, after a couple of hours' rest, we resumed the journey, and on the afternoon of the 21st met Howe, Mr. Macdougall, and party about thirty miles beyond George Town. From him I learned how serious the aspect of affairs had latterly become at Red River; and pushing on, we got to Pembina about 11 p.m. on the 25th, Christmas Day, 1869."

Many thought his journey would be hopeless, and that he could not even get in. Macdougall told him it was useless for him to attempt to go in. You will only be made a prisoner. He said, " I think I will get in," was Mr. Smith's quiet retort.

The documents bearing upon Mr. Smith's mission were highly important. He shrewdly suspected what had not occurred to others, that if he brought them into the settlement Riel would seize and destroy them if it suited his purpose; wherefore he resolved upon a prudent step. Macdougall had departed, but his secretary Provencher was still at Pembina, and to him Mr. Smith communicated his fears and his intentions.

" Mr. Provencher, I wish you to keep these papers," he said, entrusting the packet to him; " yield them up on no pretence whatever to anyone but myself or my brother-in-law, Mr. Hardisty."

Provencher gave his word, and Smith and Hardisty set out for Fort Garry. It would have been easy for the Commissioner to have sent an emissary to have reconnoitred the town and have made overtures and inquiries as to his personal safety. But he disdained such measures. To the astonishment of such of the settlers who met him, as well as the sentinels, he drove in his sledge straight up to the gates of the fort, which were open. He requested to be shown into Governor Mactavish's house.

"Comment appelle-tu?" inquired a sentinel surlily in French, garnishing his query with an oath.

"Je me nomme Donald A. Smith et je viens de Montreal."

This was possibly not the first time that the grim Métis had heard a name which was afterwards to become a household word

FIRST CANADIAN MAN OF WAR.



H.M.S. NIOBE, COMMANDER MACDONALD, R.N.

throughout the North-West. He and his fellow-sentinels responded that they would inform "President" Riel. The title "President" was news to the new-comer, who had not yet heard of Riel's accession of dignity. After a few moments delay, Louis Riel appeared.

Mr. Smith saw "a short, stout man, with a large head, a shallow, puffy face, a sharp, restless, intelligent eye, a square-cut, massive forehead overhung by a mass of long and thickly clustering hair, and marked with well-cut eyebrows—altogether a remarkable looking face, all the more so, perhaps, because it was to be seen in a land where such things are rare sights."

He said he had heard of Mr. Smith's arrival at Pembina, and was about to send off a party to effect his capture.

"I then," relates Mr. Smith, "accompanied him to a room occupied by ten or a dozen men, whom he introduced to me as members of the 'provisional Government.' . . . I was then

asked to take an oath not to attempt to leave the fort that day, nor to upset their Government, legally established. This request I peremptorily refused to comply with."

As a consequence, from that day until the close of February, Mr. Smith found himself a prisoner.

Riel's peremptory orders were, "Shoot that Scotchman Smith if he makes an attempt to escape or disobeys my injunctions." But there would be no attempt to escape till he had accomplished all that was possible and then the lion-hearted man, who was not afraid of the lions' den, could come out as he went in.

In the statesmanlike dispatch from which we quote the exact position is described, and the future need foreseen. He strove to prevent collision between the antagonistic parties which could only end in one way.

"But while saying so," he wrote, "it is impossible, with the outside influences at work, to say what complications may arise, and I feel it my duty to urge upon you, and through you to Her Majesty's Imperial Government, the necessity for being prepared at the earliest possible moment to throw in a sufficient force to crush an insurrection even at the present moment formidable, and which, before many months hence, may become so strong as, looking to the position and circumstances of the country, to offer little hope of the possibility of putting it down. Should life and property be in imminent peril and no recourse to British protection possible, I am inclined to think that with hardly a dissentient voice the law-abiding and substantial portion of the inhabitants would call on the United States Government to come to their aid, and the effect of such requisition it is needless for me to point out."

The Official Report, written by Mr. Smith's graphic pen, would make some twenty-seven pages of this book, but we should like to print every word of it. It gives in beautiful King's English pen pictures of all that was done during Mr. Smith's stay in Fort Garry.

Here is how one man was saved and the other shot :—

"Captain Boulton led the party, and he and his friends at the Portage assured me that he exerted himself to the utmost to keep them from rising, and only joined them at the last moment when he saw they were determined to go forward. He was captured on the 17th, tried by court-martial, and condemned to be shot at noon on the following day ; but at the intercession of the Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land, Archdeacon McLean, and, in short, every influential man among the English, and, I have been told, also of the earnest entreaty of the Catholic clergy, the execution was delayed till midnight of Saturday the 19th. Further than this, Riel declared he could not, would not yield, except, indeed, Dr. Schultz should be captured in the meantime, in which case he would be shot instead of Boulton. Archdeacon McLean had been in close attendance on Captain Boulton for twenty-four hours, had administered to him the Sacrament, received his last commands,

and had promised to be present with him at the last moment ; and when I met the Archdeacon on my way to see Riel, about eight o'clock on the evening of the 19th, he was deeply affected, and had given up all hope. I found with Riel Mr. H. N. Robinson of the New Nation newspaper, and shortly afterwards Mr. James Ross, Chief Justice, entered, followed in a few minutes by Mr. Bannatyne, Postmaster, who had been ordered to bring the key of the mail-bag, which Riel opened, and examining the letters,

ASSOCIATION SECRETARY, B.F.S.S.



GEO. CLARKE, ESQ., R.N.,
COMMANDER TENDER TO VICTORY.

perused and retained one or more. Mr. Ross pleaded for Boulton, but was repulsed in the most contemptuous manner. I had already been speaking to Riel on the subject when interrupted by Mr. Ross's entrance, and now resumed the conversation. Riel was obdurate, and said that the English settlers and Canadians, but more especially the latter, had laughed at and despised the French half-breeds, believing that they would not dare to take the life of anyone, and that under these circumstances it would be impossible to have peace and establish order in the country. An example must therefore be made, and he had firmly resolved that Boulton's execution should be carried out, bitterly as he deplored the necessity for doing so. I reasoned with him long and earnestly, until at length, about ten o'clock

he yielded, and addressing me, apparently with much feeling said, 'Hitherto I have been deaf to all entreaties, and in now granting this man's life,' or words to that effect, 'may I ask you a favour?' 'Anything,' I replied, 'that in honour I can do.' He continued : 'Canada has disunited us ; will you use your influence to unite us ? You can do so, and without this it must be war—bloody civil war !' I answered that, as I had on first coming to the country,

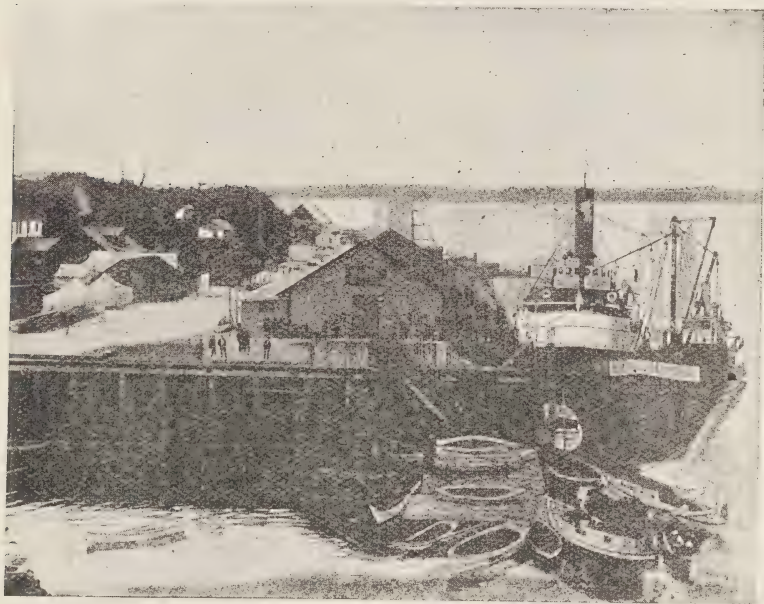
I would now repeat, 'I would give my whole heart to effect a peaceable union of the country with Canada.'

'We want only our just rights as British subjects,' he continued, 'and we want the English to join us simply to attain these.' 'Then,' I remarked, 'I shall at once see them and induce them to go on with the election of delegates for that purpose;' and he replied, 'If you can do this war will be avoided. Not only the lives but the liberty of all the prisoners will be secured, for on your success depend the lives of all the Canadians in the country.' He immediately proceeded to the prison and intimated to Archdeacon McLean that he had been induced by me to spare Captain Boulton's life, and had further promised to me that immediately on the meeting of the Council shortly to be elected the whole of the prisoners should be released, requesting the Archdeacon at the same time to explain these circumstances to Captain Boulton and the other prisoners. The moment was a fearful one for the settlement. Every man's life was in the hands of Riel, and fully appreciating the significance of this, the Bishop of Rupert's Land and the Protestant clergy generally now earnestly counselled the people to elect their delegates without loss of time, as by this means they might, to some extent control the course of events, while otherwise they were utterly powerless.

The Rev. Mr. Young, Methodist clergyman, had just entered the house, and meeting the Père in the hall, conversed with him a few minutes. Mr. Young then came up to me, and from him I had the first intimation that it was intended to shoot Thomas Scott, and that the sentence was to be carried into effect at 12 o'clock noon that day. We agreed in believing that the thing was too monstrous to be possible, and Mr. Young mentioned that poor Scott was himself equally incredulous on the subject, thinking they merely intended to frighten him. However, even to keep him in suspense was of itself a horrible cruelty, and it was arranged that as Mr. Young had been sent for to attend the man, he should see Riel, ascertain exactly how the matter stood, and if really serious to let me know at once. Mr. Scott accordingly called on Riel, was informed that Scott had been condemned, that the sentence was irrevocable and would not be delayed one minute beyond noon. Mr. Young begged for delay, saying, 'the man is not prepared to die;' but all without avail. He was paralysed with horror, returned to the prisoner, and immediately sent a messenger to inform me of the result of his visit. I determined to find out Riel immediately, but recollecting that Père Lestanc was still upstairs with Mr. Mactavish, went to him, related what I had heard, and asked him if he knew anything about the matter. His answer I cannot give in precise words, but it was to the effect that they had seen Mr. Riel on the other side (St. Boniface) and had all spoken to him about it, by which I understood that they had interceded for Scott. Governor Mactavish was greatly shocked

on being informed of Riel's purpose, and joined in reprobating it. Père Lestanc consented to accompany me, and we called on Riel. When we entered he asked me, 'What news from Canada?' The mail had arrived the preceding day, and I replied, 'Only the intelligence that Bishop Taché will be here very soon.' I then mentioned what I had heard regarding Scott, and before Riel answered, Père Lestanc interposed in French words, meaning, 'Is there no way of escape?' Riel replied to him, 'My Rev. Père, you know exactly how the matter stands'; then turning to me he said, 'I will explain to you,' speaking at first in English,

PORT RUPERT, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



TERMINUS GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.

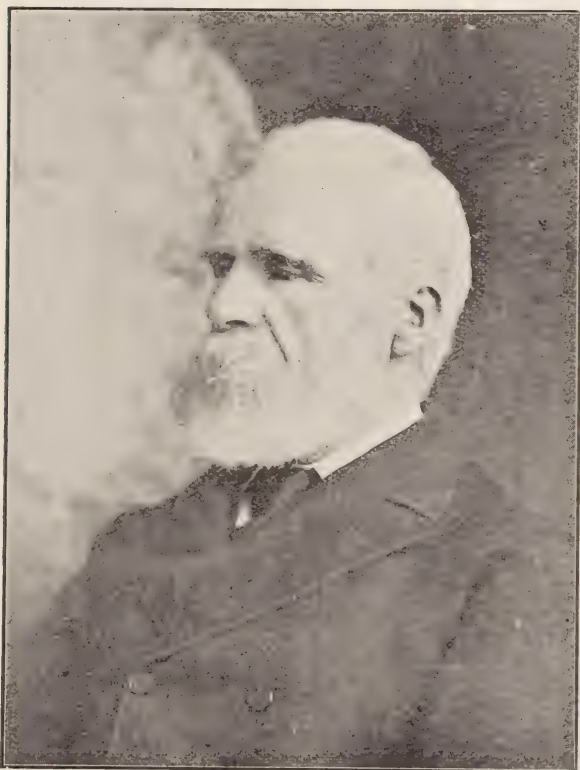
but shortly afterwards using the French, remarking to me, 'You understand that language?' He said in substance that Scott had throughout been a troublesome character, had been the ring-leader in a rising against Mr. Snow, who had charge of the party employed by the Canadian Government during the preceding summer in road-making; that he had risen against the 'provisional Government' in December last; that his life was then spared; that he escaped, had again been taken in arms, and once more pardoned, referring, no doubt, to the promise he had made to me; that the lives and liberty of all the prisoners were secured, but that

he was incorrigible and quite incapable of appreciating the clemency with which he had been treated ; that he was rough and abusive to the guards and insulting to him, Mr. Riel ; that his example had been productive of the very worst effects on the other prisoners, who had become insubordinate to such an extent, that it was difficult to withhold the guards from retaliating.

He further said : ' I sat down with Scott as we are doing now, and asked him truthfully to tell me—as I would not use his statement against him—what he and the Portage people intended to have done with me had they succeeded in capturing me when they surrounded Couture's house,' to which he replied, ' We intended to keep you as a hostage for the safety of the prisoners.' I argued with Riel and endeavoured to show that some of the circumstances he had mentioned, and especially the last, were very strong reasons to ask that Scott's life should not be sacrificed, and that if, as he represented, Scott was a rash, thoughtless man, whom none cared to have anything to do with, no evil need be apprehended from his example. I pointed out that the one great merit claimed for the insurrection was that, so far, it had been bloodless, except in one sad instance, which all were willing to look upon as an accident and implored him not to now stain it, to burden it with what would be considered a horrible crime. He exclaimed, ' We must make Canada respect us ! ' I replied, ' She has every proper respect for the people of Red River, and this is shown in her having sent Commissioners to treat with them.' I told him I had seen the prisoners some time back, when they commissioned me to say to their friends at Portage that they desired peace, and I offered to go to them again and reason with them should that be necessary. On this he said, ' Look here Mr. Smith, Mr. Scott, the representative, went to see the prisoners at my desire, and on asking them whom they would vote for as councillors, if they were permitted a choice outside their own body, Thomas Scott came forward and said, ' My boys, have nothing to do with these Americans.' And when I remarked, ' This is really a most trifling affair, and ought not to have been repeated,' he said, ' Do not attempt to prejudice us against the Americans, for although we have not been with them, they are with us, and have been better friends to us than the Canadians.' Much more was said on both sides, but argument, entreaty, and protest alike failed to draw him from his purpose, and he closed by saying, ' I have done three good things since I have commenced : I have spared Boulton's life at your instance, and I do not regret it, for he's a fine fellow ; I pardoned Gaddy, and he showed his gratitude by escaping out of the Bastion, but I don't grudge him his miserable life ; and now I shall shoot Scott.' Lepine, the Adjutant-General—who was president of the council of seven which tried Scott, five of whom, Riel told me, ' with tears streaming from their eyes, condemned him as worthy of death,' a sentence which he had confirmed—now entered, and

in answer to Riel, said, 'He must die.' Riel then requested the Rev. Père Lestanc to put the people on their knees for prayer, as it might do good for the condemned man's soul. Referring to Père Lestanc, and making a final appeal unnecessary here to repeat, I retired. It was now within a few minutes of one o'clock, and on entering the Governor's house, Rev. Mr. Young joined me and said, 'It is now considerably past the hour, I trust you have succeeded.'

INLAND LAKES MISSION.



SUPERINTENDENT JAMES POTTER, TORONTO.

'No,' I said, 'for God's sake go back at once to the poor man, for I fear the worst.' He left immediately, and a few minutes afterwards he entered the room, in which the prisoner was confined, some guards marched in and told Scott his hour had come. Not until then did the reality of his position flash upon poor Scott. He said, 'good-bye,' to the other prisoners, was led outside the gate of the fort with a white handkerchief covering his head; his coffin,

having a piece of white cotton thrown over it, was carried out. His eyes were then bandaged; he continued in prayer, in which he had been engaged on the way for a few minutes. He asked Mr. Young how he should place himself, whether standing or kneeling; then knelt in the snow, said 'farewell,' and immediately fell back, pierced by three bullets, which had passed through his body. The firing party consisted of six men, all of whom, it is said, were more or less intoxicated. It has been further stated that only three of the muskets were loaded with ball cartridge, and that one man did not discharge his piece. Mr. Young turned aside when the first shots were fired, then went back to the body, and again retired for a moment, while a man discharged his revolver at the sufferer, the ball, it is said, entering the eye and passing round the head.

The wounded man groaned between the time of receiving the musket shots and the discharge of the revolver. Mr. Young asked to have the remains for interment in the burying-ground of the Presbyterian Church, but this was not acceded to, and a similar request, preferred by the Bishop of Rupert's Land, was also refused. He was buried within the walls of the fort. On descending the steps leading from the prison, poor Scott, addressing Mr. Young, said, 'This is a cold-blooded murder'; then engaged in prayer, and was so occupied until he was shot.

After this date I held no communication whatsoever with Riel, except in reference to getting away from the country, which I was not allowed to leave without a pass. I felt that under the circumstances it was not desirable I should remain longer at Red River, but it was not until late on the night of the 18th Feb. that Riel gave permission for my departure."

Governor Smith's presence, personality, persuasive powers, prevented further bloodshed, massacre, and prairie fire, and so Napoleon Riel held the fort till the British soldiers arrived and the revolutionary leaders were scattered.

Colonel Garnet Wolseley, forty years ago, in August 1870, entered Fort Garry with his little army of 400 Red Coats, without firing a shot. Governor Smith was again out West. He determined to meet the Hudson Bay warriors, "Wintering Partners" as they were called, at their annual meeting at Norway House, at the head of Lake Winnipeg. They had to be pacified and have their rights secured in the "Great Betrayal," as they called the handing over the lion's share to the sleeping partners (shareholders) in London. They naturally wanted to come in on the "first floor" in the division of the spoils. Here is a pen picture of the gathering:—

"Few of the officers knew his intention, when one morning, a few days before the meeting, his canoe arrived opposite this famous Hudson's Bay Company post. Of the body of tanned and rugged veterans who faced Mr. Smith on this memorable occasion, all were men of brains and courage. Some of them were scholars of no mean type. One officer might have made a reputation as an artist,

and another as a musician ; another has been characterised as one of the most intrepid among the many brave men who had sought for the lost Franklin in the darkness of the long polar night. These men had voluntarily chosen the career they had followed in the

FROM SHIPPING WORLD.



I THINK I WILL GET IN.

wilderness : loyalty to the Company, however, did not prevent on their part a grim resolve not to be defrauded of their just rights."

Governor Smith was the man to safeguard their rights, which

he did. But business being over, this all-alive man made his way to Fort Alexander, there to await the gallant Wolseley.

This Hudson's Bay post stood about a mile from the entrance to Winnipeg River, and was ninety miles from Fort Garry. On the morning of the 20th of August Indian Couriers announced to Mr. Smith the near approach of the little Imperial force.

It was nearing nightfall when the entire body of the troops, headed by Colonel Wolseley and his staff, reached Fort Alexander. "Some accidents," wrote one of the party, "had occurred, and many had been the close shaves of rock and rapid, but no life had been lost. From the 600 miles of wilderness there emerged 400 soldiers, whose muscles and sinews, taxed and tested by continuous toil, had been developed to a pitch of excellence seldom equalled, and whose appearance and physique, browned, tanned, and powerful, told of the glorious climate of these northern solitudes."

The rays of the sinking sun were suffusing the landscape when the large canoe touched the wooden pier opposite the Fort. When the commander of the expedition stepped ashore he saw his men assembled together for the first time since they had left Lake Superior far behind. "It was a meeting not devoid of such associations as make such things memorable, and the cheer which went up from the soldiers who lined the steep bank to bid him welcome, had in it a note of sympathy which binds men together by the inward consciousness of difficulties shared in common and dangers successfully overcome together."

Mr. Smith shook hands with Colonel Garnet Wolseley and his fellow-officers, and bade them welcome to Fort Alexander. The gallant colonel, who had been some years Deputy-Quartermaster-General in Canada, he had previously met. Among the others, of whom he then made the acquaintance for the first time, were two young officers who afterwards rose to distinction. One was Captain Buller, a tall, sturdily built Devonian, with a bluff, good-natured manner; the other, Lieutenant Butler, similar in build, a fearless Irishman, of witty speech and obvious ability.

As General Sir Redvers Buller, v.c., and General Sir William Butler, K.C.B., these two officers afterwards became famous throughout the Empire.

Mr. Smith entertained them at dinner that night,^f accompanied the force to Fort Garry. Louis Riel, "the Dictator, and New Napoleon," being warned by Indians, fled. Strange as it may seem, Colonel Wolseley appointed Mr. Smith Civil Administrator till the arrival of the Governor. Louis Riel continued to agitate. "In 1885 his ambitions once more inflamed, Riel came out of his obscurity, provoked a rebellion, in Saskatchewan, and was eventually hanged at Regina in September, 1885."

Had Riel, with his many gifts, used them for the building up of the British Empire rather than fighting, he would have found full glory for his ambition, and might have risen to high places in the State.

General Butler stayed with Commissioner Smith, and aided in the pacification.

In June 1910 he passed away. The day he died the following letter was written by Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley to Sir William Butler :—

Hampton Court Palace,
June 7, 1910.

MY DEAR BUTLER,—To-day's newspaper states that you are very unwell. I earnestly pray that this note may reach you in the enjoyment of a rapid recovery, and that I may soon hear of your being the strong, merry comrade you always were to me. I always looked upon you as a host in yourself, ready to undertake any difficult job, and the more dangerous it was the more you enjoyed it. May God in His mercy soon restore you to your family and to all your friends, of whom none have ever valued your friendship more than your very attached friend and old comrade.—

WOLSELEY.

Queen Alexandra sent the following telegram to Lady Butler, at Bansha Castle, on the death of her husband, General Sir William Butler :—

“It is from the depths of my own broken heart that I mourn with you in your over-whelming sorrow for the loss of your distinguished husband. May God help us each to bear our heavy cross !—ALEXANDRA.”

These gallant soldiers were together by the Red River, when next they meet may it be by the “river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb. God himself . . . shall wipe away every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more.”

Men who help to build the Empire in subordinate or leading positions die and pass away, but the Empire swings on by its increasing momentum. Children take the places of the fathers, and if the conditions are accepted, blessings will follow for many generations.



CHAPTER X.

TRAFALGAR LEDGERS AND NELSON'S BRAVES.

Through the disinterested efforts (said the Daily News) of two friends of British seamen and the generosity of a third, two volumes of the highest historical importance were yesterday secured for the British Navy. The books are none other than the receipted



NELSON BEFORE THE BATTLE.

ledgers of Messrs Cooke and Halford, the bankers, who acted as agents for Lord Howick, John, Earl Spencer, and Lord Henry Petty, the trustees for distributing the Parliamentary Grant of £300,000 and the prize money from the proceeds of four French and Spanish ships captured on the ever memorable day of Trafalgar, 21st October, 1805.

Unfortunately the other two volumes of the series containing the accounts of the ships lettered A to M are still missing, but it is hoped that the present discovery may lead to their being found, so that they may be housed on board H.M.S. Victory at Portsmouth, the destination of the present volumes. Bound in brown leather with cardboard covers, the books contain the full list of the crews of the Victory, Neptune, Orion, Polyphemus, Prince, Revenge, Royal Sovereign, Spartiate, Swiftsure, Temeraire, Tonnant, Thunderer, Euryalus, Naiad, Phœbe, Sirius, Pickle, and Entreprenante.

Messrs. Cooke and Halford, it appears at the date of first payment, August 5, 1806, were in business at No. 18, Clement's Inn, and transacted business, according to a note of hand found in the books, on Tuesdays and Fridays. The firm appears to have removed to Norfolk Street, Strand, in December, 1806.

Those of the crew who died in action are noted by the service abbreviation D.D. (Discharged Dead), a form still used in the books of the Navy. Against the signature of each recipient below the rank of Admiral is embossed a receipt stamp varying in amount from 5s., which Captain Hardy paid, to the twopence paid by the ordinary seamen. The highest amount recorded in the book dealing with the Parliamentary grant is that of "Lord Viscount Nelson, Admiral, D.D., £18,517 13s. 6d.," and receipted by his executors. Of the four Admirals borne on the books of the Victory, Lords Collingwood and Northesk and Admiral John Knight each received £4629 8s. 4d., but Admiral Sir Thomas Louis received one sum of £4000 through Marsh and Creed, and £654 through Edm. Lockyer. Captain Hardy, who appears to have banked with Cook and Halford, got £2389 7s. 6d. Ten lieutenants and Captain Adair, of the Marines, received £161. Sixteen members of the third class, chiefly senior petty officers and including John Scott, Nelson's secretary, got £108 12s. The fourth class, 63 in number, received £26 6s., and the ordinary seamen of the fifth class, 728 in number, were each awarded £4 12s. 6d. A slip attached states that the complement of the Victory was 810.

Attached to some of the pages are letters from the widows of dead seamen who had been unable to secure the share belonging to them, and authorities to pay agents, witnessed generally by the clergy of the parish. A less edifying document is a writ of attachment from the Lord Mayor's Court sequestering £400.

One curious fact in the volumes is that Captain Thomas Dundas of the Naiad, obtained threepence more than his fellow captains, both in the distribution of the grant from Parliament and the share of prize money. The volume dealing with the allocation of the prize money unfortunately lacks the details of the Neptune, these having been cut out by some vandal. Captain Hardy, of the Victory and the other captains, received £973; Dundas, of the Naiad, received £973 os. 3d.; the lieutenants received £65 11s.; third-

class shares amounted to £44 4s. 6d. ; fourth-class shares were £10 4s. The ordinary seamen received £1 17s. 6d.

Great credit is due to Flag Commander Macdonald, of the Victory, and Mr. Edward W. Matthews, the secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, who have secured the two volumes for the Victory, the funds being supplied by Mr. Thomas J. Barratt, who has already secured many other Nelson relics for English museums.

It is intended to publish a full list of the Victory's crew as recorded in these volumes."

KING EDWARD WAS TO SEE THE LEDGERS.

Colonel Sir Arthur Davidson, writing from Biarritz to the senior Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, said :—" I am commanded to inform you that His Majesty will be pleased to see

THREE GENERATIONS.



VICTORY—WHERE GALLANT NELSON FELL.

the two Victory Ledgers at Buckingham Palace on his return to London." After the King had seen them they were to be formally presented to the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth for the Museum on board H.M.S. Victory. How the ledgers came into the hands of the Society is told in a word. My friend, Flag Commander Macdonald of the Victory lamented that valuable things associated with his ship, and which should be on board, were being lost. Some were being bought by private individuals, and some would even go to America ! He mentioned the above ledgers and a chest of drawers which was on board the Victory at Trafalgar, and belonged

to Scott, Nelson's secretary. I asked him to get the holders not to sell for a few days till I could use the Press.

My Press letter contained the following appeal :—" Sir,—Nelson's Victory has still the honour of flying the flag of the Commander-in-Chief in Portsmouth Harbour, and as the one floating monument of the Trafalgar period she is thrown open for the inspection of the whole British Empire and the world. Flag-Commander Macdonald (like all his brother officers of the Navy) is anxious to add to the previous Nelson relics already on board. At this moment I am informed by a Naval Officer, that a most interesting relic can be secured for the small sum of £58 10s. It is nothing less than the ledgers from which the Parliamentary grant of £300,000 and all the prize money for Trafalgar was paid. Here is given the name of every officer and man who took part in that action, with the amount each received. If any British patriot desired to present H.M.S. Victory with this record of 'the braves' (giving the names of our sea-heroes, who, on that never-to-be-forgotten day, October 21st, 1805, won a great victory, far-reaching as the British Empire itself), a cheque might be sent for the £58 10s. to the Headquarters of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society." Three gentlemen kindly made the offer, but the first offer came from Mr. Thomas J. Barrett, who had previously shewn his patriotism, and it was gratefully accepted.

The very day the letter appeared, in fact early in the morning a telegram was sent to my office before I arrived, followed by a telephone message from the same gentleman, saying if the ledgers were genuine he would be pleased to give them. At 11 a.m. another telephone message came through from Messrs. Crichton Bros., offering to give the amount required, while later a letter came from a gentleman in the Midlands with an offer. The earliest bird caught the worm, however, that being the letter from Mr. Barrett ! But Messrs. Crichton Brothers were very kind over it, and while disappointed in not being able to give the Ledgers, they gave the oak chest. In the great Nelson Centenary Movements I owed everything to the Press. And now, if this book should lead to other gifts for the Victory, I should be profoundly thankful.

H.M.S. VICTORY RECEIVING TRAFALGAR LEDGERS.

No visit to the Old Country from the "Dominions beyond the Seas" is complete without actually visiting Nelson's famous flagship Victory. She has been seen in various paintings. In some, going into battle under full sail ; in others, in the midst of the fight, or stately floating in Portsmouth Harbour, but perhaps the most pathetic picture of all is, when she was being towed into Gibraltar after the Battle of Trafalgar—all her yards and sails, and nearly all her masts and rigging gone, her flag half-mast to indicate Nelson's body was on board. Every ship has a history, and a big volume might be written on the dear old ship Victory.

Rear-Admiral Sir W. J. E. Wharton, when a lieutenant, in 1871, wrote a short history of H.M.S. *Victory*, to which I refer our readers for most interesting information. The little booklet is sold on board the ship for the benefit of a charitable institution. The gallant Admiral, not long before he died, wrote to the Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society concerning the Nelson Centenary :—

“ Though I am of opinion that, as a rule, Centenaries and Celebrations are in this age much overdone, I certainly regard the Centenary of Trafalgar as one which should be duly observed ; and I think that your proposals to that end I must support, and wish you all success in your efforts to keep alive the spirit of Nelson. I have much pleasure in sending you a cheque for £5 in aid.”

“ There have been *Victorys* in the English Navy ever since the year 1570, and as each successive ship, from old age or misfortune, has disappeared from the list, another has soon after appeared to take her place.

“ The ship immediately preceding the existing *Victory* was, like her, a first-rate three-decker, carrying 110 guns, and was accounted the finest ship in the service. In 1744 she was the flagship of Admiral Sir J. Balchen, a venerable officer of 75 years of age, who had been called from the honourable retirement of Greenwich Hospital to command a fleet destined to relieve Sir Charles Hardy, then blockaded in Lisbon by a superior French force, under the Count de Rochambault. On returning from the successful performance of this service, the fleet was dispersed in the chops of the Channel by a tremendous gale, on October 4th. The rest of the ships, though much shattered, gained the anchorage of Spithead in safety, but the *Victory* was never more heard of, though from the evidence of fishermen of the Island of Alderney, she was believed to have run on to the Casquets, some dangerous rocks lying off that island, where her gallant crew of over a thousand perished to a man.

“ In 1765, on the 7th May, was launched from Chatham Dockyard the present *Victory*, which had been built from designs of Sir Thomas Slade, then Surveyor of the Navy.”

After visiting the Battle Ships of to-day, the Dreadnoughts, the Mauretianas, the Olympics, it can scarcely be realized that the *Victory* is only 2162 tons, her depth of hold only 21 feet 6 inches, while her length and beam is only 226 feet 6 inches and 32 feet respectively. She carried 104 guns the biggest 32-pounders and the smallest 12-pounders !

The following Admirals also hoisted their flags on board the *Victory* :—Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, 19th March, 1779 ; Admiral Geary, 24th May, 1780 ; Rear-Admiral Drake in August for remainder of cruise ; Vice-Admiral Hyde Parker, 1781, for service in the North Sea, but returning to Spithead, Commodore Elliott

hoisted his broad pennant. In September, the same year, Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt, Lord Howe in 1782; Rear-Admiral Marr, Vice-Admiral Sinby, Admiral Sir John Jervis (1797), when she



VICTORY'S COCKPIT, WHERE NELSON DIED.

engaged the San Salvador in the battle of St. Vincent; and Admiral Lord Nelson in 1803. All the world knows what happened in 1805, and only once afterwards was she in active commission when Admiral Sir James Seynour and his fleet saved Sir John Moore's little army from being driven by overwhelming odds to the sea.

“ In 1825 she was made flagship in Portsmouth harbour, and ever since that date, with but few intervals, she has continued to bear the flags of Admirals, who, having like her, spent their lives in the service of their country, terminated their active careers by holding the highest post in the British Navy,—the command at Portsmouth.”

NELSON AND HIS SECRETARY SCOTT.

ANOTHER RELIC FOR THE VICTORY.

The recent favourable notice given by the Press to the Trafalgar Ledgers secured for the Victory, has brought forth several interesting enquiries from descendants, and also to our notice other genuine relics which might, and perhaps ought, to be secured. Among the number, the British and Foreign Sailors' Society has secured the first offer of a genuine relic which is full of pathetic interest. It is an article of furniture belonging to Nelson's Secretary Scott. It will be remembered that on that fateful day, Nelson reserved his fire—his double and treble shotted guns—till he was right upon his old acquaintances the Santissima Trinidad, and the Redoubtable, and ere a shot was fired the Victory had received considerable punishment. “ Meantime,” says Southey, “ an incessant raking fire was kept upon the Victory. The Admiral's Secretary was one of the first who fell ; he was killed by a cannon shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott, but he anxiously asked, ‘ Is that poor Scott that's gone ? ’ and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, ‘ Poor fellow ! ’ ”

A naval officer writes that he has seen a Mahogany Sea-Chest which was on board the Victory, and belonged to Scott. It is in good condition, there is an “ authentic pedigree,” and it is offered to us for the small sum of £15.

Mr. Scott said to his servant, as they were going into battle, “ Nicholls, if we get through this you shall never want for anything.” This shows the beautiful comradeship of those days, and Scott's generous spirit appealed to the affectionate nature of Nelson. Nicholls was fighting a gun on the main deck, and did not know till the day ended that his kind-hearted master was killed early in the battle. Nicholls mourned the death of his master, and the First Lieutenant of the Victory, Quilliam, whose name comes under Hardy in the Ledger, gave Nicholls a beautiful silver medallion of Lord Nelson, said to be an admirable likeness of exquisite workmanship. In this small thing is seen the spirit reigning and dominating the glorious brotherhood of the Victory's crew.

William Henry Nicholls, a grandson, now living at Plymouth, still holds the relic. But in the ledger above referred to is the pathetic entry—"John Scott, Secretary, prize money £108 12s. od., paid September 10th, 1806. W. Stephens, for Charles Scott, Executor. D.D. (discharged dead)."

Nelson no doubt felt, when Scott fell at his feet, his own turn would soon come. Not many minutes before he had said to his Frigate Captain, Blackwood, "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never see you again." In any case, Secretary Scott was brought into constant touch with his heroic master, and there was mutual affection. It would be appropriate, therefore, to have a relic of Scott on board the Victory. The officer writes:—"It is also most interesting as showing the style of furniture used by sea officers in those days."



SECRETARY SCOTT'S CHEST.*

HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON? MIDDLIN!

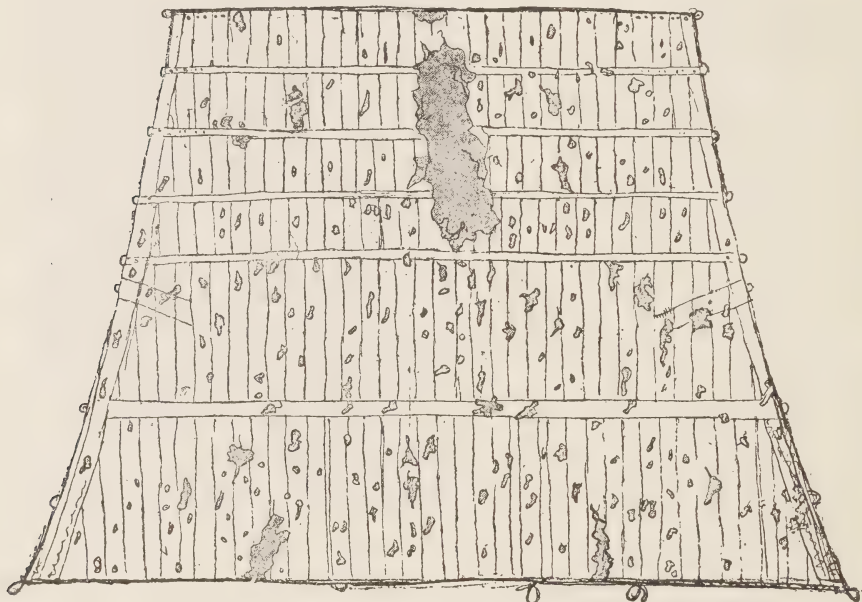
John Quilliam (B. 1771, D. 1829) was the son of a farmer in the south of the Isle of Man. He first came into notice at the Battle of Camperdown in 1797, when he was made a lieutenant by Admiral Duncan. At the Battle of Copenhagen in 1801, he was on a frigate of such light draught of water, that she could get close under the batteries. She was there subjected to such a tremendous fire that all Quilliam's superior officers were killed, so that he was left in command. At this juncture Nelson came on board and inquired who was in charge of her, when a voice, that of Quilliam, ascended from the main deck, "I am," and, on the further question, "How are you getting on below?" the answer to the unknown inquisition was "middlin." This greatly amused Nelson, who so appreciated

* Gift of Messrs. Crighton Bros.

Quilliam's coolness, that he took an early opportunity of getting him on his own ship the *Victory*, of which he was appointed first lieutenant. As the following extract from "James's Naval History of Great Britain" will show, he assisted in steering her into action at the Battle of Trafalgar:—

"Just as she (the *Victory*) had got within about 500 yards of the larboard beam of the *Bucentaure*, the *Victory's* mizzen-topmast was shot away, about two-thirds up. A shot also struck and knocked to pieces the wheels, and the ship was obliged to be

VICTORY'S TOPSAIL.



SHOT-HOLED TOPSAIL STILL PRESERVED.

steered from the gun room, the first lieutenant (John Quilliam) and master (Thomas Atkinson) relieving each other at the duty.

It seems somewhat curious that an officer of Quilliam's rank should have been engaged in steering, but some years ago a Manxman, a son of the late Rev. George Quirk, who was an engineer in the employ of the Trinity Board, discovered a reason for it from a document at Trinity House. It would appear that Quilliam had caused the damage which had been done to the steering gear, "to be repaired according to a plan of his own, and then not feeling quite sure how this would act he took the tiller with his own hand." After Trafalgar he was probably on shore for a time, since in 1807,

he was elected a member of the House of Keys, and, though he was at sea again in the following year, he did not resign his membership till 1810.

In 1808 he was commander in the *Spencer*, Admiral Stopford's flagship, and in the same year, according to a letter of Lieutenant Edward Christian's, he was appointed Captain of a vessel of 24 guns, probably a sloop. In this letter Christian says that he is writing to him (Quilliam) "in favour of the son of Lady Napier, who is a midshipman under his command," and that he would also take the opportunity of mentioning his cousin, Evan Christian to him. In 1812 he was in command of the *Crescent*, and continued to command her till after the conclusion of the war in 1815. He then retired to his native island, living at the "White House," Kirk Michael. He was re-elected a member of the House of Keys in 1817, and took a conspicuous part in the enquiry by the Tynwald Court into the condition of the herring fishery in 1827. He died in 1829 being buried in Kirk Arbory Churchyard, where the following inscription may be read on his tombstone:—

"Sacred to the memory of John Quilliam, Esq., Captain in the Royal Navy. In his early service he was appointed by Admiral Lord Duncan to act as lieutenant at the Battle of Camperdown. After the victory was achieved, this appointment was confirmed. His gallantry and professional skill at the Battle of Copenhagen attracted the notice of Lord Nelson, who subsequently sought for his services on board of his own ship and as his lordship's first lieutenant, he steered the *Victory* into action at the Battle of Trafalgar. By the example of Duncan and Nelson he learned to conquer. By his own merit he rose to command; above all this he was an honest man, the noblest work of God. After many years of honourable and distinguished professional service, he retired to this land of his affectionate solicitude and birth, where in his public station as a member of the House of Keys, and in private life, he was in arduous times the uncompromising defender of the rights and privileges of his countrymen and the zealous and able supporter of every measure tending to promote the welfare and the best interests of his country. He departed this life on the 10th October, 1829 in the 59th years of his age. This monument is erected by Margaret C. Quilliam to the memory of her beloved husband."

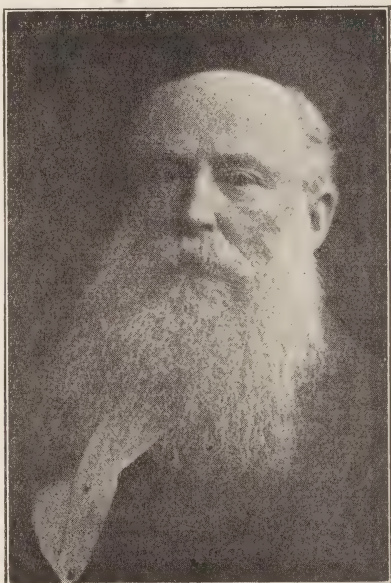
From the newspaper notice of his death, we learn that he was a "benevolent friend . . . a sensible, social, pleasing companion, and a kind and good master;" also that "he was highly esteemed and much respected by all."

REV. ALFRED HALL ON TRAFALGAR.

From "*Vancouver Sunset*."

Trafalgar stands out as one of the loftiest peaks in all the mountain ranges of history, and he does not know the true trend of modern western civilization who fails to apprehend the significance

of those events which came to their climax there. " 'Twas in Trafalgar Bay " and a great many things were settled on the spot. Some were settled for ever, others for a very long time in the slow processes of world-evolution. The spell of Napoleon's overmastering genius was broken. As Captain Mahan, U.S.A., puts it " Nelson's far-distant, storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world." A new phenomenon arose before the gaze of the human race, in a most impressive demonstration of the influence of sea-power. Britain's pre-eminence as the wielder of that supremacy at sea was from that day established, and the round hundred years, 1805-1905, will ever stand apart as a great century in the historical romance of the Empire. But this was not all. Other effects followed which are not invested with the glamour of military or naval achievements, but they are quite as far-reaching in their effects upon the British people. For one thing the sailor came to his own, after the heroisms of a thousand years, and, since Trafalgar, he has been counted as the strongest arm of imperial defence. That was something important. And then the care of the sailor awoke in the conscience of an apathetic nation and a slumbering church. Nelson had said of seamen, generally, " We are a neglected set " and Britannia rose, with religion for her handmaid, to wipe away the reproach of indifference to the welfare of her hardy sons of the sea.



MR THOMAS J. BARRATT, WHO
GAVE THE LEDGERS.

This was one of the moral effects of Trafalgar upon the ideals of the British people, and it is not less than any political effect or geographical effect whatsoever.

To tell the sober truth, it was men of the sailor class themselves who began it. They broke Napoleon's plans, and they began the uplifting movement which has girdled the world with redemptive forces and agencies for the good of their own order.

It was like this. After the peace of 1814, a few of the sons of the deep, seeing their old shipmates beset by more dangerous foes on land than they had ever faced at sea, and finding them drugged,

robbed and ruined in body and soul, they gathered in forecabin and cabin to pray and work for their amelioration.

From this, as from a grain of mustard-seed, a far-spreading movement came. It is the ever-recurring drama of all true progress—feebleness, struggle, heroism, conquest and world-encircling dominion at last. The narrow and limited purpose at first was to do something for the Port of London only. The old sloop of war



FLAG COMMANDER MACDONALD, R.N.

Taken on board the Victory with Secretary HALL of Canada, and Secretary MATTHEWS who organized the Principal Nelson Centenary, and secured tons of Nelson Copper for the Schools of the Empire.

H.M.S. Speedy was moored in the Thames off Wapping old Stairs and became the base of operations in 1818, being renamed by the sailors the Ark. And the celebrated preacher, Rowland Hill, preached the opening sermon in May of that year."

The Centenary of the death of Admiral Lord Collingwood was

duly held on March 7th, 1910, in St. Paul's Cathedral. How did Nelson enter into that historic battle, the last of his mighty conflicts, and perhaps the most momentous and far-reaching in the world's history? Having made all his preparations in writing, he commits his soul, his fleet, his country to God. In that supreme moment of hush, when in silence, as it were, the fleet borne on the wings of the wind, where is Nelson found? Ere he mounts to the throne of his quarter deck he is found on his knees in his cabin alone with God. The battle is won: a scene has been enacted in the cockpit of the Victory which will ever live in ocean story. A storm has arisen to chant a solemn requiem. Collingwood, who shortly afterwards died on board of his own ship, who wrote the touching dispatch in which he announced the death of Nelson, and in which he said there was only one Nelson, Collingwood wrote this order to his victorious fleet, and it deserves to be found on board of every ship and in every British home. He wrote it a few hours after the awful conflict, with his scattered ships in the gale, sinking or securing the prizes, saving the enemy, mid the raging elements. Had it been written by an ancient warrior, it would have certainly been found in the Old Testament records:—

“The Almighty God, whose arm alone is strength, having, of His great mercy been pleased to crown the exertions of his Majesty's Fleet with success, in giving them a complete victory over their enemies on the 21st inst., that all praise and thanksgiving may be offered up to the Throne of God for the great benefit to our country, and to mankind, I have thought proper that a day should be appointed of general humiliation before God and thanksgiving for this His manifold goodness, imploring forgiveness of sins, a continuation of His Divine mercy, and His constant aid to us in the defence of our country's liberties and laws, without which the utmost efforts of man are naught, and I direct, therefore, that Thursday, the 7th of November next, be appointed for that holy purpose.—Given on board the *Euryalus*, off Cape Trafalgar, the 22nd October, 1805. CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD. To the respective Captains and Commanders.” This one quotation from the glorious records proves with the bravest of the braves it was God first and God last. If the sea is God's school, we want to see cultivated among the scholars (the seafarers) the almost lost sense of awe, worship, mystery, the presence, the power, the providence, and the grace of God. Bring forth the Records. “Lord God of Hosts be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget.”

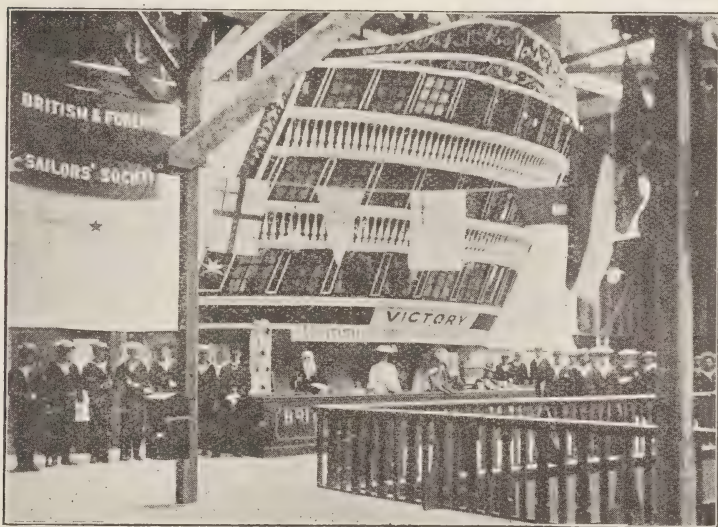
“In 1844, Queen Victoria happened to be passing through the harbour on this day, and learning the cause of the decoration of the Victory, at once pulled on board and went round the ship. Her Majesty evinced much emotion when shown the almost sacred spots where the hero fell and died; and plucking some leaves from the wreath that enshrined the words on the poop, ‘England expects that every man will do his duty,’ kept them as a memento.”

In 1905, Queen Alexandra being detained at Portsmouth, before starting for her Mediterranean trip, visited the Victory and saw the timber which replaced that given by the Lords of the Admiralty to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and bearing the old inscription:—HERE NELSON DIED.

In 1905, this timber was seen by many thousands of people visiting the Nelson Relic section of the Naval, Mercantile, and Fisheries Exhibition, held at Earl's Court, and it will find a lasting home in the Nelson Room of the Passmore Edwards Sailors' Palace, the headquarters of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

It was also exhibited on the Visitors' Stall held at Christchurch, New Zealand in 1906.

VICTORY STALL, NEW ZEALAND EXHIBITION.



Erected by New Zealand Government for the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. Visited at the opening ceremony by Lord (and Lady) Plunkett, the Governor of New Zealand, Sir Joseph (and Lady) Ward, Prime Minister, who were received by naval guard of honour. The timber from Cockpit. "Here Nelson died," is seen in the end.

VICTORY TOWED INTO GIBRALTAR AFTER TRAFALGAR WITH NELSON'S BODY ON BOARD.



CHAPTER XI.

VICTORY.

"We whose names and marks are hereunto subscribed being the Captain, Officers, and Company of H.M. Ship VICTORY, under the Command of the late RT. HON. LORD NELSON, at the Battle off Cape Trafalgar on the 21st October, 1805, do acknowledge to have received by ourselves or our legal representatives through the hands of Messrs. C. Cooke and J. Halford for and on account of the Rt. Hon. Lord Howick, John Earl Spencer, and Lord Hy. Petty, Trustees for the distribution of £300,000 voted by Parliament the several sums expressed against our names being the amount of our proportions of the said Grant. And we do hereby discharge our said Trustees as well as the said Messrs. Cooke and Halford from all further demand on account thereof."

No.	NAMES.	QUALITY.	SUM.
Lord Viscount Nelson ... V. Admiral ...£18517 13 6 DD			
	Lord Collingwood ...	Admiral...	4629 8 4
	Lord Northesk ...	Admiral...	4629 8 4
	Sir Thomas Louis ...	"	4000 0 0
			654 0 0
	John Knight, Esq. ...	"	4629 8 4
FIRST CLASS. (1)			
665 ...	G. M. Hardy, Esq. ...	Captain	2389 7 6
SECOND CLASS. (11)			
17 ...	John Quilliam ...	Lieutenant	161 0 0
19 ...	G. M. Bligh ...	"	161 0 0
20 ...	John Yule ...	"	"
21 ...	John Pasco ...	"	"
27 ...	Andrew King ...	"	"
31 ...	Thomas Atkinson ...	Master	"
796 ...	Edward Williams ...	Lieutenant	"
863 ...	George Brown ...	"	"
918 ...	Alexander Hills ...	"	"
933 ...	William Ram ...	"	"
1 ...	Chas. Wm. Adair ...	Captain Marines	" DD

FIRST CLASS.—Captain Hardy also received £973 prize money.

SECOND CLASS.—Lieutenants and Captains Marines also received £65 11s. each.

THIRD CLASS. (16)—Also received £44 4s. 6d. each.

FOURTH CLASS (63)—Also received £10 14s. each.

FIFTH CLASS (728)—Also received £1 17s. 6d.

We have not room to print the dates and names of the persons who received the money. In the books the Seamen were distinguished by the usual letters A. B., which meant able-bodied seaman, and O.S. short for Ordinary Seaman, who was between an A.B. and a boy.

THIRD CLASS. (16)

No.	NAMES.	QUALITY.	SUM.
4 ...	William Rivers ...	Gunner ...	£108 12 0
34 ...	William Chaseman ...	Master's Mate ...	"
664 ...	Alexander J. Scott ...	Chaplain ...	"
697 ...	Thomas L. Robins ...	Master's Mate ...	"
802 ...	Walter Burke ...	Purser ...	"
866 ...	Samuel Spencer ...	Master's Mate ...	"
908 ...	William Beatty ...	Surgeon ...	108 12 0
911 ...	William Hy. Symons ...	Master's Mate ...	"
926 ...	William Willmot ...	Boatswain ...	"
931 ...	James Green ...	Master's Mate ...	"
958 ...	William Bunce ...	Carpenter ...	"
978 ...	Thomas Goble ...	Master's Mate ...	"
149 ...	James G. Peake ...	Lieut. Marines ...	"
171 ...	Lewis B. Reeves ...	" ...	"
180 ...	Lewis Roatley ...	" ...	"
2 ...	John Scott ...	Secretary ...	" D D

FOURTH CLASS. 63

628 ...	Adams, James ...	Quarter Master ...	26 6 0
11 ...	Andrew, George ...	Secretary Clerk ...	"
393 ...	Bookless, Robert ...	Coxswain ...	"
403 ...	Brown, Launcelot ...	Y. P. Room ...	"
588 ...	Bailey, Thomas ...	Gunner's Mate ...	"
643 ...	Brown, Jno. ...	Gunner's Mate ...	"
673 ...	Barton, Robert ...	Midshipman ...	"
677 ...	Bulkeley, Richard ...	" ...	"
35 ...	Carlslake, William, alias John ...	" ...	"
355 ...	Clements, Michael ...	Ship's Corporal ...	"
573 ...	Cormack, John ...	Boatswain Mate ...	"
687 ...	Cary, Henry (2) ...	Midshipman ...	"
398 ...	Dixon, Christopher ...	Quarter Master ...	"
3 ...	Dowden, Samuel ...	Sergt. Major ...	" D D
40 ...	Elliott, William ...	Master-at-Arms ...	"
347 ...	Ebbs, John ...	Gunner's Mate ...	"
856 ...	Eaves, Fraser ...	Yeo Sheets ...	"
397 ...	Fenwick, George ...	Gunner's Mate ...	"
657 ...	Ford Henry ...	Quarter Master ...	"
962 ...	Felton, John ...	Midshipman ...	"
129 ...	Fearall, Daniel ...	Sergt. Mariners ...	"
678 ...	Grindall, Festing ...	Midshipman ...	"
32 ...	Gillman, John ...	Sergt. Mariners ...	"
727 ...	Henley, Daniel ...	Ship's Corporal ...	"
751 ...	Hunniford, James ...	Boatswain's Mate ...	"
955 ...	Harrington, Daniel ...	Midshipman ...	"
322 ...	Johnson, James (1) ...	Quarter Master ...	"
640 ...	Johnson, Thomas ...	Quarter Master ...	" D D
179 ...	King, Thomas ...	Quarter Master ...	"
508 ...	King, John ...	Quarter Master ...	" D D
589 ...	Kidd, John ...	Corporal's Mate ...	"
532 ...	Lovitt, Peter ...	Quarter Master ...	"
533 ...	Lessimore, Arthur ...	" ...	"
718 ...	Leaky, John ...	Corporal's Mate ...	"
879 ...	Lyons, John ...	Midshipman ...	"
530 ...	Mannell, William ...	Master's Mate ...	"
565 ...	Maloney, Michael ...	" ...	"
869 ...	Ogilvie, David ...	Midshipman ...	"
927 ...	Pond, Jas. ...	" ...	"

No.	NAMES.	QUALITY.	SUM.	
932 ...	Pollard, John	Midshipman	£26 6 0	
956 ...	Palmer, Alexander	"	"	D D
977 ...	Pickin, Oliver	"	"	
50 ...	Rivers, William	"	"	
928 ...	Robertson, James	"	"	
963 ...	Roberts, Richard	"	"	
317 ...	Spencer, Thomas	Yeo Sheets	"	
328 ...	Smith, William (1)	Sail Master	"	
	Returned not paid—since paid			
392 ...	Spencer, William (1)	Y. P. Room	"	
395 ...	Stevenson, Benjamin	Quarter Master	"	
622 ...	Smith, Robert	Midshipman	"	D D
651 ...	Sack, Andrew	Yeo Sheets	"	D D
915 ...	Smith, Neil	Apt. Surgeon	"	
965 ...	Sibbald, James	Midshipman	"	
127 ...	Seckar, James	Sergt. Marines	"	
596 ...	Thorling, John	Quarter-Master	"	
646 ...	Twiney, Thomas	"	"	
935 ...	Thovez, Phillip	Midshipman	"	
960 ...	Thresher, Thomas	"	"	
654 ...	Welstead, John	Boatswain's Mate	"	
667 ...	Whipple, Thomas	Clerk	"	D D
671 ...	Westphall, George A....	Midshipman	"	
791 ...	Wright, James	Boatswain's Mate	"	
923 ...	Westenburgh, William...	Assistant Surgeon	"	

FIFTH CLASS. 728.

53 ...	Astie, Charles	Able Seaman	4 12 6	
102 ...	Anderson, Thomas	Ordinary Seaman	"	
145 ...	Andrews, Isaac	L. M.	"	
168 ...	Aslett, Anthony	"	"	
292 ...	Anteine, Antonia	Ordinary Seaman	"	
326 ...	Abrahams, William	Able Seaman	"	
375 ...	Anderson, John	"	"	
385 ...	Aunger, George	Ordinary Seaman	"	
426 ...	Appleby, John	"	"	
544 ...	Arthur, John	L. M.	"	
50 ...	Atkins, Will	"	"	
641 ...	Aldridge, James	Able Seaman	"	
720 ...	Archibald, James	Ordinary Seaman	"	
86 ...	Andersen, Hans	Able Seaman	"	
814 ...	Adams, William	"	"	
53 ...	Ansell, Thomas	"	"	
964 ...	Aldcroft, Israel	Ordinary Seaman	"	
78 ...	Abbott, John	Marine	"	
178 ...	Allomars, Gaelan	"	"	
923 ...	Annison, Joseph	Supernumary	"	
943 ...	Ashton, William	"	"	
101 ...	Borthwick, George	L. M.	"	
13 ...	Bentole, James	"	"	
114 ...	Bird, Thomas	Ordinary Seaman	"	
18 ...	Barry, John	"	"	
35 ...	Bryan, Thomas	"	"	
75 ...	Biggs, William	Caulkers' Mate	"	
76 ...	Brown, Joseph	Ordinary Seaman	"	
78 ...	Brown, John	Able Seaman	"	
83 ...	Braskett, John	"	"	
85 ...	Barkas, Samuel	L. M.	"	

No.	NAMES.	QUALITY.	SUM.	
92	Butler, William	Able Seaman	£4 12 6	
	Power to wife			
99	Beagan, James	L. M.	"	
210	Brown, Joseph	Ordinary Seaman	"	
15	Brasby, Jas., alias Brazil	Gr. Gr.	"	
21	Bush, John	Ordinary Seaman	"	
24	Barnett, William	Gunsmith	"	
42	Burton, George	Ordinary Seaman	"	D D
56	Bond, William	Able Seaman	"	
60	Bell, John	Ordinary Seaman	"	
269	Burgin, Joseph	Ordinary Seaman	"	
89	Booth, William	L. M.	"	
311	Bowler, John	"	"	D D
14	Butcher, Henry	Able Seaman	"	
27	Brown, John (3)	Ordinary Seaman	"	
30	Buchan, David	Able Seaman	"	
39	Brown, William (1)	"	"	D D
45	Bird, Charles, alias Boyd	"	"	
53	Barrow, William	"	"	
60	Brannon, Timothy	Quarter Gr.	"	
76	Boyle, Barnard	Ordinary Seaman	"	
99	Blake, David	Able Seaman	"	
419	Beaumont, William	"	"	
35	Benbow, Samuel	"	"	
68	Buckley, Cornelius	L. M.	"	
73	Brown, William (2)	Ordinary Seaman	"	
538	Browis, William	L. M.	"	
548	Blumberry, Peter	Able Seaman	"	
56	Button, Joseph	L. M.	"	
70	Brady, William	Ordinary Seaman	"	
601	Boll, Henry	"	"	
35	Barrett, Joseph	Able Seaman	"	
45	Bacon, Richard	"	"	
79	Beard, Phineas	Trumpeter	"	
712	Barrett, Thomas	Able Seaman	"	
50	Bell, William	Ordinary Seaman	"	
53	Bowe, Patrick	Able Seaman	"	
58	Booth, Thomas	L. M.	"	
72	Boyes, Charles	Able Seaman	"	
95	Bush, Frederick	Ordinary Seaman	"	
811	Browne, James	"	"	
52	Bowen, Robert	Able Seaman	"	
86	Benjua, Joseph	Ordinary Seaman	"	
88	Baptish, John	Able Seaman	"	
906	Bomkworth, John	Ordinary Seaman	"	
21	Bartlett, Thomas	Able Seaman	"	
41	Bateman, John	Ordinary Seaman	"	
59	Burlingham, John	L. M.	"	
67	Betson, Robert	Able Seaman	"	
3	Black, Hugh	Boy	"	
5	Berry, James	Drummer	"	D D
8	Bagley, Richard	Marine	"	
17	Brooker, John	"	"	
41	Blackhorn, Thomas	"	"	
59	Bagley, William	"	"	
67	Bagley, James	"	"	
69	Buckley, Thomas	"	"	
80	Brown, Jacob	"	"	
95	Brice, John	"	"	

No.	NAMES.	QUALITY.	SUM.		
96	... Brennan, John (postage)	Marine	4 12 6	D	D
98	... Barlow, William	"	"		
107	... Buchanan, James	"	"		
12	... Brown, John (1)	"	"	D	D
18	... Brown John (2)	"	"		
19	... Bradford, John	"	"		
25	... Browning, William D.	"	"		
31	... Bennett, Richard	"	"		
39	... Baker, Samuel	"	"		
43	... Bullock, John	"	"		
50	... Beeton, William	"	"		
65	... Burgess, James	"	"		
74	... Bower, Valentine	"	"		
916	... Borrow, Patrick	Supernumerary	"		
924	... Borrow, Phillip	"	"		
6	... Carroll, Charles	Cook	"		
61	... Conn, David	L. M.	"		
73	... Caharty, Pat	Able Seaman	"		
77	... Cope, John	Able Seaman	"		
95	... Chapman, James	L. M.	"		
99	... Campbell, John	"	"		
104	... Connell, Joseph	Ordinary Seaman	"		
12	... Corten, George	L. M.	"		
19	... Cory, Henry	Ordinary Seaman	"		
30	... Cooper, John	L. M.	"		
48	... Connor, James	Ordinary Seaman	"		
51	... Collins, Richard	Able Seaman	"		
59	... Colliver, Richard	L. M.	"	D	D
96	... Cornwall, Thomas	Ordinary Seaman	"		
249	... Caton, James	L. M.	"		
55	... Chant, Isaac	Able Seaman	"		
63	... Cramwell, Henry	L. M.	"	D	D
66	... Cruize, Thomas	Ordinary Seaman	"		
308	... Callaghan, John	"	"		
43	... Curry, James	Able Seaman	"		
429	... Coates, Joseph	L. M.	"		
42	... Clarke, Henry	Able Seaman	"		
49	... Cale, William	L. M.	"		
65	... Connolly, Thos.	Ordinary Seaman	"		
501	... Cole, Nathaniel	Able Seaman	"		
72	... Corwarder, John	Ordinary Seaman	"	D	D
639	... Clarke, James	Able Seaman	"		
59	... Collard, Thomas	"	"		
60	... Clarke, William	"	"		
83	... Clarke, Henry	L. M.	"		
714	... Cooper, Samuel	Able Seaman	"		
28	... Campbell, John	"	"		
29	... Coleman, Benjamin	Ordinary Seaman	"		
33	... Curran, John	"	"		
43	... Crawley, Timothy	"	"		
90	... Casey, Denis	Able Seaman	"		
816	... Clarke, Samuel	Ordinary Seaman	"		
838	... Casewell, John	Ordinary Seaman	"		
57	... Collins, John	Crs. Cw.	"		
67	... Cepell, James	Armourer	"		
78	... Cosgrove, James	Pro. Steward	"		
		Postage	1 2		
87	... Camelaire, Emmanuel...	Ordinary Seaman	4 12 6		
93	... Clarke, George	"	"		

No.	NAMES.	QUALITY.	SUM.
98 ...	Christopher, James	Able Seaman	£4 12 6
916 ...	Caldwell, William	"	"
945 ...	Chapman, James	Ordinary Seaman	"
51 ...	Crooke, Matthew, alias Crookes	Able Seaman	"
66 ...	Castle, William	"	"
20 ...	Clay, John	Boy	"
2 ...	Carroll, Cornelius	"	"
4 ...	Cogswell, William	Corpl. Marines	"
12 ...	Coulston, George	Marine	"
19 ...	Crofton, Thomas	"	"
24 ...	Chappell, Charles	Supernumerary	"
37 ...	Connley, Thomas	Marine	"
40 ...	Cowling, William	"	"
42 ...	Coburne, William	"	" D D
46 ...	Carrick, William	"	"
84 ...	Crofts, Richard	"	"
85 ...	Cockran, George	Corporal	" D D
88 ...	Cooke, Benjamin	Marine	"
97 ...	Church, John	"	"
106 ...	Cooke, William	"	"
8 ...	Cummins, William	Marine	"
33 ...	Chambers, Thomas	"	"
53 ...	Cappell, Jacob	"	"
60 ...	Cooke, William	"	"
81 ...	Chivers, John	"	"
82 ...	Cloughton, Robert	"	"
12 ...	Chevallier, Henry	Retinue	"
5 ...	Carr, William	"	"
9 ...	Collingwood, Edward	Supernumerary	"
928 ...	Chappell, Charles	"	"
930 ...	Cattling, John	"	"
942 ...	Cavanaugh, Arthur	"	"
74 ...	Dinton, James	Ordinary Seaman	"
100 ...	Dixon, Thomas	L. M.	"
15 ...	Donelly, Chas.	Ordinary Seaman	"
25 ...	Daniels, Thomas	L. M.	" D D
62 ...	Darby, George	Ordinary Seaman	"
70 ...	Davis, John	"	"
226 ...	Drake, Samuel	"	"
93 ...	Duffy, Siam	"	"
95 ...	Davis, Charles (1)	"	" D D
304 ...	Davis, Charles (2)	Able Seaman	"
42 ...	Darby, Robert	"	"
425 ...	Darnold, William	Ordinary Seaman	"
428 ...	Dixon, John	L. M.	"
53 ...	Downes, William	Ordinary Seaman	"
58 ...	Dowding, Thomas	Gr. Gr.	"
520 ...	Davidson, Robert	Able Seaman	" D D
59 ...	Dubine, Dominick	Ordinary Seaman	"
76 ...	Dunkin, John	"	"
90 ...	Dennison, Thomas	Able Seaman	"
609 ...	Davidson, James	Ordinary Seaman	"
27 ...	Dobbin, Peter	Able Seaman	"
759 ...	Dupuis, John	Ordinary Seaman	"
60 ...	Dobson, Isaac	Crs. Cw.	"
831 ...	Dizmont, Daniel	Ordinary Seaman	"
910 ...	Double, Robert	Crs. Cw.	"
50 ...	Druce, Edward	Ordinary Seaman	"

No.	NAME.	QUALITY.	SUM.	
27 ...	Doak, William	... Boy	£4 12 6	
58 ...	Downs, William	... Marine	...	
81 ...	Dutton, John	... "	...	
86 ...	Dean, Nicholas	... Marine	...	
94 ...	Dunn, John	... "	...	
16 ...	Drummond, Robert	... Retinue	...	
17 ...	Dear, Thomas	... "	...	
66 ...	Edmund, John, alias Henman	... " Ordinary Seaman	...	
184 ...	Evans, James	... "	...	
745 ...	Evison, Thomas	... Able Seaman	...	
15 ...	Edsworth, John	... Marine	...	D D
160 ...	Flynn, Matthew	... L. M.	...	
201 ...	Ford, William	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
20 ...	Flemming, William	... Able Seaman	...	
54 ...	French, George	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
329 ...	French, James	... Able Seaman	...	
41 ...	Fennell, James	... "	...	
66 ...	Forbes, William	... "	...	
431 ...	Flynn, Bernard	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
554 ...	Fitzgerald, John	... "	...	
632 ...	French, Francis	... Able Seaman	...	
95 ...	Francois, John	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
732 ...	Fall, William	... Able Seaman	...	
88 ...	Fairman, John	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
94 ...	Foley, Thomas	... "	...	
804 ...	Fisser, John	... Able Seaman	...	
36 ...	Ferrins, William	... "	...	
89 ...	Foley, Stephen	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
917 ...	Finlay, Robert	... Able Seaman	...	
36 ...	Flight, Henry	... Crs. Cw.	...	
37 ...	Farecloth, Robert	... Able Seaman	...	
14 ...	Ferris, William	... Boy	...	
35 ...	Feagan, James	... Marine	...	
75 ...	Ford, William	... "	...	
148 ...	Flinn, Edward	... "	...	
124 ...	Garrick, James	... Able Seaman	...	
54 ...	Gibson, Robert	... "	...	
207 ...	Gray, John	... "	...	
61 ...	Graham, Thomas	... L. M.	...	
77 ...	Griffen, William	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
420 ...	Gillett, William	... "	...	
33 ...	Goodchild, Thomas	... "	...	
36 ...	Gasby, Samuel	... L. M.	...	
86 ...	Grey, Edward	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
500 ...	Gibbons, William	... L. M.	...	
80 ...	Gallaghan, Edward	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
637 ...	Gill, James	... Able Seaman	...	
52 ...	Green, Thomas (1)	... "	...	
53 ...	Green, James	... Or. Gr.	...	
754 ...	Green, Thomas (2)	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
87 ...	Graham, John	... Able Seaman	...	
819 ...	Gauntlett, John	... Able Seaman	...	
21 ...	Griffith, Griffith	... "	...	
43 ...	Griffiths, Michael	... "	...	
54 ...	Gutlipster, John	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
939 ...	Godby, Philip	... Able Seaman	...	
69 ...	Ging, Michael	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
70 ...	Graham, Thomas	... "	...	

No.	NAME.	QUALITY.	SUM.
73 ...	Gordon, Joseph	Ordinary Seaman	£4 12 6 D D
75 ...	Giddice, Joseph	"	"
76 ...	Greenfield, George	"	"
34 ...	Griffiths, William	Boy	"
50 ...	Gregory, John	Marine	"
51 ...	Green, James	Marine	D D
77 ...	Graves, George	"	"
135 ...	Green, Samuel	"	"
70 ...	Guinti, Gioanni	"	"
79 ...	Gentile, Domque.	"	"
911 ...	Geoghegan, John	Supernumerary...	"
52 ...	Hall, Peter	L. M.	"
59 ...	Honnor, William	Qr. Gr.	"
65 ...	Highland, John	L. M.	"
70 ...	Hoffman, Peter	Ordinary Seaman	"
107 ...	Hulbert, James	L. M.	"
17 ...	Hawkins, Benjamin	Able Seaman	"
63 ...	Hayes, James	Ordinary Seaman	"
77 ...	Harris, George	Able Seaman	"
280 ...	Hodgkins, Joseph	Ordinary Seaman	"
303 ...	Hartwell, James	Rope Maker	"
34 ...	Haggerty, Thomas	Able Seaman	"
56 ...	Heath, John	Crs. Cw.	"
80 ...	Hampton, Samuel	Ordinary Seaman	D D
408 ...	Hallet, William	"	"
44 ...	Hall, John	"	"
447 ...	Hunter, John	Able Seaman	"
60 ...	Hall, William	"	"
522 ...	Hughson, Lawrence	"	"
37 ...	Hartley, Matthew	"	"
77 ...	Howard, John	"	"
642 ...	Harrison, William	"	"
783 ...	Humphries, William	L. M.	"
808 ...	Hannam, William	"	"
17 ...	Harvey, Wm.	"	"
45 ...	Herwin, Arthur	Ordinary Seaman	D D
94 ...	Heaver, Richard	"	"
947 ...	Hardy, Jonathan	"	"
20 ...	Hubert, Aaron	Boy	"
3 ...	Huns, John	"	"
	(Signed by mistake)		
33 ...	Hutchison, William	"	"
16 ...	Haile, John	Marine	"
	Party to send order Antelope, 6th November 1806.		
39 ...	Hodges, George	"	"
44 ...	Henrix, Thomas	Marine	"
47 ...	Harding, Henry	"	"
64 ...	Harding, Robert	"	"
76 ...	Hanbury, William	"	"
114 ...	Hillier, Daniel	"	D D
17 ...	Harris, Isaac	"	"
20 ...	Hines, James	"	"
21 ...	Hankins, Thomas	"	"
85 ...	Heath, Isaac	"	"
945 ...	Hammond, Charles	Supernumerary	"
94 ...	Jackson, William	Ordinary Seaman	"
110 ...	Johnson, John	"	"

No.	NAME.	QUALITY.	SUM.	
40 ...	Jacobs, John	... Ordinary Seaman	£4 12 6	
233 ...	Jefferson, John	"	
34 ...	Jago, Thomas	... L. M. ...	"	
51 ...	Jewell, Richard	... Ordinary Seaman	"	D D
271 ...	Johns, Thomas	... Able Seaman ...	"	
365 ...	Jones, William (1)	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
439 ...	Jameson, Samuel	"	
616 ...	Jarvis, Thomas	... Able Seaman ...	"	
730 ...	Inwood, William	... Able Seaman ...	"	
41 ...	Jones, James	"	
48 ...	Johnson, William	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
57 ...	Jewer, Andrew	... Able Seaman ...	"	
823 ...	Jones, Morgan	"	
26 ...	Jones, William (2)	"	
29 ...	Jones, William (3)	... L. M. ...	"	D D
35 ...	Johnson, Samuel	... Able Seaman ...	"	
41 ...	Jones, Peter	"	
50 ...	Jackson, John	"	
901 ...	Johnson, Ezekiel	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
38 ...	Johnston, William	... Able Seaman ...	"	
48 ...	Ireland, George	"	
38 ...	Johnson, Thomas	... Boy " ...	"	
38 ...	Jackson, John	... Marine ...	"	
83 ...	Jennings, Henry	"	D D
101 ...	Ivey, William	"	
15 ...	Jones, William	"	D D
929 ...	Johnson, William	... Supernumerary ...	"	
283 ...	Kentall, John	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
302 ...	King, William	"	
31 ...	Kenney, Stephen	... Able Seaman ...	"	
736 ...	Kennedy, John	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
42 ...	Kennensaw, Stephen	"	
828 ...	Killen, Peter	"	
44 ...	Kelly, Peter	... Able Seaman ...	"	
949 ...	Kennedy, Archibald	... Able Seaman ...	"	
53 ...	Kennedy, George	... Marine ...	"	D D
116 ...	Knight, William	"	D D
55 ...	Lambkin, William	... L. M. ...	"	
87 ...	Leeds, Thomas	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
142 ...	Leek, William	... Able Seaman ...	"	
87 ...	Laundry, Thomas	"	
243 ...	Legg, Charles	... L. M. ...	"	
53 ...	Lawrie, Thomas	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
58 ...	Lavenny, James	"	
64 ...	Lewis, John (2)	"	
65 ...	Loft, William	"	
75 ...	Leary, Daniel	... Able Seaman ...	"	
312 ...	Lay, James	... L. M. ...	"	
416 ...	Lewis, John (1)	... Able Seaman ...	"	
84 ...	Lemon, John	"	
633 ...	Lovitt, Samuel	"	
50 ...	Lenham, Jas	... Or. Gr. ...	"	
709 ...	Leary, James	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
740 ...	Lowrane, Charles	... Able Seaman ...	"	
	Postage			10d.
78 ...	Lever, John	"	
827 ...	Lewis, Edward	"	
33 ...	Legg, Peter	... Ordinary Seaman	"	

No.	NAME.	QUALITY.	SUM.	
84	... Levericks, Thomas	... Ordinary Seaman	£4 12 6	
92	... Langshaw, John	... "	"	
99	... Le Dam Hans	... "	"	
942	... Lane, George	... Crs, Cw.	"	D D
24	... Lancaster, Henry	... Boy	"	
37	... Ludford, James	... "	"	
54	... Leech, William	... Marine	"	
103	... Lewis, Jeremiah	... "	"	D D
28	... Long, James	... Drummer	"	
936	... Le Couteur, Nicholas	... Supernumerary	"	
946	... Lerosa, Degara	... "	"	
49	... McPherson	... L. M.	"	
78	... Mansell, James	... Able Seaman	"	
80	... Munro, Daniel	... "	"	
83	... McKenzie, Lewis	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
93	... McBeth, Alexander	... L. M.	"	
97	... McPherson Daniel	... "	"	
98	... McKennan, Langn.	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
105	... McDonald, James	... Able Seaman	"	
6	... Mann, John	... "	"	
38	... Matthews, Thomas (1)	... L. M.	"	
39	... Maloney, Thomas	... "	"	
53	... Mitchell, Patrick	... Able Seaman	"	
55	... Magee, Peter	... "	"	
57	... McLaughlin, James	... L. M.	"	
58	... McGuire, Edward	... Able Seaman	"	
65	... McDonald, Michael	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
205	... Marsh, Henry	... "	"	
14	... Moon, Simeon	... Able Seaman	"	
250	... Manning, John	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
74	... Martin, Samuel	... "	"	
88	... Murray, Robert	... "	"	
90	... Martin, George	... Able Seaman	"	
99	... McManners, Owen	... "	"	
335	... Minute, John	... "	"	
40	... Mason, John	... "	"	
46	... Morris, William	... "	"	
52	... Marshall, John	... "	"	D D
70	... Melebury, John, alias Munbury	... Armourer	"	
72	... Morris, John	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
400	... Muck, William	... Able Seaman	"	D D
1	... Miffen, David	... "	"	
56	... Marshall, William (1)	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
59	... Marshall, John (1)	... Able Seaman	"	
75	... Monday, John	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
519	... Mainland, William	... Able Seaman	"	
540	... McWilliams, Andrew	... Able Seaman	"	
62	... McConnell, John	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
71	... Moss, John	... L. M.	"	
79	... McDowell, Alexander	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
82	... Murray, Joseph	... Able Seaman	"	
602	... Morton, William	... "	"	
29	... Mooney, Edward	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
707	... Marr, Edward	... Able Seaman	"	
55	... McDonald, Alexander	... Ordinary Seaman	"	
56	... Merrygan, Pat	... "	"	
81	... McDonald, John	... Able Seaman	"	
84	... McDonald, Angus	... "	"	

No.	NAME.	QUALITY.	SUM.
818 ...	Murray, Alexander ...	Able Seaman ...	£4 12 6
47 ...	Murphy, John ...	" ...	"
49 ...	Morley, George ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
60 ...	McConnerhy, Alexander	Crs. Cw. ...	"
96 ...	McClements, Gilbert ...	Able Seaman ...	"
900 ...	Mullen, Jas. S. ...	Able Seaman ...	"
2 ...	McIndoe, Archibald ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
5 ...	Matthews, John ...	Able Seaman ...	"
46 ...	Mitchell, William ...	" ...	"
53 ...	Moss, John ...	" ...	"
72 ...	McDonald, Archibald ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
59 ...	Matthews, William ...	Able Seaman ...	"
5 ...	McPherson, James ...	Boy ...	" D D
25 ...	Mitchell, William ...	" ...	"
31 ...	Moss, Joseph ...	" ...	"
34 ...	Magee, John ...	Marine	"
45 ...	Morgan, John ...	" ...	"
57 ...	Melvin, James ...	" ...	"
61 ...	Matthews, Robert ...	" ...	"
70 ...	Moore, John ...	" ...	"
72 ...	McElvoy, Thomas ...	" ...	"
104 ...	Mead, David ...	" ...	"
152 ...	Marston, Thomas ...	Marine	"
54 ...	Molloy, Phillip ...	" ...	"
63 ...	Matthews, Benjamin ...	" ...	"
73 ...	Magolina, Antonio ...	" ...	"
77 ...	Myers, Lambert ...	" ...	" D D
84 ...	McManus, Benid. ...	" ...	" D D
8 ...	Mason, George ...	Supernumerary ...	"
919 ...	Morgan, Michael ...	" ...	"
922 ...	Marat, Thomas ...	" ...	"
935 ...	Mason, John ...	" ...	"
146 ...	North, James ...	Ordinary Seaman	" D D
413 ...	Nutting, Robert ...	Able Seaman ...	"
37 ...	Norville, Robert ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
581 ...	Nicholls, Henry ...	" ...	"
680 ...	Nipper, James ...	Able Seaman ...	"
48 ...	Northwood, John ...	Marine	"
65 ...	Nicholls, Chas. ...	Marine	"
102 ...	Norgrove, James ...	" ...	" D D
168 ...	Nash, John ...	" ...	"
15 ...	Nicholls, Henry ...	Retinue ...	"
6 ...	Nevill, Hon. R. ...	Supernumerary ...	"
918 ...	Neale, Patrick ...	" ...	"
186 ...	Oglevie, George ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
208 ...	Onions, William ...	" ...	" D D
358 ...	Owen, John ...	Able Seaman ...	"
706 ...	Osborne, William ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
29 ...	Peters, Valier ...	L. M. ...	"
81 ...	Phillips, Robert ...	" ...	"
90 ...	Peters, John ...	Able Seaman ...	"
127 ...	Powell, Richard ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
97 ...	Park, John ...	" ...	" D D
267 ...	Penny, Alexander ...	Able Seaman ...	"
310 ...	Palmer, Thomas ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
59 ...	Packett, John, alias Peter Ferne	Able Seaman ...	"
402 ...	Patterson, William ...	" ...	"

No.	NAME.	QUALITY.	SUM.
12 ...	Prescott, George ...	Ordinary Seaman	£4 12 6
77 ...	Prout, Thomas ...	"	"
91 ...	Pain, John ...	L. M.	"
98 ...	Padora, Frs., alias Panaro	Qr. Gr.	"
504 ...	Pelcome, John ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
85 ...	Pelle, John ...	Able Seaman	"
644 ...	Page, James ...	"	"
713 ...	Pickering, Thomas ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
44 ...	Pooley, Isaac ...	"	"
47 ...	Pilligue, Stromblo ...	"	"
93 ...	Painter, Josh ...	Able Seaman	"
809 ...	Piercey, Thomas ...	"	"
20 ...	Pritchard, Robert ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
25 ...	Pritchard, William ...	Able Seaman	"
885 ...	Perch, Nathaniel ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
	alias Nicholas		
91 ...	Pennell, Michael ...	Able Seaman	"
909 ...	Parker, James ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
40 ...	Price, Thomas ...	Able Seaman	"
57 ...	Pitt, George ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
26 ...	Pope, William ...	Boy	"
22 ...	Peppett, James ...	"	"
29 ...	Portfield, Hugh ...	"	"
18 ...	Perrion, William ...	"	"
9 ...	Parry, John ...	Marine	"
	Party sent Order, Antelope,		
	10th May, 1806.		
11 ...	Pritchard, Samuel ...	Marine	"
13 ...	Perry, William ...	"	"
62 ...	Pearson, George ...	"	"
99 ...	Powell, David ...	"	"
141 ...	Palmer, John ...	"	"
62 ...	Parnell, John ...	"	"
64 ...	Pitney, Francis ...	"	"
169 ...	Powell, Thomas ...	"	"
72 ...	Padden, Edward ...	"	"
917 ...	Porter, Abraham ...	Supernumerary	"
925 ...	Penning, Robert ...	"	"
705 ...	Quintin, George ...	Qr. Gr.	"
63 ...	Recain, John (not paid)	L. M.	"
203 ...	Ryan, Stephen ...	"	"
25 ...	Ross, John (1) ...	Able Seaman	"
59 ...	Ritchie, Peter ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
72 ...	Roberts, David ...	Able Seaman	"
79 ...	Reynolds, Peter ...	"	"
91 ...	Ryan, George ...	Ordinary Seaman	"
313 ...	Read, Daniel ...	"	"
25 ...	Richards, John ...	Able Seaman	"
94 ...	Ross, John (2) ...	Qr. Gr.	"
409 ...	Randall, Thomas ...	Able Seaman	"
15 ...	Richards, Samuel ...	"	"
23 ...	Ross, Robert ...	L. M.	"
74 ...	Rawlins, John ...	"	"
536 ...	Remington, Stephen ...	"	"
39 ...	Rome, John ...	"	"
64 ...	Rowe, Michael ...	Able Seaman	"
605 ...	Russell, William ...	"	"
30 ...	Rowe, James ...	"	"

D D

D D

No.	NAME.	QUALITY.	SUM.
746 ...	Richards, William	... Ordinary Seaman	£4 12 6
832 ...	Rylett, Henry	... " " " "	"
37 ...	Robinson, John	... Able " Seaman	"
97 ...	Rey, John	... Ordinary Seaman	"
968 ...	Rey, John	... " " " "	"
1 ...	Randall, William	... Boy	"
27 ...	Rawlinson, John	... " " " "	"
36 ...	Robbins, Samuel	... " " " "	"
7 ...	Rayner, Samuel	... Marine	"
26 ...	Rawlinson, Thomas	... " " " "	"
74 ...	Reece, Samuel	... " " " "	"
82 ...	Rogers, James	... " " " "	"
87 ...	Rowland, Lewis	... " " " "	"
111 ...	Reece, William	... " " " "	"
24 ...	Richards, Nat	... " " " "	"
38 ...	Raymont, John	... " " " "	"
Not to pay Abrahams, see letter 1st July, 1806.			
51 ...	Rackams, John	... Marine	"
921 ...	Riggan, John	... Supernumerary	"
947 ...	Riceri, Simini	... " " " "	"
54 ...	Swain, William	... L.M.	"
89 ...	Shadd, Robert	... " " " "	"
96 ...	Stiles, Henry	... " " " "	"
103 ...	Smith, John (2)	... Ordinary Seaman	"
11 ...	Stevens, Samuel	... L. M.	"
116 ...	Stevenson, John	... Able Seaman	"
56 ...	Sanders, William	... " " " "	"
209 ...	Sammers, John	... Ordinary Seaman	"
19 ...	Stanford, William	... " " " "	"
38 ...	Stevens, Hugh	... Arm's Mate	"
40 ...	Shaw, William	... L. M.	"
45 ...	Stevenson, Anthony	... Ordinary Seaman	"
48 ...	Stake, George, alias Hake	... Able Seaman	"
78 ...	Skimmell, Joseph	... " " " "	"
82 ...	Straker, William	... " " " "	"
98 ...	Selby, William	... Ordinary Seaman	"
309 ...	Smith, Thomas (1)	... Able Seaman	"
50 ...	Simms, William	... " " " "	"
69 ...	Stapleton, George	... L. M.	"
73 ...	Sutherland, James	... Ordinary Seaman	"
406 ...	Syms, John	... Able Seaman	"
17 ...	Smith, George	... L. M.	"
422 ...	Stevenson, George	... Able Seaman	"
27 ...	Searle, Richard	... " " " "	"
52 ...	Simpson, Thomas	... " " " "	"
55 ...	Stayham, Thomas, alias	Strawn L.M.	"
64 ...	Smith, James	... Able Seaman	"
83 ...	Smith W. (2)	... Ordinary Seaman	"
85 ...	Smith, David	... " " " "	"
505 ...	Sedgwick, Thomas	... Cr. Gr.	"
15 ...	Smith, George (2)	... Able Seaman	"
17 ...	Skinner, William	... Ordinary Seaman	"
49 ...	Sarson, William	... L. M.	"
60 ...	Sexton, Thomas	... " " " "	"
66 ...	Smithson, James	... Able Seaman	"
78 ...	Sayking, Charles	... Ordinary Seaman	"
94 ...	Stan, John	... Cr. Gr	"
611 ...	Stewart, Charles	... Able Seaman	"

D D

D D

D D

No.	NAME.	QUALITY.	SUM.	
82 ...	Sheppard, William	L. M.	£4 12 6	
708 ...	Stacey, James	Ordinary Seaman	"	
16 ...	Searchwell, Henry	Able Seaman	"	
19 ...	Smith, Charles	Crs. Cw.	"	
25 ...	Stallett, Andrew	Able Seaman	"	
38 ...	Scott, Andrew	Mr. Mate	"	
39 ...	Sullivan, Jeremiah	Able Seaman	"	
803 ...	Smith, William (4)	"	"	
12 ...	Spencer, William (2)	"	"	
13 ...	Stewart, David	"	"	
15 ...	Stair, John	"	"	
24 ...	Studdy, Francis	Ordinary Seaman	"	
34 ...	Sherman, James	"	"	
39 ...	Smith, John	Able Seaman	"	
42 ...	Saunders, Isaac	"	"	
46 ...	Stead, John	Sl. Mv. Cv.	"	
90 ...	Sweat, William	Ordinary Seaman	"	
943 ...	Skinner, William	"	"	D D
971 ...	Skinner, James	Ordinary Seaman	"	D D
21 ...	Scott, John	Boy	"	
23 ...	Smith, George	"	"	
8 ...	Sabine, Stephen	"	"	
11 ...	Saunders, John	"	"	
18 ...	Smith, William	Marine	"	
79 ...	South, John	"	"	
113 ...	Sutton, George	"	"	
36 ...	Sullivan, Cornelius	"	"	
45 ...	Smith, John	"	"	
55 ...	Sheppard, William	"	"	
66 ...	Scattergood, William	"	"	
76 ...	Saliozza, Criscenzo	"	"	
83 ...	Staples, Richard	"	"	
13 ...	Spedillo, Gatano	Retinue	"	
920 ...	Sarr, James	Supernumerary	"	
941 ...	Sloane, Andrew	"	"	
88 ...	Thompson, Stephen	L. M.	"	
121 ...	Thomas, Charles	Ordinary Seaman	"	
31 ...	Tomlinson, Thomas	Crs. Cw.	"	
33 ...	Thomas, Thomas (1)	Able Seaman	"	D D
41 ...	Thompson, William	Ordinary Seaman	"	
73 ...	Taylor, Alfred	Able Seaman	"	D D
90 ...	Thomas, Jeremiah	"	"	
91 ...	Thomas, John (1)	Ordinary Seaman	"	
348 ...	Terrant, William	Qr. Gr.	"	
67 ...	Terry, John	Able Seaman	"	
77 ...	Tobin, Richard	Ordinary Seaman	"	
438 ...	Temple, John	L. M.	"	
41 ...	Thomas, John (2)	Ordinary Seaman	"	
555 ...	Thomas, Thomas (2), alias John Thomas (3)	L. M.	"	
91 ...	Turner, Francis	"	"	
610 ...	Taylor, William	Ordinary Seaman	"	
31 ...	Thompson, William	Able Seaman	"	D D
690 ...	Thompson, William (4)	Ordinary Seaman	"	
717 ...	Thompson, Robert	"	"	
166 ...	Taylor, George A.	L. M.	"	
862 ...	Tart, John	Ordinary Seaman	"	
961 ...	Toole, Christopher	Able Seaman	"	

No.	NAME.	QUALITY.	SUM.	
74	... Tater, Mark	... Ordinary Seaman	£4 12 6	
25	... Twitchett, Robert	... Boy	...	
24	... Turner, Colin	... "	...	
39	... Twitchett, Thomas	... "	...	D D
60	... Taft, William	... "	...	
130	... Turner, William	... Corpl. Marines	...	
56	... Thompson, John	... Marine	...	
59	... Tuck, John	... "	...	
	Party to send Order Antelope, 10th Nov., 1806.			
931	... Tadd, William	... Supernumerary	...	
404	... Vincent, John	... Qr. Gr.	...	
882	... Vent, James	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
75	... Vava, Fillipo	... Marine	...	
219	... Upton, Robert	... Able Seaman	...	
68	... West, James (1)	... L. M.	...	
69	... West, Richard (1)	... Able Seaman	...	
76	... Wilkins, Henry	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
82	... Walton, John	... L. M.	...	
85	... Waddle, William	... "	...	
123	... Wood, William	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
32	... Wilkinson, Benjamin	
43	... Walton, William	... L. M.	...	
67	... Willoughby, Thomas	
81	... Warden, Alexander	... Able Seaman	...	
88	... White, Richard	... L. M.	...	
202	... Wilson, William	
213	... Waters, Charles	... Able Seaman	...	
52	... Wood, Thomas	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
62	... Welsh, William	... L. M.	...	
87	... Welsh, John (1)	
307	... Walker, John	... Able Seaman	...	
20	... White, William	... "	...	
	Returned not paid.			
24	... Wellan, John	... "	...	
51	... Watson, Thomas	... "	...	
81	... Waters, William	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
421	... Wood, William (3)	... L. M.	...	
46	... Wharton, John	... Ordinary Seaman	...	D D
51	... Winnigle, William	... Able Seaman	...	
563	... Waters, Edward	D D
98	... Whitton, John, alias Bitton	... L. M.	...	
99	... Whitton, Thomas, alias Bitton	... Crs. Cw.	...	
606	... Wood, Thomas (2)	... Able Seaman	...	
715	... Wilkins, George	
723	... Williams, James	... Able Seaman	...	
62	... Warrundall, John	
92	... Which, Peter, alias Ulrich	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
805	... Williams, John	... Able Seaman	...	
10	... Walker, Alexander	D D
	Mr. Darby's, Shoe Lane.			
22	... Williams, Richard	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
51	... Welsh, John	... Able Seaman	...	
903	... Walker, George	... Ordinary Seaman	...	
44	... Williams, John	
52	... Ward, Joseph	D D
80	... Wise, Edward	... Able Seaman	...	
4	... Wilson, George	... Boy	...	D D
12	... Worson, Thomas	... "	...	
	not left			

No.	NAME.	QUALITY.	SUM.
14 ...	Wright, William	Marine	£4 12 6
25 ...	Wilton, Thomas	"	"
49 ...	Wilkes, Samuel	"	" D D
63 ...	Warner, James	"	"
91 ...	Walker, Samuel	Marine	"
100 ...	Willmott, George	"	" D D
34 ...	Wells, William	"	"
Second payment to party only.			
57 ...	Witehall, Christopher	Marine	"
58 ...	Wood, Edward	"	"
61 ...	Wizzen, George	"	"
87 ...	Webster, William	Supernumerary	"
932 ...	White, William	"	"
44 ...	Ward, George	"	"
523 ...	Yaul, Hans	L. M.	"



A certain number of this ten guinea artistic and beautiful plaque is set apart for annual competitive prizes in Schools both at Home and the Dominions beyond the seas. This year the subject is Arctic explorers, and the Benefits arising from their Discoveries, with a Map of the regions surrounding the North Pole.

CHAPTER XII.

NEW ZEALAND WHEN DONALD LANDED.

Lord Strathcona had been in Canada some two years before New Zealand was declared a British possession. He had been there three years before it became a separate colony. The present generation cannot realise this surprising fact.

How is it the British flag flies over New Zealand to-day? It is nothing short of a miracle and to me seems to be through the



"EMPRESS OF INDIA."
(Pacific Service).

ordination of God. Tasman, that magnificent Dutch navigator, discovered New Zealand and Tasmania, the glorious isle that bears his name, in August, 1642, and here we are in August, 1910, urged by its Prime Minister to consummate a fast steam ship service.

Tasman anchored 268 years ago. He never landed, took his farewell off the north-western extreme of the Northern Island, calling it Cape Maria Van Diemen, after his lady-love, the daughter of Anthony Van Diemen of Batavia, then Governor of the Netherlands India.

"There is no record of New Zealand being seen again by any navigator for 127 years, when the immortal Captain Cook made his landfall—coming westward across the Southern Pacific in October, 1769. He named the headland Young Nick's Head, after

the look-out man Nicholas, nicknamed by his shipmates, Young Nick. From the circumstances of Cook's reception by the natives he named the bay of which Young Nick's Head is the Southern point—Poverty Bay. Probably no one had stood on the summit of Young Nick's Head till I did so 57 years ago when I was in charge of a party surveying the coast southwards, from thence towards Hawke's Bay."

So wrote Commander Blakeney, R.N., the veteran naval surveyor, now director of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, to its secretary, then leaving for a delightful never-to-be-forgotten trip to these glorious islands.

After Cook discovered them, circumnavigated them, surveyed them, over SEVENTY long years passed, and these precious islands, which were to become in King Edward VII.'s reign the Dominion of New Zealand, waited to be snapped up by any maritime power. George Fife Angas, one of the founders of the above Society, and who actually proposed its name, became one of the founders of South Australia. He, one of our glorious British Empire builders, heard that a French Commander, cruising in these seas was bound to the islands to raise their flag, warned a British commander, who, in his fast frigate, sailed at once, and in the nick of time, hoisted the Old Flag, and claimed Cook's Islands for the British Crown. But though we ran an awful risk in waiting three score years and ten, there was a Divine Sovereign of the Seas over-ruling for us, so that a young Dominion, unique and with characteristics and instincts specially like the mother which gave it birth, should be reared under the Southern Cross—the Great Britain of the South Pacific. Mr. Angas was offered a baronetcy, but did not accept the honour.

Never can I forget my landing at Poverty Bay :—

November 21st, 1906, Wednesday.—GISBORNE.—Dropped anchor in this fine open Poverty Bay at 5 a.m. Rose and viewed the scene and called upon the Lord. My Almanack text says : " By strength shall no man prevail." Strength of right arm, physical ; strength of brain, mind—intellectual ; strength of character, moral ; strength of heart, spiritual.

Contrasting this Poverty Bay of Captain Cook's day with the scene before me—sheep browsing upon the hill side (I think of the Scripture allusion, the cattle upon a thousand hills), and the works by the sea, where tens of thousands of sheep pass through every year for London and the British Isles, with the beautiful city on my left and Cook's Monument, the first erected in New Zealand, on my right ; all this fills the mind with solemn thought.

But I could not help laughing again and again as I thought of Captain Cook with his daily solicitude for the health of his crew, and disappointment in not getting necessary food, and so he wrote large upon his new chart POVERTY BAY ! And now New Zealand mutton and other foods have a world reputation !

Here is a fact I want to put into this booklet, namely, that

Commander Blakeney, still among us, saw the last of the Maori race, who had both seen and been spoken to by Captain Cook at Mercury Bay, some eighty odd years before !

We also saw, in Queen Charlotte Sound, the stump of the tree on which had been carved the words "Look under" by Captain Cook's colleagues, when his second voyage to New Zealand was



CAPTAIN COOK'S POVERTY BAY, DID HE SEE IN VISIONS ?

made. The Maoris had erected a stout, wooden fence round this relic, and watched it day and night during our visit to prevent its desecration.

The New Zealand Premier cabled his High Commissioner that we were to have the map of New Zealand up to 20,000 for this Strathcona booklet, so I would like to say a word upon it. The first is one of thanks-giving from my heart for the way the Prime Ministers, Governments, and Parliaments of New Zealand have treated the Maoris. It is not too much to say the nation deeply appreciates the way New Zealand is treating the Maori race. When fire-arms and fire-water came in, tens of thousands were slain by their various warriors, factions, and fights. But during these four years of survey mentioned by Commander Blakeney, in lonely places all over the islands, he writes, everywhere, without exception, the Maoris received us gladly, and gave us shelter and hospitality.

When the Premiers attended Queen Victoria's Jubilee, how proud Premier Seddon was of his Maoris in that great procession.

They also accompanied Mr. Seddon down to our East End of London, and attended divine service among the sailors, when his relative, Dr. Lindsey, preached the sermon. In the reception which followed, he said that in coming among the poor and working



MAORI GIRL, NEW ZEALAND.

classes of East London on that day, he had seen more of the nation than in West London, and how warmly he spoke of his Maori boys, noble fellows they looked, surrounding him.

Maoris are now elected to Parliament, they have privileges and rights which redound to the glory of New Zealand. It is the hope and prayer of the nation that the great Dominion of South Africa will treat the coloured races with the same sympathetic statesman-like consideration, and strange as it may seem, on the treatment of the subject races, will depend the union, strength, and future

NEW ZEALAND establishes village schools for the Maoris wherever they are required. There were 99 in 1908.

NEW ZEALAND has 8171 Maori and half-caste children attending the Maori village schools and the public schools of the Dominion.

NEW ZEALAND has six boarding-schools for the higher education of Maori children, at which 304 pupils were resident in 1908.

of the Empire. Unless the Congo Government treatment of natives is changed its doom is writ, and it will be execrated and damned. Every nation will be ultimately tried by this standard, its treatment of subject races. In that, as in many other things, New Zealand has nobly led the way.

It is significant that the Hon. Mr. Carroll, who performed the unveiling ceremony of Cook's Monument, is the Native Maori Minister, linking up the native race with the Europeans. We quote from his eloquent speech :—

"It was idle to tell over to them again the story of the noble acts and the great deeds of Captain Cook. These were already inscribed in the hearts of the nation. They were honouring



UNVEILING CAPTAIN COOK'S MONUMENT, GISBORNE.

one, who, though he obtained such magnificent results, did not owe anything to birth or worldly circumstances, but, by undaunted courage and the highest zeal, was raised from the humblest rank to the highest honours in the greatest navy in the world. That day they were consecrating the spot for all time in perpetuation of the achievements and records of that great man, Captain Cook. The Mayor had reminded them that Captain Cook's reception had not been of the most friendly nature, but it was a poem and a picture when they witnessed that day, the descendants of those who opposed him, and the pakeha race which had unfolded the great discoveries of the world, meeting there on one common platform to do honour to that great discoverer. When they looked back on that time, when science and literature had not penetrated into

the recesses of the world, they might think that that inscrutable force—that divinity ‘that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will’—had pointed with the finger of destiny to Captain Cook as the man who was to open up this new world. As long as the Empire held together, as long as science and civilisation existed, Captain Cook’s name would remain for ever imperishable. They were raising in that lonely spot a slight monument to his name, but his true monument was the vast Pacific, on whose bosom he was cradled, and on whose unknown wastes he had ventured forth carrying light and science in his wake. To the Empire and the world he had opened ways whereby the over-congested Old Country might be relieved to benefit the New. In the words of the Latin motto, he might say, ‘*Si monumentum quæris circumspice.*’”

Will my young readers open this New Zealand map and study it well? In size New Zealand is only a seventh less than the United Kingdom itself. It has some 4330 miles of coast-line, and being so long and narrow no point in the Dominion is more than some seventy-five miles from the sea. It has already the biggest coastal line of steamers and the finest in the world. New Zealand perhaps appreciates, more than any other Dominion, the necessity of SEA POWER, hence she was first with her Dreadnought, and she has scarcely any foreigners on her ships under her flag. Here is a quotation from my Log in first sighting New Zealand:—

October 15th, Monday, 9 a.m.—Three cheers for New Zealand! Here are the bold heights of the south-west of the great Southern Island. The range of mountains may well be called Nightcaps, for their brows are covered with snow, and though only 3500 feet high, as we are so near, it looks much higher. With my glass I can distinctly see well-formed craters. Behind the Nightcaps are the great sleeping lakes, bounded on the west by Milford and George Sounds, deep cut gorges that would rival Norway itself.

“On seeing a portrait of John Milton, Dryden wrote:—

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed
The next in majesty, in both the last;
The force of nature could no further go:
To make a third she joined the former two.

‘This figure,’ writes C. N. Baeyertz, “might well be applied to the three countries, Norway, Switzerland, and Maoriland.’ It would appear that New Zealand not only combined these two countries, but has additions in its burning mountains, with lakes and other characteristics found in Italy and Japan. But here we are running down the coast under easy steam, leaving the two big rocks, Solanders, on our starboard, and beyond on our bow Stewart Island, arriving at the Bluff about 5 p.m., as we cannot save the 11 a.m. tide. Here the tide rushes out and in at some eight miles an hour, setting right across on dangerous rocks, so that steamers

NEW ZEALAND

Scale of Miles



REFERENCE

Railways

Coast Roads

.....

—————



must go in on the slack. Thus at the heads as at Melbourne ; that mighty inland sea has to press out and in between two mighty heads, ranging from six up to twelve miles an hour. What must have been the rapture of those first navigators and discoverers as they first caught sight of these wondrous lands ; and how little did they understand their future possibilities.

No Britisher who can afford it ought to think of dying without seeing New Zealand, the Southern gem of the British Crown. When



NEW ZEALAND MOUNTAIN SCENE.

Mr. Seddon was leaving Australia on his last voyage he said he was going back to "God's Own Country." But he died at sea, and so reached another country by way of the sea.

The British Isles nestled up very close to Europe, not so with the British Isles (New Zealand) of the Pacific. They are some 1000 miles away from *her* Europe (Australia), and after you land at the Bluff you find they are some 1100 miles long. But I dare not stop to tell you of what I saw at Invercargill. I shall not forget my short visit there, my meeting the same night with the city fathers, the Mayor presiding. Then comes Dunedin, a city one characteristic of which is, that the Presbyterians have added spires to their fine churches, the others have none. But Dunedin is the headquarters

of the great coastal Union Steam Ship Company, showing that New Zealand will be a nation of sailors and much else. I cannot describe its Port Chalmers, nor the rising ports of Oamaru and Timaru.

Skirting the sea, the ever-glorious sea, with its bays, sands, and beach, I saw gardens with their trees in white bloom, the fields with their gorse hedges all out in rich yellow flower, with the hills beyond rising to the very clouds covered with snow, and Mount Cook, not visible from here but on the other side, raising its lofty peak to 12,349 feet, rivalling our proud Mount Blanc itself. The sheep with their baby lambs are in the fields stretching miles away, and the sheep climb up the sides of the mountains as summer approaches right up to the eternal snow, sometimes coming down to the plains at the end of the summer snow-blind. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of the shepherds, bringing down their flocks to feed the poor children of their parents in the far away Homeland of England in general, and London in particular!

On that West Coast there are sounds, harbours, fiords, with their minerals, coal in abundance, etc. Continuing North, I found Christchurch, with its Port Lyttleton. Here the great Exhibition of 1906-7 was to be inaugurated by the Governor-General, Lord Plunkett, Prime Minister, Sir Joseph Ward, representatives of all the powers, naval and military, of all the self-governing colonies and the nations, and to think there was not a tree or stone there (scarcely) some fifty years ago, I was simply amazed.

This wonderful Canterbury Plain, stretching North and South and West, right up to the everlasting hills, grows upon you and indicates the pastoral and agricultural wealth of New Zealand. All the world has already heard of Canterbury mutton! You sail north to Port Wellington, the proud capital of New Zealand. It is admirably situated in the south of the North Island, and about the centre of the kingdom.

From the fine harbour of Port Lyttleton I took steamer for Wellington, the capital of this wonderful country.

But I must see this fine entrance between the two big islands of New Zealand. Its bays, channels, passages, which so charmed Captain Cook, and many another sailor since, must now be seen to best advantage. So armed with two Victory Charms I mounted the upper bridge, and soon had Captain Collins and his chief officer to give me light and leading. The sun was rising with healing in his light to give life, colour, and warmth. Away fly across our bows a fine covey of swans sailing for Lake Wairarapa on the North Island. Everyone must be struck with the bold entrance, high hills, range on range, rocks washed by ocean gales, bays with their townships growing up with their summer resorts.

Wellington's new Parliamentary Buildings will be worthy of a Dominion with a great future. Its town hall and Wellington College remind you of municipal and educational advancement. My trip through Cook's Strait, the channels leading up to Picton,

the French Pass, along Tasman Bay to Nelson will never be effaced from my memory.

Nelson College is the prominent monument of Nelson City.

It is a wonderful train ride from Wellington via Masterton to



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DUNEDIN.

When the Colonists erect a Church, Manse, or School, they go to stay. No Kingdom can stand alone if foundations are not upon the moral and spiritual, as well as upon the nautical and material.

the fine city and port of Napier. My Log was nearly filled by this lovely bit of country. Then came Gisborne already described.

Auckland is the great port in the north of the North Island. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* speaks of it as the largest and most beautiful town in New Zealand. Will my readers look at a good modern map of the Country and see where I first landed in Inver-gill, the south port of the South Island, and they will refresh their geographical knowledge and observe the strategic position of these growing ports? The entrance to Auckland is grand indeed, just past the Great Barrier Island, which had formerly a Pigeon Postal Service. Little Barrier Island is a Government preserve, with a keeper to preserve all New Zealand birds, so that the cruel hand of man may not exterminate these rare and wonderful fowls. Here is Tiritiri Island with its lighthouse, and they will soon know in Auckland that the mail boat is coming. On the port side are a series of five islands, including Motutapu or sacred island. Motu Island is owned by three brothers, and is rich in deer, ostrich, emu, etc. Speaking of deer, who would think that from the three deer sent out to New Zealand by Albert the Good (the late Prince Consort), tens of thousands of deer would have spread over the Islands?

No one can doubt the marvellous geographical and nautical position of this wonderful port. By a short cut a steamer can meet the direct mail boat from Brisbane at Fiji on the way to Honolulu and Vancouver.

Before leaving the North Island I must refer to my visit from Auckland down through the island. Good-bye, Auckland, of whom our Kipling wrote: "Last, lowliest, loveliest." No pen can describe the wonders of the wonderland of Rotorua district. I have a chapter upon it, but dare not quote from my Log save a paragraph or two.

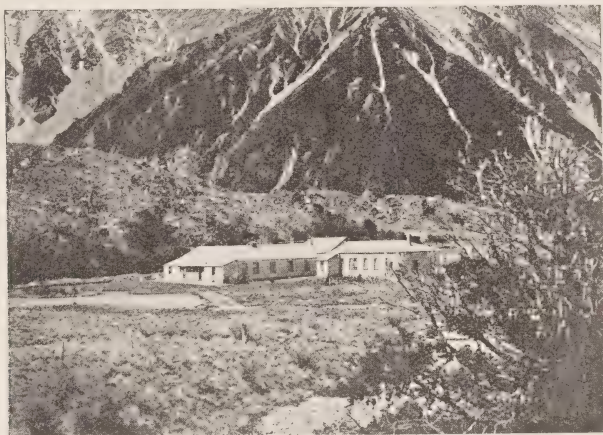
The Blue Lake.—Nothing on earth can possibly surpass the view of Tikitapu, or Blue Lake, with the Moerangi Mountains of 2440 feet behind, as we skirted round. One has seen the blue of Switzerland and the Italian waters, but this exceeds in indescribable beauty as the sky is high above the sea. O that John the Divine could have seen it before he wrote his Revelation, with these shining wavelets; a fit floor for angel feet, a suitable lake or sea of beauty beyond compare for the New Jerusalem, the City of God, coming down out of heaven for the bride, the spotless Church of Christ. I see the sight, and feel the rapture, but am silent, and could almost weep to be unable to tell my readers of this great sight. I do not wonder there should be "silence in heaven": this must often occur throughout the eternities as the wonders of God are disclosed!

Green Lake.—Our brave horses climb the hill, and we suddenly come into full view of Rotokakahi, or the Green Lake, taking us back to dear Old Ireland with its Killarney. In fact, we jumped out, and ran up to a plateau, and saw both lakes at the same time,

the Green, with its peculiar glory, heightening only the glories of the Blue.

White Lake, called Tarawera, with the distant mountain of Maungawhakamana. We had in the meantime picked up our Maori guide on our way to Te Wairoa, where we were to leave our coach and climb a hill, and look down and see this milk white lake. He pointed out the native village site, destroyed by the eruption, and how some sixty were saved in a specially constructed hut by two braves clearing the roof of ash and mud, thus saving it from the fate of others. I saw where the schoolmaster and some of the children were killed. We have now climbed the hill over cinders and the ejecta, and saw below our floating friend.

Rotomahana, or milk white or creamy lake—Here we joined the steam launch Irene, named after Sir Joseph Ward, the present



A WELCOME RESTING PLACE.

Premier's, daughter. Here we had lunch, and I drank of the waters of the lake, i.e., the cold, before we came to the boiling parts. From that awe-inspiring mount, with its top side blown out, fifteen craters ran right across the lake, and as each cored, the other took up the running right away to crater Inferno, the giant steam working its way along the subterranean passages. It is now proved that certain lines run round the globe.

Landing here we left our launch, captain, and Maori guide. The latter was asked if the keen speculators had discovered gold thrown out. "No," he said, "but the Government had discovered it in the pockets of the tourists!" A party was waiting at the landing-place to return by our boats and coach, and we were taken in charge by a notable Government guide.

Guide Ingle.—A big man, with a big brain and a big staff. If he

only grew a beard he would look like the ancient Moses at the foot of the burning Mount Sinai. How wonderful that certain men find their niche! The first six months he thought he knew everything, in five years he found he knew nothing, and for six years he has been gleaning and gathering, not only from books, but from Nature herself, in all her moods, silent and spoken, past and present.

Two miles and more which Dante should have travelled ere he wrote his immortal poem, and our own Milton would have got inspirations here for his "Paradise Lost" and "Regained." So much at every point, with a glow of matured thought and wise words and reflections, that my mind is quite bewildered, and with such a cram there is no possibility of assimilation! Chasms, infernos, craters, geysers, everywhere Nature's workshop, with her irresistible subtle laws, which, though infinitely varied in working, can be reduced to the one mighty law of expansion and contraction by heat and cold. Eternal fires generate steam omnipotent, which runs along the tubes of earth: and as man's little discovery and application of the law will drive along a forty thousand ton ship nearly thirty miles an hour, so God's engine-room will drive a force round the world in seconds, lift mountains and shake them as trees, lower oceans along the wondrous vulcan lines.

Steam Jets everywhere.—Stretching with steam to north of you, south of you, east of you, west of you; steam coming up from thousands of holes about you and above you; coming out of the lower, middle, and upper sides of the hills, demanding outlet or eruption or explosion; there faintly dawns upon the bewildered mind the unspeakable and unthinkable power of steam for good or evil.

Waimangu Geyser.—It has not worked for two years, but I hold a photograph taken at one of its plays, when, as can be proved by mathematical certainty, it threw up its stones, mud, etc., fifteen hundred feet. The same law reigns in the sun, where its geysers will throw up 250,000 miles.

Miniature volcanoes.—Our volcanic encyclopædic guide, showed how the big volcanoes were made. Upon a little blow-hole he threw some earth, and a cone, as Mount Etna, was immediately formed. Two big and little stones, instead of sinking, came up a few inches above the cone, and down and up, and so we left them.

Melting the Rocks.—He showed us the steam, with its penetrating and disintegrating elements, performing miracles on hard substances, as granite rock, iron, steel. Placed under the surface, they would, in a certain number of hours, extract the hard substance and leave only the pumice soft as powder, which my lady uses upon her blooming cheek! Is there a heart so stony, hard, steeled, that it cannot be melted?

Two lines of steam running through the earth meet here, hence the occasional commotions. But here is a remarkable demonstra-

tion. A small cape rock jutting out has on one side a deposit of iron as the steam line passes through the iron district of the west ; on the other side the line runs through sulphur formations, and here the steam is depositing the yellow sulphur. In time the laws regulating earthquakes will be better known, but the local disturbances, the breaking in of ocean, lake, or river, or condensed rivers ever rising and running in the bowels of the earth, a limited area suddenly contracting or expanding, and other causes, will bring about in the future, as in the past, whatever our knowledge, the desolation of earth shakings and quakings.

After the wonders of this wonderland which all the British Empire should see, I made my way to the Fountain, head of the



Wanganui river, of its kind perhaps the most wonderful river in the world. Here I am leaving Rotorua at 9.30 a.m., arriving at Taumarunui at 6.50 p.m. where I rest the night so as to start early in the morning down stream. Here is morning reflection :—

“Who hath believed our report ?” is our morning text, and there are things in this wonderful world, even if we could report them of which it might well be said, “Who hath believed our report ?” It is so difficult to report any trip, or a year’s work, or anything vividly, pictorially, naturally, to do so requires a gift possessed by few. One deep and deepening impression left on the mind by our mountain and volcanic pilot is, that in spite of all

the apparent titanic, irresponsible, uncontrollable forces, shaking continents, breaking forth in horrible suddenness, as though ordinary secure laws on which man built and depended were completely broken in upon till all nature ran riot, and seemed to be breaking up: yet above all, in spite of all, through all and in all, Nature is only obeying unchangeable laws, of which the majority of people are ignorant, and the wise have much to learn.

Our first boat was a narrow, long, canoe-like vessel, with canvas running along the side, and driven by a little oil engine. Others with luggage paddled down the stream in another boat about the same size, without engine; one in the bow and another in the stern guiding her over the rapids, etc. We had to get out twice and walk across the bends, so that the boat could safely pass the rushing shallows. Then we got on board the launch *Ongarue*, and took our next stage, where we were splendidly navigated through all the turns of the gorges and swirling waters. We had on board the harbour or river master, a half-caste (Captain A. Marshall), who has made the river in these higher reaches navigable. He is a magnificent type of physical manhood, between six and seven feet high, well built, strong, kind face, with limbs such as you read about in the Bible. Just the hand, such fine, big, well-proportioned fingers and thumb, that painters and sculptors, who drew the giants, would like to see. When he first began on these upper parts he came up in a Maori canoe, and walked over the shallows, now they have this regular river service down its one hundred and fifty miles to Wanganui. His faithful Maori wife accompanied him to his little ship. He has two gangs of men working at points, building weirs and removing stones. Thousands and tens of thousands of passengers will soon be passing down and up this most famous river. This bending, entwining, serpentine river has cut its way through rocks, and we are shooting the narrow rapids with swift descent, and trees reaching from the fern-strewn banks (some high, graceful, and palm-like) right up to mountain top, blue sky and every variety of cloud forming the ceiling. This is a sight which one ought to see at 30 years of age, and not 60, but precious at any time of life. The river of the water of life, flowing through God's own country, the very heart of New Zealand's northern isle.

Houseboat.—11.30, just arrived at the houseboat moored about thirty miles down the river trip, and here we had a good lunch, which, after the early, fresh, adventurous, appetising morning, we greatly enjoyed. Passengers coming up the river stay the night here, as fighting up against stream takes three days, and going down only two. We have now sixty miles to go, still down, down, down, till we reach Pipiriki, where we stay the night. The river, as we go down, increases in wonder, marvel—every bend a lake with its own character. The marvellous vegetation rising from river to peak, but ever changing, gives a perpetual charm. At the

narrow bends are the falls, and here is a Maori settlement (small). We blow the whistle, and out runs a black-haired wee tot, followed by her bigger sister and father, and our young captain slows up and flings on shore three boxes and, I think, a pipe and bit of tobacco in paper.

Just passing rocks on either side, showing up to water level, then about fifty feet moss and fern, then larger ferns and fern trees, little waterfalls finding their way through, away up the big trees, and above it all the blue, the white, the glory of the sky crowning all. Now we come into the open ; hills recede, and the spreading picture ahead, of the high ranging forest, is glorious indeed. Now



we turn and shoot into a narrow gorge, leaping a rapid, passing an ugly rock on our port ; and here are caves and gorges waiting for the rain, and swollen ones sending down their little streams ; and again the hills rise high up, barring our way, but we suddenly turn and have a regular rush, and we come out under a hill with a long, narrow gorge ahead of us ; and so it will continue for another three or four hours, but varying with every turn.

Afternoon cup of tea very refreshing ; arrived at Pipiriki safely after a splendid bit of navigation at 7 p.m., where after a short climb to the one hotel of the village we found a welcome dinner awaiting us, and a telegram for me from the Mayor of Wanganui,

saying he had arranged for a public meeting to-morrow evening, and presentation of Victory plaque.

We left Pipiriki in the early morn in the larger steamer *Doirire* and arrived at the port of Wanganui at the mouth of the river in the afternoon.

Record Rise of the River.—The captain pointed out to me a stone monument, shewing the high rise of the river two years ago last May, when in some parts it reached sixty feet above its present level, and the patent log, at the bridge at Wanganui, showed the river pacing through at twelve-and-three-quarter knots per hour. The chief danger to these small river craft, drawing a few inches up to two feet when loaded, at such a time as that, would be the rushing logs, etc., but the captain only lost one trip. In places along the river, where the sides are not precipitous, the logs, trees, branches, and drift wood are thrown up on the shallows and sides.

"Six hours' rain will make her (river) start ;" so said the captain,



A BIT OF WELLINGTON HARBOUR.

in fact, after the first hour's rain there is additional life and movement, as one can well imagine, with three hundred miles (counting both sides) of hills, mountains, vales, so steep, and all rushing down to this 150 miles of narrow connecting little lakes.

Impenetrable forests.—In the upper regions it seems one long scene of impenetrable, deep tree and undergrowth forest ; a perfect tangle, which no man, if stranded, could pass. One boat did get upon the rocks, but the passengers were happily rescued after twenty-four hours waiting.

New Zealand Isles must have, in the good Providence of God, a great future. It took the British Isles centuries to work out their

salvation after the Romans first came to our shores. It will not take as many decades for the Dominion of New Zealand, since the first Britons possessed it to justify its title and place in the Empire. Its statesmen, its leaders of various departments, its well-equipped colleges and schools, its churches, its people as a whole, with their great progressive ideas, high ideals, will lead the van in the glorious march of the century. Lord Plunket, the retiring Governor said as a parting word, New Zealand wanted one thing—population. Its able Premier, Sir Joseph Ward, backed by a wise patriotic people, will meet this need for this Canaan is capable of sustaining a great nation.

NEW ZEALAND HYMN.

God of Nations ! at Thy feet
In the bonds of love we meet,
Hear our voices we entreat,
God defend our freeland !
Guard Pacific's triple star
From the shafts of strife and war,
Make her praises heard afar,
God defend New Zealand.

May our mountains ever be
Freedom's ramparts on the sea,
Make us faithful unto Thee,
God defend our freeland !
Guide her in the nations' van,
Preaching love and truth to man,
Working out Thy glorious plan,
God defend New Zealand.

THOMAS BRACKEN.



CHAPTER XIII.

KING EDWARD THE PEACEMAKER.

HE LOVED PEACE AND HE LOVED THE POOR.

Born Nov. 9th, 1841 ; Died May 6th, 1910.

At midnight came the Majesty of Death,
Kings of the earth abide this King's decree—
Sudden, and kindlier so, to seal the breath
And set the spirit free.

And now the Peace he held most near his heart,
That Peace to which his country's steps he led—
So well for us he played his royal part—
Broods o'er him lying dead.

Thus passes Britain's Crown from King to King,
Yet leaves secure a Nation's deathless love,
Dearer than Empire, yea, a precious thing
All earthly crowns above.

O. S. in *Punch*.

KING EDWARD VII. was loved by the Nation. A deep, genuine, loyal affection welled up from the hearts of rich and poor for their King. When on Saturday morning it was announced the King had been stricken down by death, a sword pierced our hearts, and happy were those who found vent for their grief, in tears which could not be suppressed. Who among us can forget that hour when we were struck dumb before the Lord, when not only lumps rose in our throats but it seemed that the life of the nation was suddenly arrested and we could but "stand still and see the salvation of God." There are times when silence is more natural than speech. "Keep silence before thee, O Israel, and let the people renew their strength." It was indeed a solemn moment when we read, that at midnight King Edward died?

The Lord Chief Justice of Ireland (Lord O'Brien), in adjourning a trial in the *Nisi Prius* Courts said :—

"A great calamity has befallen the Empire. Our illustrious, our beloved King is dead. Never in all his wide realms was sorrow so deep, so universal. Here in our Courts the course of Justice is arrested. We must seek to control our emotions. We are prostrate in the presence of death. I adjourn the trial."

This was the universal feeling wherever flew the flag of Britain. But under every flag in the world the hearts of all men have been moved as by the finger of God. The hour the World's Peacemaker died, more was done for peace than if all the nations were met in one great Conference. Our beloved King Edward increasingly felt he had been called by God to declare by heart, and deed, and voice, a great message of peace. Though head of the biggest Navy the world has ever seen, he made his every ship a messenger of peace. How true the word, "Blessed are the Peacemakers for they shall

be called sons of God." A life work is often CROWNED by death, so was it with the King. There is a deep significance in the word, "signifying by what manner of death he should glorify God." Jehovah once moved a city, now He has moved a Nation, and proved He can touch the world He loves, governs, and saves.

King Edward buried to-day, May 20th, 1910.

London is the centre of this great mourning but the earth is the circumference. Millions upon millions of the human race mourn to-day, and will in thought, in sympathy, in prayer, and in thanksgiving, follow the Royal mourners, join in their hymns of praise on sea and shore, stand by his grave, and feel in their inmost hearts, "Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee."

SOME SPECIAL INCIDENTS.

Some things will live long in the memory. King Alphonso arrives late and found London mourning. His wife, an English woman passionately and affectionately devoted to her uncle who is dead. Her husband representing a nation against whom in the past centuries England fought and won. Where is this young King found ere the striking of the midnight hour? Kneeling in silence and in prayer, in Westminster Hall by the side of King Edward who has left him and many another a great, a good example. What is happening in Spain? Within a few hours the Royal child is born dead! And a misguided cruel anarchist lurking with a bomb, to take the young king's life on his return. Poor Spain, when I first visited thee, a sailor lad, you put a brother Englishman of mine in prison for selling the Scriptures which teach men to "fear God, honour the king." In answer to prayer God saved the life of King Alphonso. O, Universal Church, awake, awake, and evangelize the anarchists of the world by the Word of God and the Gospel of Christ.

The last to arrive and perhaps the greatest, is the War Lord of Germany. None are more welcome to our shores to help assuage our grief than the Emperor William. How thankful we were when he landed at Cowes where Queen Victoria crossed the flood and entered her desired haven. But doubly glad are we now, for though he is the head of the mightiest army which perhaps the world has ever seen, we verily believe that with his Uncle, King Edward, they were one in keeping the peace of the world. Two personalities each cast in a different mould, and perhaps from different points of view, yet both working for peace. One is taken the other is left. No sooner does the Emperor William arrive than he goes with our Sailor King George to that sacred spot to renew and pay their vows before the Lord. He kneels in prayer at the feet of his departed friend. He rises and with eyes suffused with tears of affection, the man supposed to be of iron and blood, looks into the eyes of King George, grasps his hand, and what God then joined, let no man put asunder. It was a sacred moment in the history of the world, let it be recorded in heaven.

ALL EYES TURNED TO LONDON.

It is true that London was the centre to which all eyes were turned; for here the King died and was buried at Windsor, but memorial services were held in every city, town, and village in this United Kingdom. As many as forty in Dublin itself. It was not that NINE KINGS, fifty princes and representatives of the world followed King George to his father's grave, but in the various centres of kingdoms and empires services were held.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS.

In Russia the Czar and Czarina, with other distinguished representatives of the nation, attended the service in the English Church on the Quay, while the Royal Yacht and other craft, right opposite the Church which I know well, had their flags half mast high, and

DUKE OF FIFE.



KING EDWARD'S SON-IN-LAW.



KING EDWARD'S SON.

as elsewhere fired their mourning guns. At Tokio, in Japan, heirs to the throne, &c., were present. At Berlin the Empress of Germany and her Court, etc., came to the Memorial Service. At Washington President Taft, and all the great leaders were at the service. At Paris for the first time in the history of France, President and Mde. Fallieres, Ex-President and Mde. Loubet, with other representatives of the great body of France, attended the Protestant service. While even the French Naval Manœuvres were deferred, and if the French warships passing Trafalgar Bay should enter Gibraltar they were to join the English Fleet in Naval honours to King Edward. This would have pleased the great soul of Nelson himself. In Peking numerous Chinese Princes and notables, as well as Embassies and Missionaries attended the services. So with all other capitals, Kings, Princes, Lead-

ers of Governments, &c. who could not come to London were present at these various spiritual and helpful services. So throughout India, South Africa, Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, in all their towns and throughout their lands services were held. In Sydney Centennial Park 120,000 persons gathered to the great service in the open. The Maoris at Wellington carrying green boughs walked in the Procession. These children of Nature, through the Governor and Prime Minister, sent the following message to Queen Alexandra :—

“From the United Maori Chiefs and tribes of New Zealand loyal and affectionate greeting. We feel that the great terrestrial light that cast its benign radiance to all the ends of the earth is quenched, leaving us to mourn its loss in the passing of our beloved Sovereign and Protector of the Maori people, King Edward VII. He has left us all to join his great mother and the illustrious dead. Our lamentations break out anew for our Queen Mother and the members of the Royal Family. Our hearts speak especially to the Queen Mother in deepest sympathy and love.

Canada, not only in the great cities, but from Atlantic to Pacific, its people were swiftly and suddenly called to prayer.

“Over the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk railway systems all the train ferries and steamers stood still at a given time for three minutes, emphasizing in a remarkable manner the national and Imperial significance of the event which was taking place in London.”

Perhaps with these two railways alone over 150,000 men and passengers at the same minute would uncover and have their hearts lifted up.

In all the cities and in hundreds of country parishes—in the old provinces and on the far western plains—memorial services were held in churches of all denominations. For over 3000 miles of the King's Dominion Canada was hung with mourning, while its people of every race and creed bowed in prayer and sorrow.

THE GREAT PROCESSION.

It seemed so appropriate that immediately after the gun carriage to be drawn by the Blue Jackets, the Royal Navy should be specially represented by the late King's Personal Aide-de-Camp, Vice-Admiral His Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenburg, Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, a distinguished sailor and special friend of the Blue Jackets.

KING EDWARD'S DOG AND HORSE.

When God is doing a great work the animal creation is not left out. It was the inspiration of the prophet as well as the instinct of the painter, which led the immortal Rubens to place a drop of that sacred blood upon the mane of the Roman horse at the Cross. It was a true feeling of the ancients which led the King to say “Let man and beast be covered with sackcloth. Let them not eat nor drink water (that they might cry), let them cry mightily

unto God." And at another great period in the world's history it was said, "But against any of the children of Israel shall not a dog move his tongue."

In this world's funeral it was a happy thought to let King Edward's horse and his favourite dog Cæsar follow their Royal master in that unique procession. When Queen Alexandra came out of Westminster Hall to go to the grave she patted the horse and dog as they stood waiting at the door. They received and returned caresses from both King and Queen. In the beneficent sweep of King Edward's reign, even the little dogs which eat the crumbs which fall from the children's table must be included, and when the reign of the Prince of Peace is fully ushered in and consecrated, they shall learn war no more, and the lion and lamb shall lie down together.

The little dog was the King's inseparable companion on his various journeys, it was fitting therefore on this last journey, he should follow his master, though he would often wonder why his master would never come back. Immediately behind the gun-carriage followed both horse and dog.

So it came to pass that the people, watching the passing of the coffin and the Kings, saw suddenly a little white dog with his tail between his legs casting puzzled glances round him, and held on a lead by a tall Scots gillie. All the military magnificence of the procession was obliterated by that tender touch. "It's his dog, his little dog that he was so fond of," cried a woman bursting into a sob.

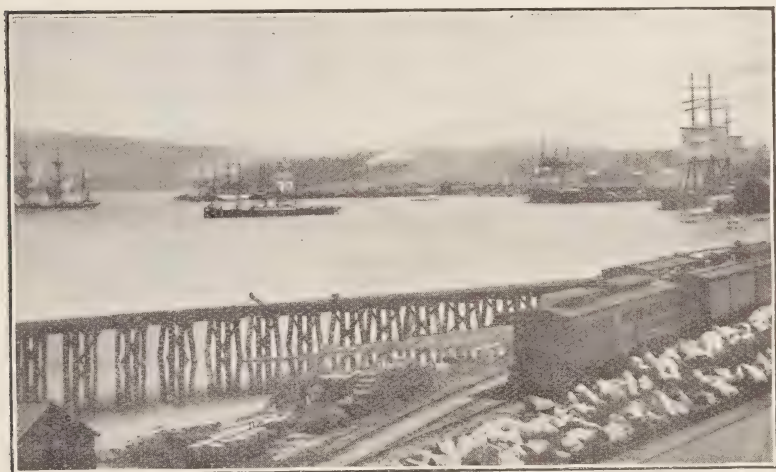
The pathetic little figure of Cæsar as he passed, brought tears welling to eyes that would not otherwise have wept. It brought into the panoplied splendour the tender appeal of a simple human note. "He was very fond of all dumb animals," said a man as the cavalcade of Kings and Princes went by. "He was very good to us all," said a poor woman weeping by his side.

THE SISTERHOOD OF RELIGIONS.

By gift of grace the King was able to enter into the Brotherhood of Nations—God so loved the World—and also into the Sisterhood of religions. He recognised the place of God's Ancient people the Jews in history, and in a special way showed them kindness and took them to his heart. By example he shewed to all the nations how this marvellous, this standing miracle among the nations should be treated. In this way here again he put himself in line with the eternal purposes of God. It is true this Ancient people were scattered because of national sins, and their representatives brought about the crisis at Calvary, but they gave the world the patriarchs, the prophets, the poets (sacred), the preachers (apostles) in one word, according to the flesh they gave us Jesus Christ. To them also were entrusted the Oracles of God. Yet kings have slain their first-born, signed decrees to blot out by one fell swoop, from under heaven their entire race, their best have been flung to

lions and to fire, enslaved, embittered they have passed through fires and floods, even in our own day, but God has a destiny for them, a mission not yet fully disclosed, and is watching over the scattered ones with a tenderness all His own. The people who can claim Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, David, Isaiah, Daniel and the rest, and are waiting still, have a place in the heart of God. King Edward sought their good, and a King has never yet done this but what has come upon him peculiar, unexpected, blessings as we witness this day. He represented in this respect all that was best in the churches and in the nation, as a matter of course he did not know all that he was doing, for he did it and

KING EDWARD REJOICED IN THESE EXTENSIONS.



VANCOUVER HARBOUR. A NEW SAILORS' INSTITUTE PROPOSED.

much else out of the largeness of his heart, and this was given him by God, and which was as the sands upon the sea shore.

ONE WREATH UNIQUE AMONG THE THOUSANDS OF WREATHS.

A book might be written on the thousands of wreaths with their tender and beautiful messages. But it is my privilege to place a wreath upon the grave of King Edward, and I do it in the names of the Schools of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Africa and the whole Empire, and it is a wreath perfectly unique and will be for ever linked with King Edward himself.

In another chapter in this book is given an incident which at the time was dear to the heart of King Edward. It called forth a remarkable demonstration in the French Navy. It was the

Centenary year (1905) of the death of Nelson. The famous block of Victory oak contained in its inscription these words: "This precious memento is presented to France in the reign of His Majesty King Edward VII. who was crowned by the French Nation with the proud title

LE ROI PACIFICATEUR.

Five years have passed, 1910 is here, King Edward is again in France. A correspondence was opened up concerning the Trafalgar Ledgers.

Colonel Sir Arthur Davidson, writing from Biarritz to the Senior Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, said, "I am commanded to inform you that His Majesty will be pleased to see the two Victory ledgers at Buckingham Palace on his return to London."

King Edward went to Biarritz to rest, to be away from the strain and stress of State, to re-create and return to the tremendous duties awaiting him. But God had purposes for him unseen and unknown. Separated from wife and children, shut up in his room several days and nights together, preparing in the inscrutable Providence of God for all that was to follow. Here is a quotation from the letter I wrote:

"It is an anxious time for the King but God has done great things for our Nation in the past and so it shall be in the future. There is an unseen hand upon the helm of the Ship of State, and after a stormy passage it may be, she shall surely be brought safely into the desired haven."

There are tens of thousands yea more, of all parties at Home and in the Dominions of the King beyond the Sea, and not a few of the other Nations also, who will send up the silent prayer, that our nation may be brought through the crisis to a just and peaceful issue, erring on the side of helpfulness to the poor, the toilers and less favoured. But none will help more than the King himself. Please remind His Majesty of the deep, wide, genuine faith and feeling, and I may add prayer, along this line in the hearts of millions."

It was felt it would be an opportune moment for His Majesty at the same time to receive the Bust of Nelson which he had previously consented to do. Here is a photograph of the Bust.

The inscription I had enclosed for the King's approval, contained the words given him in France—

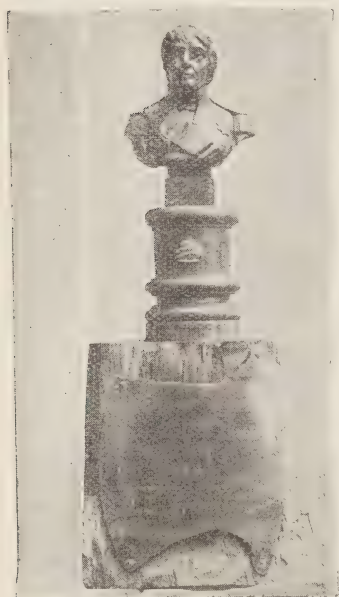
LE ROI DU PAIX.

Now not only France but all the world believed in him, trusted him, and gave him the title of Peacemaker. But in the thoughtful and quiet time at Biarritz, his last quiet hours, the eventide, *he took out the title*, but God soon put it in, and gave to his servants, the acclaim and crowning of the world.

At the time I did not realize the significance of King Edward's taking out this sacred title, but after he had died it flashed into

my mind, like a flash of lightning. I can imagine this silent soliloquy.

"No, I cannot consent to have this title King of Peace prescribed on this Victory Oak Pedestal, there is only one King of Peace, Jesus Christ, and He is my Saviour and King. I remember well His titles 'For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his Kingdom to order it, and to establish it with judgement and with



THIS BUST OF
HORATIO VISCOUNT NELSON,
COMPOSED OF COPPER AND OAK.
TAKEN FROM THE
FLAGSHIP "VICTORY,"
IS PRESENTED TO
HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD
THE SEVENTH,
(In the Tenth Year of His Majesty's Reign.)
BY
THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN
SAILORS' SOCIETY
AS A SOUVENIR OF
THE NELSON CENTENARY
CELEBRATION.

justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this."

No there is but one *Prince of Peace*. It is true the desire of my heart, the object of my life, the purpose of my reign is to be a Pacificateur, and God helping me till the day of my death, I will not swerve from pursuing peace within my own nation and among the nations of the world, but I must not claim the title. I am one among many of the world's representatives desiring, praying, and indeed working for peace. The ex-President of the United States, Colonel Roosevelt, who will soon receive our welcome, illustrated the desire of the leaders of his great, virile, progressive nation in the great East. My nephew, the Emperor William has helped to keep the peace ever since he came to the throne. Our

nephew, the Emperor of Russia, has shewn again and again the leanings of his heart towards peace among the nations. From the venerable monarch of Austria to the youngest Kings among us, as Norway and Spain, there appears to be, for actions speak louder than words, an unwritten league of peace. The Presidents of France as my friends, Messieurs Loubet and Fallières love peace. The world's Press, in spite of some exceptions, writes for peace, while the pulpits of the land proclaim the message of their Prince of Peace. But the most cheering thing of all is that workmen and the poor of the various nations have strong aspirations for peace, and proclaim irrespective of Nation or creed with might and main, Peace on earth, good will to men. But whatever people may say of me I must not claim an exclusive title.

The hymn of peace is one of my favourites, and some of its verses I have specially prized and all I fully believe. 'Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin! The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.' The experience of thronging duties pressed, and sorrows surging round, peace with loved ones far away, I know. And death among members of my family and friends I know, my father, my eldest son, my mother—Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours! Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

Perhaps I can say I know something of this peace, but do not put on the block of oak King Edward VII., *Roi du Paix*—for I am only one of many living, loving, labouring for peace, for the Prince of Peace whose I am and whom I serve."

Some such thoughts as these, it seems to me, were passing through his mind and were entertained when he made the decision not to claim the title and have it formally engraved and published to the world. The same fine sense of loyalty and love were manifested on His Majesty's accession. He had to choose a title. He would not out of reverence and respect to his father choose Albert, that name should be enshrined and for ever associated with his sainted father "Albert the good." Now he would safeguard the glorious title and last in the series of titles in the quotation above, "Prince of Peace." Have we entered upon the period symbolized by the title? In any case it brings out a lovely trait in his character and this is the wreath we place upon his grave to-day.

Is it not strange, wonderful, that the title the King cut out of the inscription is the title which the world to-day, with one voice, adds to his name and inscribes upon his banner, and this will be the title which History will give him—and to-day proves that a man who thus honours God, God will honour. "This was from the Lord and it is marvellous in our eyes."

That we loved our King Edward goes without saying. But he did not know how much till he had gone. When a treasured mother dies we do not think of her faults for she is without fault before the throne. Faults are blotted out from our memories as by the hand of God. There looms up many of the virtues, graces,

life works of the Lord himself. King Edward had been growing in the affection, the esteem, the appreciation of the Nation as the months of his reign too quickly passed. We had prayed him back to life again on two memorable occasions, but this time it seemed so ordained of God, that this third time the nation should not be allowed to besiege the Throne by prayer and again struggle with

"IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID."



PEACE, BE STILL.

the Angel of His Presence for a life to be given back, so that life was suddenly caught up, almost as sudden as the Prophet of old in his chariot of fire.

But the Nation and those nearest the King were not prepared for such a revelation, such a crowning, such a deep universal, and almost overwhelming appreciation of King Edward. It was not that the

King was during his life time without fault, mistake or sin, for we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God, but it was that as soon as that great heart ceased to beat, that great spirit had taken its flight that was discussed (along the lines of peace and concord, kindness), features of the Son of man, the Prince of Peace, that we had had a kingly man among us, who had served his day and generation, amid tremendous difficulties, and in their broad outlines had brought glory to God in the highest and on earth peace.

One other thing must be emphasized, namely, that during the past decade particularly, every nation has felt in its inmost heart, that we were being swept along by an irresistible current of expenditure, war preparations, which might end in a perfect Armageddon ! The *Times* in speaking of the personal affection of the British people for the German Emperor and his visit says : " Nor can the distinguished courtesies of many other rulers, whether of Monarchies or of Republics, have any other effect than to strengthen those bonds of human brotherhood upon which we must all rely to save modern civilisation from disaster, if not from shipwreck."

Nations in the rush and rivalries of armaments seem helpless not to rush forward irrespective of consequences. In the midst of this cataclysm of peril, King Edward, it is now felt as never before, was raised up of God, in the crisis of the world's history, with rich endowments specially entrusted to appeal to the brotherhood of men, and with infinite tact and kindness, with a rich overflowing manhood, he continued this embassy and left an undying legacy to the world.

Man clothed the nation in black perhaps rightly so, but God graciously clothed nature in the white and green and gold of His glory. This glorious day associated with death and burial as it was, seemed throbbing with resurrection life. London parks, and gardens, fields were clad in their loveliest May garments, birds carolled the praises of their Maker, and the heavens literally reigned down glories upon glories, lifting our thoughts upwards from the body's prison, to the region of the soul. Time nor chance could longer bind, Jesus Monarch of mankind. St. Paul's great Gospel of life and gladness, compressed into a few words, came out of the blue as with sound of trumpet, and not only re-echoed through ten thousand churches, but through the myriad ranks of redeemed souls. " I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand." Well what is this Gospel ? Tell us in a word, as we move on towards this Windsor grave ? Here it is let it be told in every language under heaven. " For I delivered unto you first of all that which also I received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures ; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures ; and that he was seen of Cephas. . . ." Oh, tell it out to the Kings and Queens of earth,

to all people that on earth do dwell—specially to our beloved sailor King George V. who has seen His wonders in the deep—to his May Queen, and to the Sea King's daughter from over the sea—Queen Alexandra.

It is eventide, the sun has set in glorious splendour transfiguring the clouds of heaven. The funeral is over, the millions of rich and poor who came out into the open to-day to honour the mighty dead, or flocked into the churches to join in the songs of earth and heaven, are now wending their way back to their homes. Churches are closed, Parks are closed, but Heaven itself comes down to earth to cheer those who mourn. After the splendour of the sunset, the moon shines forth with her own radiant glory, proclaiming, "We shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

ADIEU.

Farewell! Great King,
From men of every Country, Race, and Creed,
To whom thou wast "The King" in word and deed,
Farewells do ring.

Farewell! Great Friend,
From all the poor and those in sad distress,
With whom thy kindly heart in tenderness
Did ever blend.

Farewell! from Peace
Who places on thy tomb an olive crown,
Marking to years unborn thy Great Renown
Till wars shall cease.

May 20, 1910.

MARK KERR.

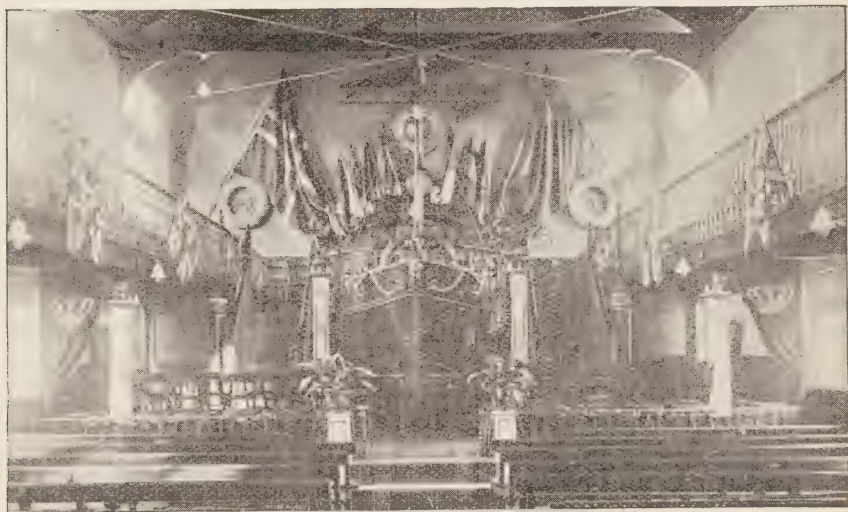


CHAPTER XIV.

KING EDWARD'S PULPIT* AND OTHER SAILORS' PULPITS.

THERE have been famous pulpits and not a few associated with the sea. No visitor to historic Antwerp would miss the boat pulpit, with its fishermen and the net, so exquisitely and symbolically carved.

King Edward's pulpit is in Falmouth Bethel. The pulpit is the bow of a ship, the figure-head is a bust of the King, on either side of the bow are the words King Edward. Behind are the flags of all nations enclosed in Royal Standard and Union Jack. Above is a great promise, "The abundance of the sea shall be



KING EDWARD'S PULPIT, FALMOUTH BETHEL.

converted to Thee." The wheel is from the doomed ship Mohegan, recovered after three years under water off the Manacles, reminding us of two things, that the Bethel is dedicated to "those in peril on the sea." The Mohegan ran ashore on the rocks on a terrible night, the affrighted people were plunged suddenly into darkness by the loss of the electric light, and the rising and raging waves soon washed some 112 to an ocean grave. The man at the wheel from the moment the ship leaves till the time she is lost or

*We give a brief sketch of the Falmouth Harbour Mission as an interesting typical port, illustrating growth and usefulness of the Society's stations. But every port has its own individuality, need, methods, &c.

arrives is a significant fact. You may come on deck in the busy day or the silent watches of the night, in storm or sunshine and you will always find the man at the wheel. So in the voyage of the soul the Man Christ Jesus ever has His hand upon the wheel. The anchors and chains tell their story while the ship is lit up at night, the green and red lights on starboard and port with the mast-head light shew that life is a voyage: then navigate it well. Behind the mast is the open chart which is the Word of God.

Many go to see the King Edward Pulpit and all it represents. It represents the Falmouth Branch of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society and recently we held its 63rd anniversary. Its history reads like a fairy tale and is worthy of such kingly association and a page in this book. It began in a sail loft, and there was a great beginning once in an upper room. The sail loft led to rather a ramshackle old Bethel on the Quay. But God often does a big work in a small and even despised workshop. Pilots, Quaymen, fishermen, Falmouth packet men, seamen of various sorts had heard words of life from the pulpit. The old veteran of Cornwall, H. Bailey, was the second missionary, and he died over 90 years of age. He was a distinct personality, in some respects a character, in more ways than one a bit of a fiery spirit, but well under control. He would return after 20 years and make and spin his yarns of his famous parish, and be as fresh and fascinating at the last as at the first. Cornish people like changes in their deputations, but Bailey was always acceptable. Life more life, abundance of life, always gives freshness. Bailey had a good bit of the Cornish Billy Bray about him. Long before Truro had its proud Cathedral dwarfing all else in the City, Falmouth had its harbour Cathedral and Bailey was its bishop! In fact he was something like Taylor of Boston.

Father Taylor playfully said the earth from redemption point of view was the centre of the Universe, the U.S.A. was the centre of the earth, Boston was the centre of U.S.A., and the Sailors' Bethel was the centre of Boston. He should have carried it but one step farther and the gallant preacher would have been the centre of the Universe!

Taylor never had any successor, with him practically died the Bethel also, so far as an ocean centre was concerned. Not so with Bailey. But I think if the truth were told he could never quite reconcile himself to a successor. He always had a full house, it could scarcely be otherwise with his genius and grace. But when he found his strength would not admit of his work ashore as well as afloat he shut the door of the Bethel and locked it. He seemed to say, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." But after he departed he wished his Cathedral on the Quay to be his Mausoleum to contain his body only!

FATHER, WHY DON'T YOU PRAY LIKE UNCLE JIM?

Twenty three years ago I was summoned to Falmouth. Con-

sternation reigned at the quayside, flags were metaphorically half mast high in the harbour. I got the key and we held a solemn conclave in the old Bethel itself. One speech made an indelible impression on my mind. Among the notorious Quay side sinners in the Bethel converted from the old life was Denny Morrison. I wish I had that speech verbatim. Denny was a well built sturdy man who in the old days could not only defend himself but carry war, under the influence of liquor, into the enemy's camp. I can see him now giving emphasis by foot and hand to his soul-stirring words. His description of the pit, where God found him and others, how they were brought up, the Rock of Ages on

ROTTERDAM.



QUEEN WILHELMINA MOTOR LAUNCH.

which they found themselves, the new song, the established goings and the rest. Here was the incident:—"Sir, you musn't close this Bethel. You should have seen some of our homes before we were converted. I came down here one evening, couldn't stop away. I had heard for some time what was going on. Not only did I hear about it but I saw it with my own eyes, on the quay, in the boats and all over. I felt something tugging at my heart but I couldn't own up. My brother Jim had been caught in what they called the Gospel net, but I am a queer fish, and it'll take 'em all their time to catch me. Besides I am a bad 'un. Well I had to take a ship up Channel that night, but I first thought I'd go down to meeting. I felt very uncomfortable like but nothing particular happened till we were going home. I was leading along my little boy and he innocently said, very seriously, 'Father, why don't you pray like Uncle Jim?' Evidently my brother's fervent, earnest prayer had touched his heart. Now he sent an arrow quivering into my heart. Poor lad, he had never seen or heard his father pray in his little life. I was suddenly arrested, brought to court, and condemned. He said his little prayer and I kissed

him as he went to bed. I said, 'wife give me my bag, sea boots, oilers, I must not keep the ship waiting.' We were soon under way, bowling along up channel with a spanking breeze. I was walking under the lee and the captain said, 'Well, Pilot, what's the matter with you to-night, you don't seem to say much?' No, I could not say much, for above the noise of the freshening wind and lapping waves I heard that anxious little voice, "Father, why don't you pray like Uncle Jim?" I am not going to spin a long yarn, but I had no peace till I began to pray, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and like the fisherman I prayed 'Lord save me,' and He saved me and a good many more in this Bethel. All the Quay-side, and every ship I have taken up Channel since know how Denny Morrison was saved. So you musn't close this Bethel."

The Bethel was not closed but the old veteran had to retire, and a young missionary who was to make his name, Mr. J. C. Badger,

ROTTERDAM.



TEMPORARY READING ROOM.

was appointed. The work grew delightfully. The old Bethel had to come down and a new one to go up. Miss Fox, of Pengerick, laid the stone amid much rejoicing in the harbour. Sacred were many of the gifts which came in. Mr. Ernest Grubb and friends presented a Mission boat called the Messenger for the Harbour. Special gifts came tumbling in as they were needed to cheer all our hearts. A good man like many another came to this Cornish Riviera, for his health. He was accompanied by his doctor for his weary over-wrought brain needed rest and refreshment. He found upon the healing waters of this magnificent Haven the very thing he needed. The Bethel and its Missioner attracted his attention and awakened his interest and sympathies. Coming

to the Railway station to see me off on one of my visits Mr. Day Burchett said:—"Mr. Matthews, I would like to give a thank-offering to God for restoration. My wife and mother would like to join me in it and we would like it to take this form. The Missioner is living at Flushing away from the centre of his work, if Earl Kimberley will give the Quay space we will present the British and Foreign Sailors' Society with a Missionary's cottage. It shall be built, jutting out from the Bethel but making a solid whole, garden roof, all the windows looking out upon his marine parish, the inner and outer harbours. Earl Kimberley very kindly gave the space required, the house was built, and the Mission started with renewed vigour.

Captain Sir David Welch, R.N., Vice-President of the Society, comes to Falmouth for the winter months. He is attracted to this

WEYMOUTH REST.



FOR HOME FLEET.

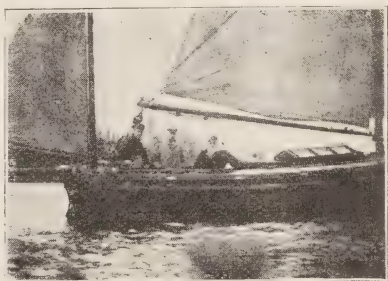
notable Bethel. Now the gallant Captain, since knighted by his Royal Master, the late King Edward, was perhaps the King's oldest servant and one of his most intimate friends. Captain Welch was in command of one of Queen Victoria's yachts shortly after the Prince was born. In fact quite recently, when the Royal family were having a happy afternoon on Virginia Water (Windsor) in charge of Captain Welch, Queen Alexandra found the Captain playing with Prince Edward (now the Duke of Cornwall). Her Majesty said, "Welch, you have played with three generations. You played with my husband when he was a little boy, afterwards with my

son and now with his son (the Duke of Cornwall)." Yes, and the King played with Welch till within a week of his death. This rich vein of fun, the child spirit, the redeeming sense of humour, the overflowing good nature, found a reciprocal, responsive spirit in his old sailor friend. Welch was a strong teetotaler, a pronounced Protestant, in fact though he always attended the Episcopal or Presbyterian church with the King, he was and is a Baptist. A distinct personality, conviction and faith which the King from

his youth up always honoured. But many a bit of delightful play did he have with Welch. On the occasion of an annual meeting at Falmouth, Captain Welch was to preside. So he wrote to the King, then Prince of Wales, and told him of the splendid work done by the Mission, but as the new cottage had blocked the light out of the Reading Room he suggested that as Duke of Cornwall H.R.H. might like to give a window, which would let in the light and allow the sailors to look up the harbour, and they would name it after him. A playful reply came back which might be summed up in the words "No doubt you are establishing another Dissenting place in which bigotry will reign!" This stirred the heart of the gallant Captain and he returned to the fight by saying, "so broad indeed was the Mission that H.R.H. might send down a Bishop, with his crook so long as he preached the Gospel to the sailors." As a matter of course the window was given accompanied by a gracious message, and there it is to-day, with its symbols telling of a delightful but departed friend. Gone to that place where they need no light to look out upon the sea of glass, and where none are excluded of any nation or denomination if they can but sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

The missionary is out in the harbour visiting his flock, but the breeze freshens and his cockle shell of a boat meets with an accident. He was happily rescued, but the account of it in the Press is read by a lady who had not risen from her couch since the death of her husband, a yachtsman, and once a commodore of a Club. She was at Eastbourne, but the items of news were always read to her from the Western Press. "Oh," she said, "I wonder if the Society would accept for Falmouth, a safe, well-equipped, up-to-date, Mission-boat, suitable for such a big open roadstead." The minister, an old friend of mine staying with her and knowing me, telegraphed to me and to Eastbourne I went. Mrs. Jackson said, "Since the death of my husband I have longed to place a life-boat in this county to be associated with his name. But the Royal Lifeboat Society is well equipped with Life-boats for this Coast. In reading of the accident this morning I felt I would like, if I may, to give another lifeboat." When I left she said, "I feel better already." The boat was built at Falmouth after the design by a young marine

CLAREEN MISSION BOAT.



HON. GRANVILLE WALDEGRAVE,
Deputy President, on board.

architect, who has since won his spurs, and was named after Mrs. Jackson's house, the *Clareen*. On the death of Mrs. Jackson she left a legacy of £1000 to be invested as the Nucleus Endowment towards upkeep. Recently I was out in the *Clareen*, with a good breeze as much as she could carry with comfort without a reef and going round fine sailing ships, Russian, German, French, Norwegian, Danish, British, etc., waiting for orders after their long voyages, and she proved that nothing of her type and size can beat her. A perfect little beauty, a thing of life!

Consul Williams, a fine type of Cornishman returns with his good wife to Falmouth after spending some years on the Pacific



THOMAS MASON, ESQ., CHAIRMAN B.F.S.S.

Coast with their head-quarters at Tocopilla. For years they alone supported a mission for seamen in that far off Pacific Port. No sooner do they return to finish their days in the Homeland, than they purchase a store adjoining to the Bethel, a building, the lower part of which in former days was used as a sort of lock-up, with bars of iron behind, where drunken and other sailors were confined. But we have found a more excellent way. A fine room for deep sea sailors was erected, 'all windows looking out upon the entrancing scene,

while in the room below is an attractive coffee bar. Mrs. Williams has invested £100 to be the Nucleus Memorial fund of her late husband for the upkeep of this valuable addition known as the Tocopilla room.

Sir John Barker, the ex-M.P., gave an In Memoriam Bagatelle Board, for all reading and no play makes Jack a dull boy! Mr. W. Barry visiting Falmouth gives for the Bethel Hall the installation of the Electric Light which gives a finishing touch to the scene. A screen is given by a poor sailor as an In Memoriam gift. The tender upon the *Clareen*, a staunch little boat, is given by a 1000 Sunday School children of Bodmin. The Truro Wesley Guild gave in Memory of Mr. T. N. Coombs, their organist, a small organ for the *Clareen*. Mr. Coombs died at his organ after playing "Who are these in white arrayed?" The outside lamp attracting people from the main street, down rather a narrow dark street, to the Bethel, was a gift of Prince George, bearing his name—the present popular, Sailor, King George V.

The surgery with its full equipment and attractive surroundings, will make a deep impression upon those who come to see the King Edward Pulpit which is the centre of this one Mission. Hundreds of first-aid cases have been dealt with here. Some two thousand, chiefly young fellows, down in their luck, some submerged, others who have come from the chaplain of Bodmin jail, have been helped to berths, to friends, to make a fresh start—lift up the fallen. Men from storm and accident, as young Jack Nelson, the only one rescued after the fatal collision off the harbour mouth, here found a special friend in Chaplain Badger in the hour of their need. Twenty-nine perished in this collision, and Nelson, swimming in the water, the Carpenter, having on his sea boots and heavy clothing, said "I wonder if I shall be saved to-night? In my last wreck the old man (the Captain) was drowned." Nelson tried to get off his boots but the sea was heavy, all were soon exhausted, Nelson only was saved to tell the tale. Badger has received letters from parents and others for kindness shown, and as Nelson came to our headquarters and told me the thrilling tale in my own room, I again felt that the King Edward Pulpit was the outward and visible sign of an all round work, good for the body and the soul. We give it in some detail, because it is impossible to deal with all the ports, but it illustrates their true catholicity, an international character about it all, and very much after the spirit of the late King. The pulpit is rightly named.

Let it be for ever remembered, Jesus Christ made a ship his pulpit. Not by accident, but by prophetic design, as though the ship should be the symbol of His sway. That He would have a representative on board every ship—that every ship of every nation should be Christ's pulpit. Let this be the aim of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

FATHER TAYLOR'S PULPIT, BOSTON.

The American Seaman's Friendly Society of New York, co-operates with the British and Foreign Sailor's Society in London in conjointly supporting stations in many ports of the world. Its able Secretary, the Rev. J. McPherson Hunter sends hearty congratulations on Lord Strathcona becoming President, and U.S.A. desire to join in Birthday greetings. But here is a bright word about Father Taylor and his pulpit.

No sailor visiting Father Taylor's Bethel at Boston, U.S.A., would ever forget his pulpit. Charles Dickens vividly described the old sailor preacher, marching on his quarter deck and with eloquent tongue, look and gesture, describing the sailor's voyage from earth to heaven. Behind the pulpit, if my memory serves me well, was a large painting upon the wall, of a ship under



WEYMOUTH BETHEL EMERGENCY BEDS.

flowing sail which had just made the harbour and was about to enter the "desired haven." Father Taylor not only had a notable pulpit, he was a notable man, said by some eminent writers to have been the greatest natural pulpit (or any other) orator the U.S.A. ever produced. Yet when young, Taylor was converted at sea, he could not read nor write his name. It seemed as though his great powers, intellectual and spiritual, were suddenly quickened into life by the creative energies of the Divine Spirit. A miracle in its way after the same manner as the lightning flash which struck down the young man named Saul, and at once made him a great personality and force for the Church of God.

All distinguished visitors to Boston, which was then called the Hub of the Universe, were taken to the Sailors' Bethel. One Sunday the famous singer, Jenny Lind, whose name filled the world was there. Narrow-minded, bigoted people, were at Boston as in every town and place. Not a few were condemned for going to

hear the Queen of song, the enrapturing Nightingale. One of these censorious condemning persons was found that morning on the pulpit stair. He ventured to ask the preacher "if a christian would go to heaven if he died at one of Jenny Lind's concerts?" The old sailor of striking mien, eagle eye and lionheart, drew himself up as though he would pounce upon his prey and exclaimed, with raised emphatic voice, "A CHRISTIAN will go to heaven wherever he dies, a fool will be a fool wherever he is, though he be found on a pulpit stair!" There were no more questions asked that day! And Jenny Lind's eyes flashed sympathy and fellowship for one great in song, and another great in sermon, had met in the sailors' Bethel.

On another occasion Father Taylor was describing sins and vices in soul-stirring words and moving pathos, that it seemed as though the very ocean was lashed into fury. A sailor, sitting in front of the pulpit (for the middle of the Bethel was reserved specially for the sailors, while the fashionable, learned, uptown sinners had to sit either in or under the galleries on either side), could stand it no longer, the more so as he had to catch his ship which was sailing, for time and tide would wait for no man. Feeling his own sinfulness and that things would be made worse by leaving in the midst of such a service, he stood up to make his humble confession but said "I must leave, my ship is going to sea!" The preacher took in the situation, he had not been describing the sins of sailors as much as the sins of shore people. So he looked down with infinite tenderness and compassion upon this weather-beaten mariner who must leave to catch his ship, and said "Jack, I don't mean you, I am striking starboard and larboard!" Meaning that his sailors were not sinners, above all the Bostonians, but he was hitting hard, the uptown sinners sitting on his right and left—starboard and larboard—under the galleries!

At another time he was describing a helpless sinner like a battered ship. He had gone through every phase of the rising storm, ending in the absolute hopelessness of the ship, now on ocean depths actually sinking. By an unerring master mind he had brought his sailor congregation and the rest to the psychological moment.

VANCOUVER.



MISSIONARY WHEELER.

All hope that they should be saved (but one) was now taken away. With awful and solemn earnestness he exclaimed, "What is to be done now?" and paused for a moment. A sailor who had been swept along by the storm, unconscious of all his surroundings, save that he was not upon the Rock, and his ship was sinking under him, leapt to his feet, and loudly giving the order shouted "Launch the Life-boat." Then in tones and words which must have encouraged not a few to come on board, he said

CHRIST IS THAT LIFEBOAT.

When I arrived in Boston in 1877 and had the privilege of speaking from that self-same pulpit, the veteran pilot had reached port and taken in his last ship. Even after he was unable to climb his pulpit stair, and his mind weakened and the old craft was breaking up, there were occasional flashes, and people had to be careful in asking questions or criticising his deeds or words. The tottering old man would carry up live coals to his bedroom and a trusted and beloved housekeeper feared he would set the house on fire but she dare not expostulate, and so at eventide she got mother Taylor to say the word! Morning came and Mr. Taylor sat opposite to the housekeeper at the breakfast table but she dare not begin till grace was said. Meekly waiting she asked for grace. Evidently smarting under a mild midnight lecture, fixing his eyes upon his old friend, he emphatically said "Lord save us from conceit, deceit, and tittletattling. Amen!" Nothing more was said on either side, and breakfast proceeded! Two sailors coming along saw the Bethel-flag flying over the building, one being a better scholar than the other, was reading out the word and explaining it to his chum—he read it to mean BEAT-HELL. Let's go in said one, that's just the place to suit us. No doubt they had often been beaten by their strong enemy but this flag tells of another victory.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AND THE BIBLE.

THERE were three men who stood out on the world's platform among the Nation's in a universal sense. Perhaps the mightiest was our late King Edward, President Roosevelt, and the German Emperor. Each gloriously different in personality, equipment, training, and in representative character. All having much to do with the world's peace. In things National, all placing God's book in its true place. All three men have shown repeated kindnesses to the British and Foreign Sailors Society. All three saw what the ship and the sailor can do for their respective nations. The German Emperor loves the Sea and the ship and it is specially trying to British flesh and blood for the German Nation, after paying special attention to the scholar, the soldier, to be concentrating on the *sailor*, and all that he stands for! It was trying for Germania to invade Britannia's Domain and seize the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic! That is happily, if at great

cost, recovered. It is trying to old British Sea dogs to find that Germany will now launch the biggest carrying ship afloat to exceed even our new Atlantic! All this is only a trumpet call to "wake up Britain," and commercial emulation afloat is



HIS MAJESTY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

all right. When it comes however to *Dreadnoughts* that woke us up in the night with a sort of start, that is another matter! The German Emperor believes in God and that has given him his tremendous power, but I say to him, "Your Majesty, God gave to Britannia through her sailor braves, those British hearts of Oak, that supreme, that momentous trust, namely, the Dominion of the Sea. And while we believe it is the Divine will that she should retain it, the Nation pledges itself by all that is sacred to safeguard the trust. That God has a place for your Nation to fill on land and sea we gladly admit, and

therefore the prayer to God is that the Nation that gave the immortal Luther to the world, and united the Germanic and Britannic nations in a great spiritual all-conquering fight, may now so unite the two nations in a common understanding, that shall be for the mutual benefit of each and for the peace of the world. In any case till the Divine decree is revoked, the nation's duty is clear, and the signal is flying still, "England expects that every man will do his duty." I am glad to pass on to the Schools of our mighty Dominions this word about your Bible which you preach to your sailors when afloat. We thank you for the picture bearing your autograph as Admiral of the Fleet, and we pray that God of the sea and the land may have you in His Holy keeping till your bit of work on earth is also done. What greater crown can come to Sovereign or subject, than to be able to say with any truthfulness as the end draws near, "I have glorified Thee upon the earth, I have finished the work, Thou gavest me to do." Or the word of that greatest of warriors, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." But here is this word on the Emperor's Bible:—

The following remarks, telegraphed *The Times* correspondent

from Berlin, June 10th, attributed to the Emperor William by a provincial newspaper, are now reproduced by the semi-official *North German Gazette* :—

“ I like reading the Bible often, the Bible which stands on the table at my bedside and in which I have underlined the most beautiful thoughts. I cannot understand why so many people occupy themselves so little with the Word of God. Who, on reading the Gospels and other passages, is not impressed by the simple, living, proven, and attested truth? How could Christ otherwise have set His stamp upon the world? In all my thoughts and actions I ask myself what the Bible says about the matter. For me it is a fountain from which I draw strength and light. In the hours of uncertainty and anxiety I turn to this great source of consolation. I am confident that many of those who have fallen away from God will return in our time to a firm belief, that many will once more feel a longing for God. It is indeed the beauty and the blessing of the Christian Church that times of strong doubt awake an especial desire for the profession of faith and a joyous enthusiasm in belief. I cannot imagine a life which is inwardly estranged from God. We must all go through hours of Gethsemane, hours in which our pride is humbled. Humility is difficult for us; we wish to be our own master.”

EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Ex-President Roosevelt represented his great Nation at the funeral of King Edward, after his remarkable tour in Africa, Egypt, Europe. Our President, Lord Strathcona, gave a special reception in his favour. In accepting the Society's Nelson-Strathcona Shield, such as is now being presented to the Schools of Canada, he said “ I can only repeat what I have previously said, that I heartily wish the good work of your Society every success.” He refers to a letter of 1905 when he was President of U.S.A., when he said :—“ I know already of the excellent work done by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and in the name of the American sailors who have profited by your courtesy and kindness I wish to thank you; and in answer to your letter let me extend a cordial greeting to you on this occasion of the Centenary of the heroic death which closed the wonderful career of your great Admiral Nelson. With renewed thanks, and all good wishes.”

The British Weekly, in a Statesmanlike article, after the passing of the great Peacemaker, under the title, “ The next Great Steps to Peace,” gave a high place to Colonel Roosevelt, and the infinite importance of a league of peace, between America and England.

“ Mr. Roosevelt can help us as no one else can to achieve the next great step to peace. We mean, of course, an alliance between this country and America. Such an alliance, thoroughly carried out,

would ensure the peace of the world. It is of all alliances the alliance that is most natural and congenial. No one wishes for a moment



COLONEL ROOSEVELT, EX-PRESIDENT U.S.A.

to interrupt friendly relations between our nation and any other nation. But the British Empire joined to the United States would be wholly irresistible."

The Venerable Dr. John Brown Paton, M.A., of Nottingham, writes in affectionate terms of the new President of the B.F.S.S., Lord Strathcona, and the old Senior Secretary. He is delighted that the great Dominions are being linked up in the sacred cause of peace. He dwells upon the close of King Edward's reign, the sacred gathering of nine kings and representatives at his grave, the thrill of peace which passed round the world, and all this followed by Ecumenical Missionary Conference at Edinburgh, and the Archbishop of Canterbury's address on union and peace. He feels that the Society with Lord Strathcona as President and His Majesty King George as Patron might accomplish still more among the Nations along the lines of "Peace on earth and good will to men."

CHAPTER XV.

PEACE AMONG THE NATIONS.

Lord Strathcona has done his utmost to unite the English and French speaking peoples of Canada. God has so ordained that these two peoples should co-operate under one flag in building up a great Nation. What his lordship did and is doing for his beloved Canada uniting east and west, King Edward did for England and France! The way the British and Foreign Sailors' Society carried out its Nelson Centenary Celebrations met with the warm approval of the late King. As this work will be largely circulated in Canada we place on permanent record the success which under God crowned our efforts. The British and Foreign Sailors' Society while inculcating patriotism to King and country, the same time has declared the brotherhood of the sea and is the great Peace Society of the World.

Victory Oak Block for Paris.

A Victory Pledge of Peace and Goodwill.

Important Letter from the President du Conseil Municipal, Paris,
to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

REPLY TO THE FOLLOWING COMMUNICATION.

OCTOBER 10TH, 1905.

Monsieur Le Président,

Municipal Council of Paris.

Dear Sir,

We welcome you to our shores, and desire to express it in the highest possible manner.

You come with your Municipal Council of Paris to our London on the Centenary of the death of Nelson, our great national hero, and you will be here the very day when throughout the British Empire we shall honour our Mighty Sailor. But while we do so we shall, at the same time, do honour to Les Braves, the heroic sailors of France who fell with our darling Nelson on that fateful day, October 21st, 1805.

This Society will on Saturday afternoon, October 21st, 1905, at the Nelson Centennial Celebration, to be held at the Royal Albert Hall, hoist the Union Jack and the Tricolour, which they will salute, and then will be sung on that great historic occasion "God Save the King" and the "Marseillaise."

It remains only for me to ask you in the name of this Society, which has been made by the Lords of the Admiralty the custodians of the oak and copper taken from our famous ship Victory, if you will accept for Paris and the French nation this message of peace and goodwill in the shape of a piece of Nelson oak, bearing the following inscription.

Honoured President, if you will accept this British oak message from our hearts, it will give the greatest pleasure to our Empire.

I may close by saying that it was our joy to present to all your sailors visiting Portsmouth in August last a Souvenir of "Peace on earth and goodwill to men."

In this spirit I beg to subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD W. MATTHEWS,

Secretary.

PRESENTED
TO THE
PRESIDENT OF THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL OF PARIS
BY THE
BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY.

PATRON :

VICE-ADMIRAL H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.,
on the occasion of the visit of the Municipal Council of Paris to
London on the Centennial of the Death of Nelson, October
21st, 1905.

This simple oak block from H.M. "Victory" is In Memoriam
of the brave French sailors who fell with our immortal, heroic,
and never-to-be-forgotten Admiral Lord Nelson, on that fateful
day, October 21st, 1805.

This precious memento is presented to France in the Reign of
His Majesty King Edward VII., who was crowned by the French
Nation with this proud title,

LE ROI PACIFICATEUR.

E.R. VII.

EDWARD W. MATTHEWS,

Secretary.

British and Foreign Sailors' Society,
Passmore Edwards Sailors' Palace,
Limehouse, London, E.

PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

VILLE DE PARIS.

CONSEIL MUNICIPAL.
CABINET DU PRESIDENT.

République Française
(Liberté—Egalité—Fraternité).

PARIS, le 12 Octobre 1905.

MONSIEUR LE SECRETAIRE,

Le sentiment qui a dicté à la Société des Marins Britanniques et étrangers la proposition d'offrir au Conseil Municipal de Paris, à l'occasion de sa visite à Londres et comme gage de paix et de bonne entente, un souvenir du glorieux amiral Nelson, est trop élevé pour que nous n'acceptons pas ce présent avec cordialité.

Nous conserverons la relique du "Victory" dans notre Musée municipal et nous y verrons comme vous, un symbol de l'union de plus en plus intim de nos deux Patries.

L'inscription si éloquente qui place cette manifestation fraternelle sous le patronage du roi pacificateur donnera à la remise de ce souvenir toute sa signification et toute sa portée.

Je vous prie de transmettre aux membres de la Société nos sinceres remerciements et de croire à nos sentiments de profonde sympathie.

Le President du Conseil Municipal,
M. BROUSSE.

A Most Welcome Message from France.

We thank God for this Centenary Telegram, and the fraternal feeling between two great nations this Centennial year.

PRESIDENT OF COUNCIL.



LADY DIMSDALE.
(Treasurer, Ladies' Guild).

BRAVE FRENCH SAILORS.

"BREST, Oct. 20.—The charmingly tactful letter from the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, presenting a piece of Victory Oak to France in memory of the brave French sailors who were killed at Trafalgar, has produced an excellent impression among the officers and men of the Northern Squadron. Everybody is deeply touched by the offering of this souvenir to the Municipal Council of Paris, and by the reference to the courage of the French sailors.

"The whole of Brest, the great nursery of the French Navy, is deeply grateful for the noble and elevated tone of the letter, and

the naval papers express themselves as fascinated with the whole affair, in which they see a fresh bond of union between France and England."—THE STANDARD, October 21st, 1905.

Telegram from *Times* Correspondent.

THE NELSON CENTENARY IN PARIS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT).

PARIS, November 13th.

"The entente cordiale has been celebrated to-day by an interesting ceremony at the Hotel de Ville, when the Rev. Edward W. Matthews, Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, presented M. Brousse, the President of the Municipal Council, with a block of oak taken from Nelson's flagship, the Victory, as a memento of his recent visit to London. This memento, which was offered to M. Brousse during the recent visit of the Municipal Council on behalf of Paris and the French nation as a message of peace and good will, was accepted by the President of the Council in a letter in which he declared that the sentiment which dictated the action of the society was too elevated for them not to accept the present with the same cordiality. The Municipal Council would, he said, place that relic in their Museum and regard it as a symbol of the constantly-increasing intimacy of the two countries.

Although the reception of the gift to-day was of a somewhat impromptu character, owing to the short notice given of Mr. Matthews' coming, it was marked by the utmost cordiality. The President, M. Brousse, the syndic, M. Bellan, the entire Municipal staff, and a large proportion of the Councillors were in attendance. Mr. Matthews began by assuring the President of the pride and satisfaction which it afforded him to represent his Society on such an occasion when in the persons of the Municipal Council of Paris he was addressing the very heart of France. He presented them with a piece of oak from the historic ship the Victory, bearing an inscription stating that it was 'in memoriam of the brave French sailors who fell with our immortal heroic, and never-to-be-forgotten Admiral Lord Nelson on that fateful day, October 21st, 1805. This precious memento is presented to France in the reign of His Majesty King Edward VII., who was crowned by the French nation with this proud title, le Roi Pacificateur.'

The speaker desired specially to emphasize the heroism manifested by the French seamen in the great historic battles of that period. Napoleon himself and many historians had too often passed over in silence heroic deeds by French sailors which had never been surpassed by any seaman, British or other. The celebration of the Nelson Centenary was a fitting opportunity to recall that fact, of which the story of the French man-of-war the Orient was a striking instance. Nelson's coffin was made from the mast of that famous vessel, which, with its gallant young sailor boy, Casabianca, and its officers and men, had covered itself with glory. His daughter Miss Eveline Matthews, brought a wreath from the boys and girls of Britain in memory of Casabianca, who was a popular hero for

every child throughout the United Kingdom. Indeed, nothing in ocean story surpassed the heroism of the Orient on that great day, and he hoped the Paris Municipal Council, which was about to commemorate the entente cordiale, would one day find in Paris a site for a monument to Casabianca and the gallant crew of the Orient. His Society was proud to recall that their first President Admiral Gambier, was of French descent, like so much of the best blood of England.

This short address was received with hearty applause, as were also the few words spoken by Miss Matthews.



MRS. TROUP,
President Ladies' Guild, Victoria, B.C.

In returning thanks and expressing his high appreciation of the gift and the spirit in which it was made, M. Brousse dwelt upon the coincidence of the Centenary of Nelson with the visit of the Municipal Council to London. The celebration of that Centenary marked a change in the sentiment prevailing between the two countries. The British nation desired to break the tradition of hostility between themselves and the French people, and the spirit in which the British and Foreign Sailors' Society offered that memento was fresh evidence of the entente cordiale between England and France which implied no hatred of any other country. They also highly appreciated the wreath

presented by Miss Matthews in memory of the young French sailor hero Casabianca, and begged her to accept a bouquet of French roses from them. In conclusion, M. Brousse invited his guests to join with him in drinking to the health of the British and French Fleets.

After some animated conversation between the Councillors and their English visitors, during which the President assured Mr. Matthews that the oak block, as well as the commemorative plate from copper taken from the Victory, would find a place in the Carnavalet Museum, probably accompanied by a portrait of Nelson, this pleasant ceremony ended with a tour through the principal salons of the Hotel de Ville."

THE TIMES correspondent in Paris said, "I have cabled to London two telegrams, one political on a great debate last night, my interview with ministers. The other is a telegram re your Society's presentation to Paris and France, I do not know which will go in." The Editor of THE TIMES selected the above.

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MANCHESTER: 11, Market Street.
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PARIS: 17, Rue Cambon.
FRED. C. SALTER, European Traffic Manager, Grand Trunk Railway System.

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CHAPTER XVI.

ONE HUNDRED MILLION CANADIANS.

CANADA'S MIGHTY PROBLEM.

(SOLVED BY THE SCHOOL AND THE CHURCH).

Earl Grey, the present popular Governor-General of Canada, repeated in his famous speech at New York, that the past century belonged to the United States of America, but the present century belongs to Canada. The first decade proves this, and the beginning of the second decade of this undreamt of century will find Canada with no less than three Trans-Continental Railways, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and before the end of the second decade railways will link up the Yukon with Vancouver, Hudson's Bay with the Southern lines of the Middle Provinces. While the third decade will see other railway lines spreading over the country to meet the growing needs of the Empire.

Six decades passed of the previous century before the United States had the facilities which Canada possesses in the second decade of its own century. Such will be the facilities of steamer and railway, agricultural inventions and a thousand others, that the next decade must of necessity be more fruitful than several of the early decades of the past century.

Just as the Mauritania and Olympic type of steamer will do more work in one year now than a whole fleet could do then.

One has written that Canada must double its population every twelve years. To any one who has travelled through the length and breadth of it, from its Dan to Beersheba, travelled with the eyes and heart of a Joshua, must see, unless God, the God of Nations, should will otherwise, that when the ten decades have run their course, Canada may possibly count its hundred millions of inhabitants. But we will not quarrel about a few millions either way.



MR. C. M. HAYS,
President, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

What are the simple facts? Canada is a continent in itself. For untold ages its coal cellars, mineral works, oil wells, gas, already manufactured, were in the making for this century. We include natural gas, for we passed through one town lit by natural gas, and no corporation or company to manufacture it! It is cheaper to let it burn all the time than to send men round in the morning to put it out and in the evening to light up! For centuries for several feet down, the rich loamy soil was preparing for this century. We will not dwell upon the forests coming in where the rich prairies end. Neither will we speak of the fisheries of the Pacific which threaten to eclipse the fisheries of the Atlantic, which the Arbitration Court are now settling at the Hague.

Science comes in and says, I can do more in decades for putting inhabitants upon this continent than the fathers could do in centuries. In fact, science says I can keep the streams of population flowing in all the time. Let them all come. Yes, says the Canadian Parliament, all except the Undesirables.

Here are some of the telling paragraphs given by Lord Strathcona, worthy of a permanent place in our goth birthday pen picture album.

“In twenty years, Canada will produce sufficient wheat to supply the whole of the British Isles,” said Lord Strathcona.

‘So soon as that?’ I asked in astonishment. ‘But the entire population of the Dominion is no more than about eight million. Do you mean that within twenty years they will be able to raise enough wheat for their own needs and between forty and fifty million of people in this country?’

Lord Strathcona smiled with the serene air of a builder who has laid his foundations on a rock and knows that they are secure.

‘That estimate is based on the most conservative figures,’ he explained. ‘My own opinion is that Canada’s wheat supply will be sufficient to feed every man, woman, and child in the British Isles in less time even than a generation. But there is no need to be too sanguine. Canada has so much to offer the Empire that we can well afford to be moderate. Nothing can persuade me to overstate the case.’”

Problems must necessarily rise. It is not a problem of food, for they say Canada will become the principal granary of the world. It is not a problem of employment, for there is work first on the land, then in the towns and cities, as they rise, for all who will.

The problem is national, social, spiritual! How give such hospitality and yet have loyalty? How receive from many nations and yet have one nation? How weld together one united, assimilated nation in righteousness, temperance, justice, charity, and Godliness, according to the British and Scriptural ideal? There are doubtless many factors: navy, army, industry, politics, etc., but the two primary and final factors are

CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

Nothing so astonished me, rejoiced me, with absolute confidence in the future of the Self-Governing Colonies, as, under God, these two omnipotent factors in the building up of the young nations, as the School and the Church. It was my privilege to address the fine schools and colleges in all the chief cities of New Zealand, Australia, and Canada, so I speak from actual contact, personal observations, and the fulness of experience. No harbours as fine as Sydney, no mountains massive as the Rockies, no forests

far reaching as British Columbia, no rivers as Ottawa and St. Lawrence, no unique glories as New Zealand affords as its Wanganui River, no island continent as Australia, nothing in sea or shore or sky so ravished and inspired my spirit with hopefulness as did the schools of the King's Dominions beyond the seas.

The loyalty, enthusiasm, efficiency of the teaching staff, the provision made by the varied governments for teaching the young, the one dominating, governing idea was, whatever is neglected in the State, the school must have the first place. Contrast this quickening spirit with Spain, where the people have been kept in ignorance, alas, too long, and to their national undoing. Countries are beginning to wake up to the fact that



MISS WESTON,
THE SAILORS' MOTHER.

Germany forges ahead more by her schoolmasters than even by her soldiers. In one district of Australia was a big steam school launch, gathering up the scattered children and taking them to their school centre. In another a family coach, shepherding up the lambs of the flock and taking them off to the school shepherd to be fed. In New Zealand and Canada you would see the sterling young breeds out of which empires are built, boys and girls galloping off upon their horses to reach their school. What would our London children think of such exhilarating attractions going to school in a launch or a brake, and not on donkeys but horses? Schools, primary and secondary, public and private, which it was my privilege to visit in all three Dominions, stand out in my mind so conspicuously that I could write a book upon

them and their masters and mistresses. For physical, mental, and spiritual development the girls appear to be equal to the boys, and this was one of the hopeful signs. Mistresses were not behind the masters in loyalty, enthusiasm, and efficiency. Several schools for special reasons left indelible impressions upon my mind.

We climbed the Rocky Mountains from the West, and arrived at Calgary Station on a Sunday morning early in February, 1907. It was the Sunday that prepared me for the Monday. Jack Frost had held the district for weeks in his iron grip, that some of the old timers said they had seen nothing like it for years. In any case about six that morning the glass registered *20 deg. of frost (F.)*. In the Methodist Church the organ struck and could not dispense its music, the water power being frozen. The big Presbyterian Church where I was to have given a sailor sermon in the evening was closed. Yet in the morning the saints gathered, sung their song, "All people that on earth do dwell, sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;" but the pastor finding the temperature of the church was below freezing point, in spite of fires going all night, thought it wise to close the church for the day,—the first time this had been done since its erection! A daring young athlete of a parson, hearing I was free, rang me up on the 'phone, and asked if I would go with him about a MILE out and preach in a small church? In my innocence I consented so to do. So we trudged along against time and head wind. I thought this must be a nIrish mile, then a Scots mile, and finally concluded, it was a Canadian mile reaching up towards the Pole! For the moment I longed for the music of the sledge bells. My feet were more accustomed to the rolling deep than the rolling prairie, while the head wind and frost had a peculiar effect on my breathing apparatus. At last we saw a light in the windows and duly arrived. I went into the hot oven of a little vestry to thaw down, because Neptune's long beard was hung with icicles, and he looked a spectacle for men and angels! My tall muscular parson took his seat among the congregation and left the service in my hands. He was much struck that without any consultation, the hymns, Scriptures, and above all the very text he had for special reasons chosen had been selected. The text was, "When the morning was now come Jesus stood on the Shore," and as he was a much travelled man and had camped by the sea of Galilee, he had chosen illustrations and points which I also used! Without going into further details, at the close of the service he gave a brief word, the chief point being this: That they had been praying for God to send the Chinook. The Chinook is the significant Indian name for the warm wind which comes from the Japanese Gulf Stream to the Columbian shores, finds its way through the valleys of the Rockies, spreads over the plains and eats up, often in a night, the frost and the snow! They had prayed for the Chinook, and God had answered their

prayers in sending Mr. Matthews! Well, this was complimentary if hearts were at all warmed and melted. I am afraid in some milder climes there is too often frost and cold in the pulpit, and not only in the pulpit but in the pew also! But I was particularly inspired by all I saw in the churches of the various denominations in all the great Dominions.



REAR-ADMIRAL ERNEST

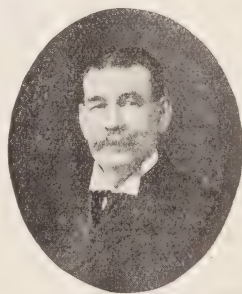
FLEET,
H.M.S. Swiftsure.
Formerly Chairman of our
Sailors' Institute Com-
mittee, Victoria.

To Calgary's centre we returned, and, by easy walking, it was all plain sailing, and we went to the cosy manse of the senior minister, and had a real good time with kindred souls till past the midnight hour.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

The morning cometh and it *was* a morning at Calgary. The sun was out in all his glory, and it seemed the earth was hung in diamonds and all precious things. I visited the small Town Hall and saw the city fathers. But there stood out a fine school which seemed to dwarf the city hall and much else. It was crowned with a tower. Above the tower, going up into the eternal blue of heaven was a flag-staff, and on the top of the pole there was proudly flying the flag that had braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze. It seemed as though this mighty West was conquered, that all who came hither could be safely housed under its folds, and that the great North-West was in the keeping of the children. My heart sang its doxology. I met the Superintendent, and had a refreshing, inspiring time with staff and school, dwelling upon the great things God had done for our nation through its sailors and other sons, inculcating duty to country and to God.

In the afternoon we sledged out to a college and found the school at their game upon the ice. They gathered round me in the sun under the lee of the school, and as I was giving them a bright, cheery, helpful word, one of the young masters drew with his ready pencil, old Father Neptune, surrounded by his boys, and so ended a day in a city which claims to be the biggest in Alberta, and says it will run the capital a tight race.



R. MORTON SMITH,
Esq.,
President,
of our Seamen's Branch
St. John, N.B.

Again visiting Canada in October, 1908, Prime Minister Rutherford, who was also Minister of Education, told me that Calgary had since a still larger school, and they were establishing

schools all over Alberta as fast as they could. A type of what is going on everywhere.

The great difficulty felt by the Educational authorities of Alberta is the supply for schools. All the officials are worked up to the hilt. At Regina, that wonderful rising capital, at 9 p.m. I rang up the Deputy Minister, Mr. D. P. McColl, at his private home. His wife came to the 'phone and said I would find him at his office as they had to work overtime. And that is where I did find him.

Montreal is the commercial metropolitan port of Canada, and although closed by ice in the winter, believes that it will soon rival New York in its grain export and much else. In this mighty city, beautiful for situation, crowned by its Mount Royal, it was my privilege to address some 1200 (if memory serves me well) scholars. They came marching in at the sound of music, each class led by its teacher and a senior scholar of the class bearing a flag. It *was* a march, too! General Grant of the United States Army, when reviewing the British troops on the Rock of Gibraltar, said: "They had victory in their tread." So was it with this school as they came marching in. The simple, tender, touching, appropriate prayer of the head master went right to my heart. Near by in Montreal a sister school had been burnt down, and the mistress had sacrificed her life to save her children. She had given her consecrated abilities to her school, now she gave her life, a fit illustration of the spirit reigning in the schools of the King's Dominions. In addition to my patriotic address, a brief lesson was read from the best Book ever admitted into a school, and will give the best results for nation building, and for the building up of character, which is the chief object of education and the chief asset of a nation. In the song and hymn book there was such a commonsense selection of choice hymns and national songs. They gave a stirring patriotic song and a standard hymn which, when learnt in youth, goes imperceptibly to mould the spirit and the life. It would be impossible for anybody from the Old Country to witness such a scene without thanking God and taking courage. The exercises were over within the allotted time, and they marched to their classes to continue their education for the day.

Nothing is more cheering to the thoughtful man than to see in the rising towns the temples of God. Strathcona City is named after the man whose name it bears. It is right opposite to Edmonton, the capital of Alberta. Already the river is bridged, and when I was there in October, 1908, the first electric tram crossed, and soon mighty bridges carrying freight and passenger trains running West and East, North and South, will span the heights. These new cities and new countries have the advantage of the old and conservative ones, as they can start with newest things up-to-date. Edmonton, for instance, had adopted the telephone system which does not require an exchange. You do not require to ring up the centre and say: "183, Eastern," but by a simple and ingenious

method you instantly and without troubling a third person, speak at once with your friend.

Strathcona City struck me specially with its large churches. They shone out splendidly in the sun. No sooner does the township rise than the Government starts the school, and the Church of Christ (I do not refer to any particular part of it) starts its branch. But in spite of all the various churches are doing, the problem of how to feed the multitude with the Bread of Life is a tremendous one. The Archbishop of Canterbury and friends are sending out bands of



RIGHT HON. SIR JOSEPH C. DIMSDALE, V.C.,
Treasurer, B.F.S.S.

men and women, whose hearts God has touched, to Edmonton. These are needed, for I found, 12 miles out of this wonderful centre, that no clergymen or ministers of religion had visited their neighbourhood for months to preach the Gospel of Christ or minister the ordinances of our holy religion. The harvest is great, but the labourers are few.

Regina.—On my return journey I stayed off here for a few hours. It was thanksgiving day, business was suspended, and many resorted to the house of prayer. It was a notable gathering. The

principal address was given by a Baptist minister with much eloquence. He vividly described the length (1000 miles) and breadth (400) of the wheat-belt. He traced during the decades the pouring in of the nations to possess this promised land. But he significantly asked, "What will the Church of Christ do to meet the needs of these millions of people?" When a little boy I measured distances by my father's going thousands of miles away to Africa, which seemed to me out of the world. Will the Church do its duty? It is evident no nation can be permanently built up without the



LADY TILLEY,

Treasurer, Ladies' Guild, St. John, N.B.

Word of God, the Christ of God, the Spirit of God, the Church of the Living God. Will the Church rise to her great responsibility and privilege? Yes, I believe she will. I believe that through the school the people will be welded together in one thought, one language, the all conquering English Language, and I believe if the Church seeks first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness all other things, as a strong, invincible nation, will be built up, and the problems will be solved by the School and the Church.

"Wherever we went," writes Lady Aberdeen, "it seemed as if we met 'oor ain folk,' and these same folk seemed generally to get 'the guiding o't.'"

That reflection should do more than fill our hearts with pride of Old Scotland: it should bring home to those of us who are parents the additional responsibility of having children who belong to a race who seem bound to rise to high position and influence wherever they go, the world over. The thought that the destinies of countries far away may one day largely rest in our children's hands should fill us with a noble ambition for them, that they may be able to say with others who have gone before—

We cross the prairie as of old

The pilgrims crossed the sea,

To make the West, as they the East,

The homestead of the free.

We go to plant her common schools
 On distant prairie swells,
 And give the Sabbath of the wilds
 The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the ark of old,
 The Bible in our van,
 We go to test the truth of God,
 Against the foes of man.

The high moral and religious character of her present populations, the wise and true foundations that they are laying for future development and prosperity, make one long that those remaining in the Old Country should thoroughly realise how much reason they have to rejoice in our common kinship, and that those thinking of coming out to Canada to try their fortunes should come with a hearty desire to do their utmost for the land of their adoption. There has been some disappointment this year at the increase of the population during the last decade being only half a million.* Still all admit that the settlers are of a good stamp, and this, after all, is of far more importance than mere numbers. Strong in confidence of her future, she can afford to wait. As we sail down her rivers and lakes, and traverse her prairies and climb her mountains, the poet Whittier's words haunt us—

I hear the tread of pioneers,
 Of nations yet to be,
 The first low wash of waves where soon
 Shall roll a human sea."

A REMARKABLE PRONOUNCEMENT.

Prime Minister of Canada and Cabinet Ministers now
 out West.

THE HUDSON BAY RAILWAY PROJECT.

The Minister of Railways, replying at Langan to a demand for the Government ownership of the proposed Hudson Bay Railway, said :—

"We intend that whoever builds that railway must provide not only for carrying trade by rail to Hudson Bay, but also for a transatlantic steamship service to the markets of the Old World."—*Times*, July 25th, 1910.

* Lady Aberdeen wrote this nearly twenty years ago.

CHAPTER XVII.

LORD STRATHCONA ON HIS WATCH-TOWER.

Lord Strathcona as High Commissioner for Canada in London stands upon the high hill of observation almost day and night, watching as it were with eager eye the daily growth of his beloved Canada. His office is the reception room for the Dominion for all authoritative announcements, cablegrams, ethergrams coming through sea and air in constant flow. Things great and small and whether great or small all tell of the set of the tide and the irresistible oceanic currents which no human hand can stay. It's "Westward Ho" all this British Empire flows with ever increasing volume. Facts and figures are so compressed that you require a travelled imagination to fill up the picture.

RAILWAYS.—You get in one day paragraphs such as these: "Mr. Hays announced a few days ago that the Grand Trunk will have 1366 miles of road in operation by the Autumn, viz., from the Lakes to a point 120 miles west of Edmonton. 65 per cent. of their entire transcontinental line will be completed by the end of the year. The Grand Trunk will thus be able to carry a good proportion of the year's wheat crop."

"The Canadian Northern Railway Company is planning the construction of 600 miles of railway in Western Canada this year."

When you speak of railways, you speak of emigration and here is a paragraph. You can see them loading up at that wonderful winter port of St. John, and follow them as they wend their way, not walking by Prairie schooner as the Mayor of Winnipeg did, but travelling in the finest emigrant cars of the world.

Seventeen immigrant trains from ocean ports are, at the time of writing, on their way to the West. These carry six thousand settlers, and complete the biggest week on record in immigration circles. Most of these settlers are bound for the far west. That they are well laden with supplies is shown by the fact that the C.P.R. had to send fifteen baggage cars to St. John, N.B., to bring forward the effects of the passengers coming via their line. Included in the party are thirty families, comprising about 150 people, who are going to Calgary to take up farms under Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's latest scheme of ready-made farms for settlers in the irrigation country. From the United States a similarly large proportion of settlers are arriving daily. During the month of March 6523 passed through Portal, an increase of 1640 over the same month of 1909. For the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1909, the im-

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migration figures are as follow:—146,900; March 31st, 1910, 198,781, shewing increase of 51,881. But this is only the beginning of things.

A MIGHTY FACTOR NOW DISCLOSING.—During the first decades after Lord Strathcona landed, the United States of America were wiser in their day and generation respecting railways than Canada was. In any case they pushed west and made farming possible, so young Canada flocked over the border to have a share in the good things going? But what is happening now? They went over to break up the fallow ground, to sow their seed, to raise their children as well as their stocks and crops, but now our Canadian trans lines and cross lines are welcoming them back to fairer lands and they are returning, to be under the Old Flag, the old laws, the old institutions, they come with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves (wives, children, cattle, money, experience, mighty hopes and unconquerable hearts) with them. Here is proclamation and prophecy and always putting in two little words, God willing, the latter must be as true as the former.

“The national significance of the heavy influx of settlers is hard to grasp. Yesterday at Portal, Saskatchewan, sixty cars of effects, with 1100 horses and cattle, belonging to 250 settlers came over the line. This is about the average. 8000 settlers are expected via this route during April. Vice-President Whyte, of the C.P.R., said yesterday in Toronto that he looks for 125,000 from the States this year, as against 90,000 last year. He predicts that in fifteen years the one Province of Saskatchewan will be producing more wheat than the whole of the United States.”

Here is a significant message from the Minister of the Interior at Ottawa to his High Commissioner in London:—

1. There is an estimated increase in Western acreage sown of over twenty-five per cent. Six hundred new steam or gasoline ploughs are in use.
2. The unprecedented rush of immigration continues, there being nearly forty thousand arrivals during the month of April, twenty thousand of these being from the United States.
3. Eighty thousand acres of Canadian Pacific Railway farm lands have been sold to settlers in Central Alberta during the last three months.

A Western writer at Edmonton says: “While we are in the midst of receiving a rush of immigrants unprecedented in the history of the Canadian West, it is not possible to give final complete figures. A few details may be mentioned to give some idea of what the influx means. Through Portal on the “Soo” Line about 500 cars arrive each week, each with a capacity of thirty tons, laden with settlers’ effects. In two days from St. Paul, Minnesota, one hundred and fifty passengers for Canada brought with them \$200,000 in cash. These scattered items may convey some impression of the movement to this country both of men and money.”

A Special Correspondent at Winnipeg speaking of the American

rush to Canada writes to the *Daily News* on April 17th, 1910:—
 “The rush of American settlers to farms west of this point is surprising even the officials, who have prepared for a great influx this season. The annual rush has begun a month earlier than usual, and solid trainloads of home-seekers from the States are crossing the boundary almost daily. The records at Portal, Saskatchewan,



TREE CUTTING, NEW ZEALAND; SAME IN AUSTRALIA.
 (Did the glorious Captain Cook see in vision what was to come to pass?)

show that every State in the Union was represented in last week's migration. No other country was probably ever peopled by so prosperous and intelligent a class of settlers as are coming into Canada at present by their thousands. Goose Lake country, in Saskatchewan, a district 100 miles wide and 200 miles long, is actually peopled by Americans, who are forming a large colony in this province.”

“Emigrants from the States,” says another writer, “are also arriving in increasing numbers. This class of settler differs from the European in that he brings with him a cash capital, live stock and necessary agricultural implements. At the Manitoba ports the weekly arrivals of horses from the South average 1000 and cattle 500 head, and the Government veterinary inspectors are kept busy. The in-rush into Saskatchewan is even greater than that into Manitoba, and in two days 600 settlers crossed into the new

Grand Trunk Pacific districts in Saskatchewan, bringing with them 55 car loads of effects. These 600 settlers were stated to represent the value of \$6,000,000.

"During the past week (writes a correspondent) approximately 3000 people arrived in Winnipeg from Europe. This week has been by no means an exceptional one, but the figures are quoted merely as an illustration of the western movement which the city is feeling at the present time. The figures showing the arrival of immigrants in Canada from Europe for the week ending April 15th are as follow: British 1661; French 133; Belgians 60; Swedes 5; Austrians 317; Germans 22; Scandinavians 193; Galicians 345; Swiss 22; Russian 21."

A BIG TREE IN STANLEY PARK.



VANCOUVER, B.C. (Photographed in Tree).

During my first visit to Winnipeg it was my pleasure to address several big schools. I was accompanied by some of the heads of the City School Board. In one of these schools the flags of all the nations represented by the children were hanging round the walls. But they were all taught in English. After my patriotic address several of the children were called out by the gifted head-mistress and they gave their recitations in English. The School will solve the foreign problem and from the first the assimilating, moulding, welding, absorbing into a Canadian solidarity will be going forward.

BANKS.—I called in at Cobalt within a year almost of its silver discovery and spent the night there. What a revelation of the possibilities of that wondrous Canada! I could spin a yarn on this one place that would be more like a dream, a fairy tale, than what I saw with my own eyes. Three things struck me, banks, schools, churches! The devil was not to have sway here through his rum shop, liquor saloons and drink hells, as in some of the newly-discovered gold, silver and other districts of former

days. In the 24 hours I addressed two schools, called on ministers, bankers, and miners, and all kinds of people. Coming out of a minister's house situated on the top of a hill, I lost my sea legs (sooner walk the rolling and bowling waves than icy slippery steeps) and came down on my back. Had it been daylight some might have laughed at old father Neptune coming down by a short cut! But you must keep your weather eye open in these new discovered districts, or you will slide down in more ways than one! But the Banks, the chief cashiers sleeping in their shanty office at the start with revolvers at their side? Are there many banks in the comparatively new country of Canada? Here is an eye opener to many:—

“During the month of March, 1910, thirty-two branch banks were opened in Canada, twenty-two of which were in the western provinces. This brings the total of branch banks in Canada to be 2248, of which 728 are in the provinces west of the Great Lakes.”

How many banks were in Canada when Donald Alexander Smith landed? I expect you could count them on your fingers and toes! No bank in London or in any city of the world so impressed me as did the Bank of Montreal in the City of Montreal, and of which Lord Strathcona is President.

CITY BUILDINGS.—“Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada, was yesterday informed by cablegram from the minister of the Interior at Ottawa, that building operations in twenty Canadian cities during March amounted to £1,800,000, as against £1,000,000 in March, 1909.”

This proves that while people are flocking to the land, the Cities will grow, also both factors being essential in building up a nation.

Arriving at Battleford, Canadian Northern Railway on a Saturday evening in October, 1908, on my way to Edmonton the capital, I arranged to stay off and rest and go on by first train on Monday evening. On Sunday morning I preached for the Presbyterian minister, a youth from East London played the harmonium. The minister (filling a tremendous need in Canada) went out upon his horse in the summer to the outlying districts in the south doing good. He could tell many interesting stories of the lone settlers, without religious ministrations. I asked if he was at a little township of Scott. “No,” he said “there was no such town in that district when I was down there last August. The Grand Trunk Railway is coming through from Saskatoon to Edmonton, but I was from 20 to 40 miles round there but there was no such place as Scott. Here is our last Government guide, if there is a township there would be a post office but there is no mention of either. In March 1910, W. L. M. had an occasion to go from his farm north of Edmonton to Scott. This he did on the new Grand Trunk Line. He writes me: “that Scott in Sask is surrounded by splendid wheat growing land. It has three grain elevators for storing grain, stores (shops) of every construction and size, Hotels,

Restaurants, Cafés, Saloons, Post Office and Bank. Scott has 500 inhabitants, to say nothing of the people all round it stretching north to Battleford and South to the projected new C.P.R. Railway. I saw three large livery barns or stables, lumber yards and corrals, everything in fact a thriving little Western Town could have." As a matter of course there would be a School and Church for these, (particularly the former) follow the township made possible by the rail. Twenty-seven days after, a message came, through an Edmonton correspondent, to a London paper, which he calls a few details from the North West. One detail is "at the small station of Scott, Sask., thirty steam plough outfits were unloaded within a few days." All this in less than two years, and I only give Scott as a sample because it has specially come under my notice but the same thing is happening all along the line—and other lines also!

Lord Strathcona's last Cablegram (from Minister of Interior, Ottawa), July 7th, 1910, as we go to press:—

"Two hundred and twenty towns are to be built in eighteen months on three of the Canadian railway systems."

That means 220 Stations

"	"	"	Hotels (and more).
"	"	"	Stores "
"	"	"	Banks "
"	"	"	Schools "
"	"	"	Churches "

In one word it means two hundred and twenty centres, with the concentrated necessities of 220 towns with powers of expansion radiating out on every side.

Watchman (High Commissioner):
What of the night? "The morning cometh."



THE BISHOP OF BRITISH
COLUMBIA.

The Bishop of British Columbia writes: "God bless our sailors, and all who help them. My friend J. S. Bailey has worked splendidly from the day when he began the work in a small way. May he be spared for many years."

CHAPTER XVII.
OUR PATRON KING GEORGE V.



With a Sailor-King for our Patron and Canada's Cœur de Lion for our President, the good old British and Foreign Sailors' Society ought to sail gaily on. You do not get a King every day who came

in at the horse pipes and went out at the cabin window, as sailors say. That is every inch a sailor from keelson to truck. A sailor who can reef, splice, and steer. His uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh was a splendid sailor, so is King George, with a sailor heart.

Trained from boyhood as a sailor (says the Times) and devoted through early manhood to the service of his country at sea, KING GEORGE has not only had an opportunity granted to no other Sovereign of traversing his world-wide Dominions and setting foot in the chief places of every continent, but he has also, by close association with his ship-



KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY
LEAVING PASSMORE EDWARDS SAILORS' PALACE

mates in the Navy and by personal experience of the ways and thoughts of many different lands, come into nearer and more familiar touch with the life of his scattered subjects than any previous Monarch of his line. It is much that the KING first visited the coasts of his Empire in all the happy and unhappy circumstances of a midshipman on service with his ship. The insight and experience gained at that impressionable age have been ripened and matured by the statelier travels of later years, but the KING remains a sailor at heart, with the sailor's habit of seeing and doing things for himself

and the sailor's affection for his kind. He has shared the life of the gun-room in days when gun-room life was even less palatial than now; he has faced to the full the responsibilities of command in such small and precarious craft as few but his sailor-subjects would wish to trust at sea; and he knows as well as any one of them the realities of the Service by whose power, before all others, the fabric of the Empire was reared and is sustained. No training or experience at such a time as this could more befit the Sovereign of

“—the people whose hope hath its anchor

“Made fast in the sea.”

When the Duke of Fife, as Lord-Lieutenant of the County of London, laid one of the stones of the Passmore Edwards Sailors' Palace, he turned to me and said: “My brother-in-law, the Prince of Wales, must open this building on his return.” I said, “Your Grace must ask him then.” He did open our Headquarters, supported by his wife, and the Ambassadors and Ministers of the nations. When leaving he said, as he was getting into his carriage:

“Keep me posted from time to time of the progress of the work.” When sailing for Canada for that great historic function at Quebec, 1908, he sent a wireless as the good ship went down the English Channel:—

“Sincere thanks. Wish all prosperity to Sailors' Rest, Milford Haven.—GEORGE P.

THE KING AND HIS PEOPLE BEYOND THE SEAS.

The following gracious Message has, by His Majesty's Command, been communicated to the Officers Administering the Governments of all British Dominions beyond the Seas, British Colonies and Protectorates:—

TO MY PEOPLE BEYOND THE SEAS.

The innumerable messages of kindness from my loyal subjects beyond the Seas have deeply touched my heart and have assured me that I have in full measure their sympathy in the great trial which has befallen me and them, that my sorrow is their sorrow, that we share a common loss.

The happiness of all His people throughout His dominions was dear to the heart of my beloved Father. For them He lived and worked, in their service He died, and I cannot doubt that they will hold His name in grateful remembrance. I am now called to follow in His footsteps and carry on the work which prospered in His hands.

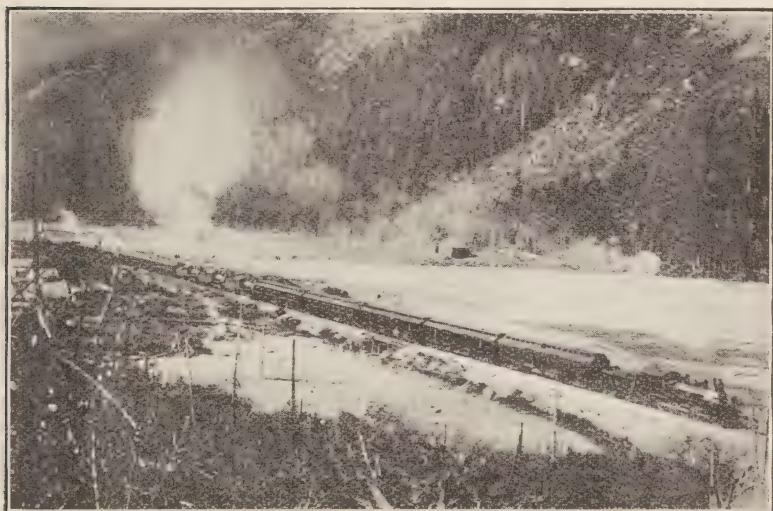
As a sailor, I have been brought into constant touch with the overseas dominions of the Crown, and I have personally realized the affectionate loyalty which holds together many lands and diverse peoples in one glorious fellowship.

Nine years ago I travelled through the Empire, accompanied

by my dear wife, and, had the late King lived, we should together, at His expressed wish, have visited South Africa in the coming autumn to open the first Parliament of the South African Union, the latest and greatest evidence of that peace and harmony which my Father ever loved to promote.

It will be my earnest endeavour to uphold Constitutional Government and to safeguard in all their fulness the liberties which are enjoyed throughout my dominions, and under the good guidance of the Ruler of all men I will maintain upon the foundation of freedom, justice and peace the great heritage of the united British Empire.

GEORGE R.I.



ROYAL TRAIN IN THE KICKING HORSE PASS, conveying H.R.H. Duke and Duchess of Cornwall (now H.M. King George V. and Queen Mary) when they crossed Canada. The train was in charge of Mr. Baker, the nephew of that great Sailors' friend, the late Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, M.P.

These addresses which poured forth from the heart of King George when he came to the Throne are stamped in the Royal Mint and have the family ring about them. At his first Council Meeting he said :—

“ Standing here a little more than nine years ago, our beloved King declared that as long as there was breath in his body he would work for the good and amelioration of his people. I am sure that the opinion of the whole Nation will be that this declaration has been fully carried out.

“ To endeavour to follow in his footsteps, and at the same time to uphold the constitutional government of these Realms, will be

the earnest object of my life. I am deeply sensible of the very heavy responsibilities which have fallen upon me. I know that I can rely upon Parliament and upon the people of these Islands, and of my Dominions beyond the Seas, for their help in the discharge of these arduous duties, and for their prayers that God will grant me strength and guidance. I am encouraged by the knowledge that I have in my dear wife one who will be a constant helpmate in every endeavour for our people's good."

The following telegram was sent to King George :—

"The British and Foreign Sailors' Society, of which your Majesty is Patron, and which represents the seamen of many nations, express their heartfelt sympathy and condolence with your Majesty and the Royal Family, and pray that your Majesty may receive Divine support for exalted duties as Sovereign of the British Empire.—On behalf of the Society, STRATHCONA, President; J. C. DIMSDALE, Treasurer; THOMAS MASON, Chairman; ALEX JEFFREY and EDWARD W. MATTHEWS, Secretaries."

"To President, British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

"Their Majesties sincerely thank the British and Foreign Sailors' Society for their kind message of sympathy.—EQUERRY."

The King asked for a report. A boat load of fact is worth a ship load of theory.

The following gratifying numbers have successfully obtained their certificates at the Board of Trade Examinations since the opening of the Sailors' Palace in 1903 till June 30th, 1910 :—

68 extra masters, 546 ordinary, 574 first mates, 9 only mates, 744 second mates, 67 home trade mates, 52 home trade masters, 24 Trinity officers and masters, making a grand total of *two thousand and eighty-four*.

The late gifted Captain Nicholls, who may be said to be the founder of the School, has been followed in the Headmastership by Captain Maxwell, who has kept up, with the assistance of Captain Jeffrey, the high reputation of the School, making it of its kind the first in the British Empire. So we are very glad to report this one item, among many others to our Sailor-King. The School is a real help to his great profession of the Mercantile Marine, and a worthy memorial in the East of London of the late King Edward.

King George, on the sudden death of his brother, became the Patron of the Society. When in command of H.M.S. Crescent, acting as guard-ship for Queen Victoria at Cowes, a small thing happened which speaks volumes. A very little vane will tell how the wind blows. A souvenir Testament was prepared with a suitable inscription, and it was presented by the Society through the Captain, etc., etc. On Sunday, at Divine Service, on deck our Sailor-Prince-Captain read the lessons, and at the close presented each member of the crew in his own name with a copy. Many a head of a big firm would not follow such an example with their

men, but members of our Royal Family were always taught never to be ashamed of the Scriptures. He was very gracious and kind, seemed so happy and at home among his men, and before I left the ship King Leopold came on board. When the Prince left with his wife for Australia and a trip round the Colonial World in the Ophir, we again presented all the crew with a Sailor Testament, having as an inset a family group of Parents and Children. These were also given out after Sunday Morning Service. Princess May



KING EDWARD VII. NAUTICAL SCHOOL. PASSMORE EDWARDS
SAILORS' PALACE, LONDON. HEAD QUARTERS BRITISH AND FOREIGN
SAILORS' SOCIETY.

signed her name, en voyage, in several books for our Australian representative ladies, including Mrs. J. H. Angas, who had the joy of entertaining over night in their beautiful home at Collingrove Park, the Princes Edward and George, when they made their famous voyage in the Bacchante. On the eve of leaving our shores in the Ophir, each sent a cheque of twenty guineas for the Society, Princess May signing her own cheque, Victoria Mary!

At the time of their engagement, her mother of precious memory,

the Duchess of Teck, accompanied by her genial father, and a large party, came down the Thames in a Trinity Steamer, placed at our service, to open our Millwall Sailors' Rest. The Duchess was very happy, 'mid smiles and tears, and when I read out a special gift from the late Mr. John Cory, she said aloud, "God bless him!" In returning to the boat, the little boys were selling photographs and shouting Princess May for a penny. One wee ragged urchin came up to her father, and he bought some, and turning to me said, "They are just like her, and very good." What the nation owes to that Christian mother we shall never know. The home of the Duchess of Teck, with her one daughter and three sons, was a bright, beautiful, Christian home. Here the Princess was matured in the fear of the Lord, and for her high destiny. In a delightful appreciation of her home life the Times said:—

"Brought up strictly, but without undue restraint, Princess May and her brothers were instructed in all those subjects which are rightly regarded as essential. The Duchess herself undertook the duty of instilling into the minds of her girl and boys the knowledge of Divine truth and of Christian precept and example. The influence of these maternal lessons has been lasting, and is bearing fruit to-day in the Queen's home life. Among the most sacred memories of those early days the Queen and her brothers recall the peaceful Sunday evenings at White Lodge, where grouped round their mother, they joined in singing some of her favourite hymns. The Duchess of Teck was an excellent musician and the possessor of a remarkably fine voice, which was never heard to greater advantage than in these intimate family reunions."

NATIONS BUILT ON THE FAMILY.

We give quotations from two of the King's speeches, given at St. James' Palace, one on the family to the Archbishop of York, Dr. Cosmo Lang, the other to the representatives of the Three Denominations (which included the Rev. Alexander Jeffrey).

"The foundations of national glory are set in the homes of the people. They will only remain unshaken while the family life of our race and nation is strong, simple, and pure.

"Amid the multiplying complexities of modern social conditions, in the hurry of the age, and with the ever-growing needs of millions for moral guidance and spiritual consolation, the work of the Church, both religious and charitable, assumes each year a deeper practical significance.

"That the Church may prosper in her sacred mission, that her teaching may become ever more profoundly interwoven with the real lives and thoughts of the people, and that in enlightened unity with all other Christian effort she may sustain and uplift the hearts of men will always be my prayer."

In the second are these important words:—

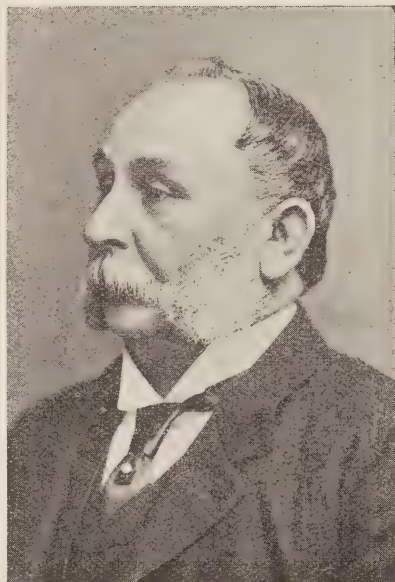
"It is my earnest prayer that I may, with God's help, follow in King Edward's footsteps, and that as the years pass by, my

people may prosper in wealth and happiness ; that they may be confirmed in their love of justice. in strength of character, and in devotion to those exalted moral and spiritual conceptions which are set before them in the teaching of your Churches."



KING GEORGE AND HIS FAMILY WHEN STARTING FOR AUSTRALIA.
From an Old Photograph.

Boys of British breed are fond of ships and girls are fond of sailors, and we all love Jack, and all the Schools will like to read about their Sailor-King and his Queen. Sailors love to see children and we put this family inset in the Testaments for the men of the Ophir as a souvenir of their voyage. King George has seized the Biblical idea of the family, God's plan and purpose in the family, on its unity, purity, sanctity alone can Nations be built up, and in Christ all the families of the earth are to be blessed.



LATE JOHN CORY, ESQ., D.L., PRESIDENT BRITISH AND FOREIGN
SAILORS' SOCIETY.

One of the best friends the Sailors ever had.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STRATHCONA, PROPHET, PRINCE, PEER.

THE glorious Nelson said on the eve of battle :—" Westminster Abbey or a peerage." Some men, and he was one, are peers by right. No earthly dignity can add to this quality. Lord Strathcona belongs to this family breed. In Germany a man may by Royal Prerogative be created a Prince, as was the mighty Bismarck, but no dignity could add to the greatness of his Teutonic and Titanic nature. Mr. Gladstone was so great, so many-sided, intellectually, morally, and spiritually, that no patent of nobility could add to his dignity. In an American School, the question was asked, " Who was Prime Minister of England ? " and the quick answer came " Spurgeon." No title whether Bishop, Archbishop, or Pope could add to the primacy of C. H. Spurgeon, the preacher of Christ's Evangel. There are princes of the Church, and princes of the blood and princely givers and Canada's Cœur de Lion belongs to this family by right of blood, birth and deed. Some men come to a point when outside additions are recognitions and nothing more. Were our Gracious Sovereign to make the subject of our booklet an Earl, Marquis or Duke, it would not add one inch to his stature. The Empire would confirm any such recognition but the position he has now in the world cannot be added thereto.

Away back in 1886 it was whispered abroad that a certain Canadian had been recognised by Britain's great Queen Victoria and that he had received a knighthood of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. This gallant Knight was none other than Donald Alexander Smith. Had Sir Donald's inclinations lay along the political he could, by force of personality, power, patience and perseverance, have risen to the highest position in Cabinet circles, but he was rightly led into other paths of service. Still he followed Sir Charles Tupper (in 1896) and became " High Commissioner for Canada " in London the centre of the Empire ! The same year he received his G.C.M.G.

From historic Windsor Castle there goes forth a summons which must be obeyed. It comes from the heart and hand of Gracious Queen Victoria to her loyal Canadian representative and servant, and with her own hands Her Majesty bestows the insignia of Knight Grand Cross of the Order. In June, 1897, Sir Donald is created a peer of the realm. And so it came to pass that Sir Donald was Gazetted.

Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal of Glencoe, Argyllshire, and Montreal, Canada.

London is to be his centre and crowning, but there is in the title the old link referred to by the Duke of Fife between Scotia and Canada. Our Heralds' College had to produce a suitable crest



THE NEW STEAMER OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

for this man from the North West wilds of Canada. Our readers will agree with me that it was a sheer bit of inspiration. Here is the description for those interested in such matters :—

“ARMS—gules on a fesse argent between a demilion rampant in chief or and a canoe of the host with four men paddling proper, in the bow a flag of the second, flowing to the dexter, inserted with the letters N.W. Sable in base. A hammer surmounted by a nail in saltire of the last. CREST—on a mount vert, a beaver eating into a maple tree proper. Then follows the motto ‘Perseverance.’

Someone has said of the recital of these arms that ‘it sounded like a fur-trading voyageur’s song played upon a mediæval sack-but.’ The hammer and nail commemorate the driving of the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway. As to the motto—‘Perseverance’—to no man and no career could it be more fitly applied.”

Sailor-like, I am rushing along, having had word from my printer that he must have final copy within a few hours, so I am anticipating! President Taft :—“in the course of a speech yesterday at Eastport, Maine, which is situated upon the Canadian border, gave renewed expression to his desire for closer trade relations with Canada and of his good will towards the British Empire, spoke as follows :—

“I hope in this audience which I am addressing there are some Canadians. You are close enough to them to know them and value them as neighbours.

Canada is a great country and we are just learning how great she is.”

Will our readers in every clime take special note of the President’s word and pass it on. “Canada is a great country and we are just learning how great she is.” This is said by a great citizen of the United States who takes a wide outlook of places, countries, things. He has just returned from a tour all through his own United States, visiting its great and growing centres and this is his verdict.

SEEN IN VISION.

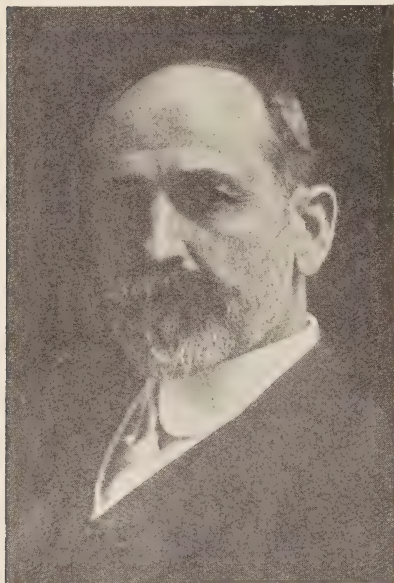
Lord Strathcona saw Canada’s greatness in vision half a century ago. Believed in it and proved his faith by pledging his credit! Faith is a quickening, living, inspiring quality of the soul and Strathcona had it and ventured. Faith has crossed prairies, bridged gulfs, scaled mountains, united oceans, linked up Dominions and conquered. Did I say Strathcona was a prophet? “Before time in Israel, when a man went to enquire of God, thus he spake, Come and let us go to the seer : for he that is now called a Prophet was before time called a seer.”

CENTURIES WAITING FOR RAILROADS.

Before the peerage, before the knighthood, when plain Donald Alexander Smith, he saw as clear as day light, that over distances

so vast, railways were the supreme necessity. But railways cost money and who will invest in Canadian wild cat schemes which will be even worse than the U.S.A. failures? Here my Donald made his great master railway stroke which not only led him on to fortune, but to a mighty stride in Canada's sublime future.

In the middle of the last century, and up to the great U.S.A. Civil War there lay just over the Canadian border a dying, rotting railway, bearing the ambitious title of St Paul and Pacific. Two hundred and seventeen miles had been laid but now it was in a state of bankruptcy and its 27,000,000 dollars worth of bonds



WM. MCKENZIE,
PRESIDENT CANADIAN GREAT NORTHERN
RAILWAY.

were regarded as unsaleable and worthless. When at its darkest and the bondholders of Amsterdam were hopeless, the Red river man named Donald, the seer of Western Canada, saw his great opportunity and the possibilities only waiting for a master stroke. Manitoba needed railway connections with the South but a wave of bankruptcy was sweeping over the American Continent involving thousands in ruin. But the prophet needed was there. Hear what the seer had to say to the blind and the unbelieving.

"It is worth while in this place recalling a little anecdote told of Mr. Smith shortly after the Ministry fell by a parliamentary colleague from the east. 'Well, Mr. Smith,' said this gentle-

man, 'your consistency seems fated in the matter of railways. The Canadian Pacific is shelved for another generation, and no capitalist will ever touch that Yankee railway to the south of you; those Dutchmen would do well to come over and sell those rails for old junk.' Mr. Smith smiled quietly.

'That railway isn't dead,' he said. 'A traveller isn't dead when he sits down by the wayside to rest, and you and I, my friend, will be riding across the continent on the Canadian Pacific within ten years.' This latter prediction became fulfilled almost to the letter. It was in 1885 that Donald A. Smith himself drove the last spike in the mighty railway which now stretches from Atlantic to Pacific."

Mr. Smith not only touched it but secured it, saved it, linked it up with what was to be and is to be the mighty centre of Canada known as Winnipeg. When the Mayor presided at a meeting for me in the City Hall of this Chicago of Canada in 1907, he said that when a boy he walked 600 miles by the side of a PRAIRIE SCHOONER (a waggon) to the fort and hamlet where now stands Winnipeg. And to-day the C.P.R. has in this city alone over a 100 miles of railway sidings!

How the C.P.R. was laid, how Mr. Smith stood by and quietly and unostentatiously raised the millions when stoppage was



VICE-ADMIRAL PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBURG OPENING THE
NAVAL SEAMAN'S REST AT DOVER.

threatened, are not these records published in Beckles Willson's *Life of Lord Strathcona*? If the inner history of all the byways of this movement were written it would make fascinating reading. I think it was Dr. Barclay, of the Presbyterian Church, Montreal, who laughingly said to me, "the great C.P.R. was born and bred in his Church vestry!" Not a bad place for the King's high way to be born! It appears that Strathcona, Mount Stephen, Van Horne, and the other Mighties were all members of this church!

LORD LANSDOWNE, who has given such a striking summary of Lord Strathcona, in such few words in the beginning of this book, said a quarter of a century ago:—"It is impossible to travel from

this city to the Western Ocean without feelings of admiration for the courage, and I am almost tempted to say the audacity, both of those who first conceived, and of those who have carried to a successful consummation this great national work. The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway stands alone in the history of great achievements in railway building."

SIR CHARLES TUPPER in his speech at S. George's Club, London (in January, 1891), upon the recognition of his official successor as High Commissioner for Canada said:—"The Canadian Pacific Railway would have no existence to-day, notwithstanding all that the Government did to support that undertaking, had it not been for the indomitable pluck and energy and determination, both financially and in every other respect, of Sir Donald Smith."

THE PROPHET'S VISION.

The Trans-Railways.

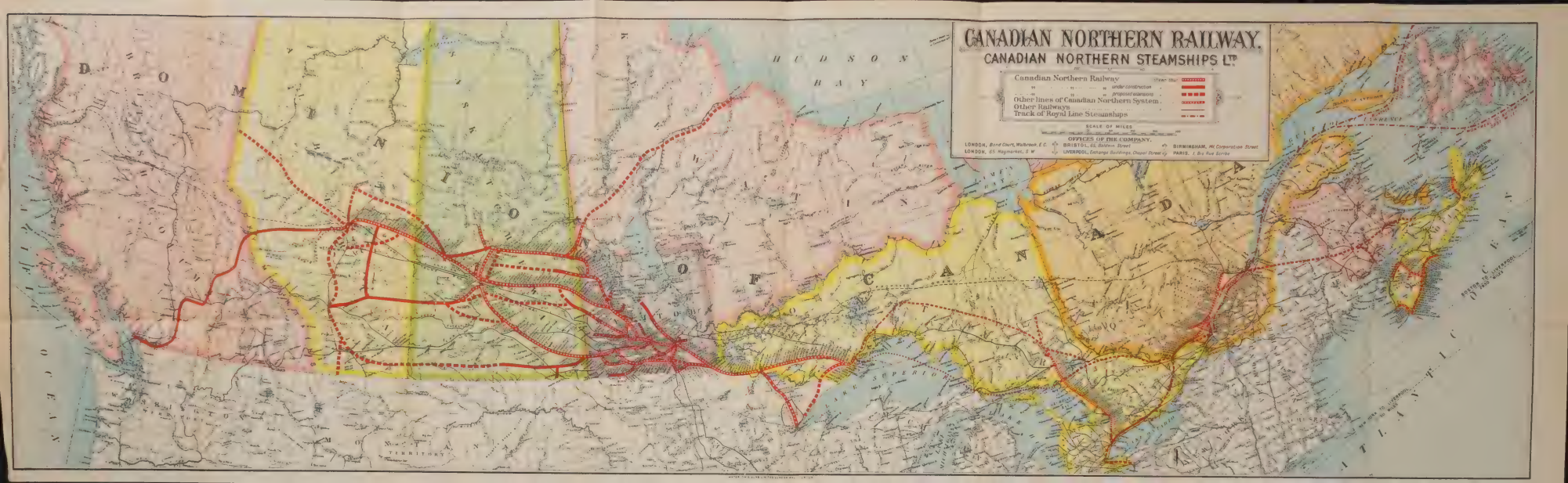
Seer as was Canada's Cœur de Lion, did he in his day-dreams or visions of the night see three trans-railways through the great loneland, with all their inter-sections! In any case it will be an accomplished fact before we can have time to look round. My President is only 90 to-day, and I am only 64, a mere son of the ocean, and I shall expect ere my life's work is finished, to receive a free pass from ocean to ocean in an observation car, that I may tell of the wonders, seen by my own eyes, when these highways of the King shall be finished! Yes, says a railway King, I have read your chatty book, and you are a young man yet, and like your President, getting younger every year. I should like to do this, for you could make people fall in love with our country, but, you know our law is now so frightfully stringent about a free pass, besides you are a Bible man, and there it says "Jonah paid his fare and went."

Yes, but Jonah was a runaway, and in spite of his faults had a free passage back! Besides he was not a distinguished stranger! Landing at Sydney, New South Wales, the Minister of Railways was in the same difficulty and he took down the Book of Laws, and read the paragraphs of exception. He quietly said, "here is one under Distinguished Visitors to our Colonies." You have a big patriotic, educational, philanthropic, 'Nelson-Victory' presentation scheme under way, visiting our chief cities, Colleges, Schools, I think I can pass you on, under Distinguished Visitor clause!" I thought I saw a happy twinkle in the eye and a smile.

Gentlemen, we will not anticipate difficulties, wait and see, forward be our watchword—there may be even a Centenary booklet yet, but don't mention it in Grosvenor Square!

THREE RAILWAY MAPS.

Such a time was never known since the world began of three trans-railway maps, across a Continent from ocean to ocean, in one booklet. But the three will help to convey to the mind, the



CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY, CANADIAN NORTHERN STEAMSHIPS LTD.

Canadian Northern Railway
under construction
proposed extensions
Other lines of Canadian Northern System
Other Railways
Track of Royal Line Steamships

SCALE OF MILES

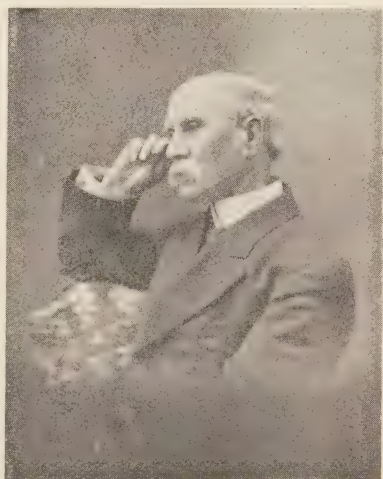
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present position, the assured progress and the tremendous possibilities for Canada. It is difficult for the untravelled and uninitiated mind to grasp the situation. The C.P.R. has a system of over 12,000 miles. Between Montreal and Vancouver it has over 400 stations. It has five fleets of steamers on two oceans, two sets for the Lakes, East and West and Coastal, to say nothing of Hotels, telegraph, express, mining lands and agricultural. Its gifted President, Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy, when I was out west, made at Winnipeg a telling speech to his Western employes, a quotation of which I pass on :

"Mr. Whyte suggested that I might say something as to the elements and factors that contribute to success in railway life, as well as in other walks of life. Probably no person at the table started with less assurance of progress than I did myself.

No doubt a great part of such success that has come to me has been in measure accidental—due to circumstances, but I have seen enough of life and know enough of the manner in which the employer analyzes and estimates his assistants to say that the basis of all success, whether it be in railway life or in commercial life, or, indeed, in professional life is not so much in the nature of genius, as in earnestness, industry, rational ambition, and, above all things integrity."



MISSIONARY J. S. BAILEY.
VICTORIA, B.C.

We give the portraits of the other two Presidents and wish them also every success in their immense undertakings. In my last run through Canada I went from Winnipeg to Edmonton by the Canadian Northern Railway, passing through the great wheat-belt and saw with my own eyes the marvellous growth on every side of the line. The author of Canada's Century speaks of its President, Mr. Mackenzie and his vice-president, Mr. Mann, as Empire builders, and couples with them Director Mr. R. M. Horne Payne. This Company has just put upon the Atlantic two superb Royal Steamers which seem to be breaking the record to Canada. There will be room for all. Earl Grey just came by this route and returned by the C.P.R. Express Boat.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway has had a great and growing past and must have a more wonderful future. Its map will tell its own tale of wonders yet to come. In another chapter I tell a

story of its line from Saskatoon to Edmonton, but since it was written a daily express service is inaugurated over this new line. It is also pushing on as we have heard from Edmonton towards the Rockies which they will cross at a low elevation and swing away down to Port Rupert. This Port strikes the Ocean 550 miles north of Vancouver and say 50 miles South of Alaska, and yet thanks to the warm Japanese Gulf Stream, it is an open port all the year round. It is also a port reached through Dixon entrance and Brown passage and absolutely protected from Ocean attacks by Digby Island.

What the outcome of all this will mean no tongue can tell. A cartoon appeared representing Mr. C. M. Hay, President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway as a giant, unrolling his railway from Atlantic to Pacific. In the good old days we read there were giants in the land. But the old days had no monopoly, for in these last days there are giants, with big ideas of world conquest, not so much by sword, rapier, and bloodshed, but by ship, railway, and all the mighty instruments science places at our doors.

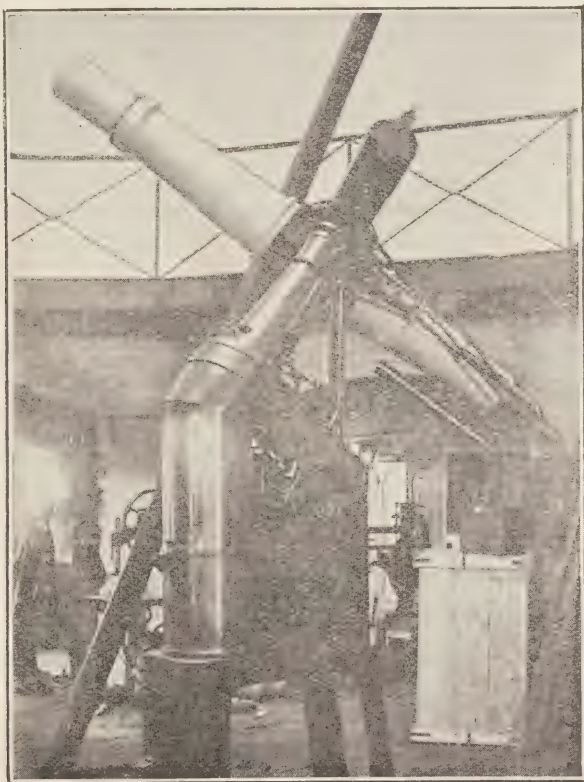
There were many contributory causes both East and West for such a transcendent consummation goes without saying. Senator Macdonald still happily representing British Columbia at Ottawa told me in his beautiful home at Victoria, the story how his Government of B.C. made it conditional, of the Province coming into the Union, that the Canadian Government should guarantee a traffic line right through to the Pacific Ocean. Other causes if space and time permitted might also be given, but the primary cause was the Divine Westward set of the human tide, following the sun as at this day—Westward ho!

REVELATION TO THE UNINITIATED.

In other chapters I have brought out the fact that lands now pierced by railways, once thought to be worthless for man, are now found to be a veritable Canaan. But what about the regions still farther north of these three trans-lines? Here is a picture from Canada's Century too good to withhold:

"Before the House of Commons Agricultural Committee, recently, Mr. Elihu Stewart, Dominion Superintendent of Forestry, in testifying as to the resources and conditions concerning this far northern country, said that the growth of vegetation in the Mackenzie Basin was surprising, the sun in the summer being visible for about 20 hours out of the 24. On July 15th, at Fort Providence, near Slave Lake, on the Mackenzie River, about 550 miles north of Edmonton, Mr. Stewart said he saw ripe wheat, potatoes in flower, peas fit to use, tomatoes, turnips, rhubarb, beet, cabbage, onions and other garden vegetables. The strawberries had been ripe for some time, and the people had currants and gooseberries. To illustrate the heat, he said that at Fort Chipewyan it had been 100 degrees in the shade for several days and nights. Indians

coming from the Alaska Boundary to meet the steamer Wrigley had lost two dogs from heat in the Arctic Circle. He thought systematic exploration would show a surprising amount of good country, extending down from Slave Lake to Peace River. Along the Mackenzie River spruce grew clear to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. There were aspen, white poplar, balm of Gilead and



PASSMORE EDWARDS SAILORS' PALACE TELESCOPE IN OUR OBSERVATORY.

birch growing as far north as Fort Macpherson. Mr. Stewart said that on Slave River he had passed a bank of burning coal about 20 miles in length near Fort Norman, which Mackenzie had reported burning in 1789!"

LORD STRATHCONA BIGGER THAN CANADA.

Attention has been concentrated on Canada, but the other Dominions and Unions must have their turn. Emulations within the Empire Circle will stimulate the Imperial race. Railways will

do much to solve the African problems. Our Gordons, Livingstones, Rhodes, and a great host have laid down their lives in Africa and for Africa. There were dreams in Egypt before and they all came true. That Cape to Cairo dream must be fulfilled. God has a great purpose for his long bleeding Africa, and I am glad to feel He does not carry out His purposes without the British. I do not limit the Holy One, but I believe if Britain be true, He will not carry out His merciful designs over vast areas in Africa without us. If unfaithful, He can make what is now our glory our grave, and call others to do His bidding. There are things which Christ cannot do but through His Church. There are things concerning the Kingdom of God among the nations, which God cannot do but through the elect nation. Lord Strathcona feels more and more the wholeness, oneness, of the British Empire. The High Commissioners in London feel, that while they specially represent their own vast Dominions, there is one flag, one language, one King, one outlook, one Book uniting all.

Lord Strathcona linked Canada with Africa in those never to be forgotten days of our agony. In the great and bloody struggle for supremacy between Briton and Boer in South Africa, Lord Strathcona saw at a glance with his vast Canadian experience the need of the British in South Africa. He saw when many of our English leaders were blind, how the Colonies could best help. His patriotic heart was stirred within him.

The repeated reverses, following on the mistaken tactics of those dark days early in 1900, suggested to Lord Strathcona that the experiment of such a body of rough riders as the Canadian Mounted Police ought to be tried. The thought crystallised for a few days, and then early in January came the offer of such a mounted force from himself—as a Canadian—to the Queen and Empire. It would be raised by himself, equipped by himself, and transported to South Africa at his own cost—nearly six hundred mounted men and horses. It would not cost the War Office a penny: its expense to him would be over a million dollars. The magnificence of this offer almost startled the country; needless to say, it was accepted.

Australia is as entrancing in its vastness, resources, opportunities, the one island Continent of the world (though now we know all the Continents are Islands, but this is the only Continent open all the year round!) as Canada itself. During the next decade Australia will have Trans-lines North and South, East and West, unless the unthinkable should take place, namely for her legislature to bang, bolt and bar the door! Never can I forget her mighty fields, forests and flowers. Her harbours and cities second to none in the Empire. Her flocks and herds, the cattle upon a thousand hills travelling safely over a thousand miles. Her Churches, Schools, Institutions, are all after the same fashion as the other self-governing Dominions. Sir George Reid, her distinguished representative is welcomed among us, comes to the

centre of Empire, with high ideals, big ideas, and mighty aims for his Island Continent. He means business! Already he and his Colonial peers find in our Doyen Commissioner not only a lion-hearted, but a big hearted co-worker and leader, for King and country.

Many of us are children in our comprehensions and standards. Crossing the Solent for the first time a little girlie exclaimed, "what a big bath!" A bath was her standard. When the little party got upon the Isle of Wight Railway some twenty miles in length, they felt the exhilaration of a trans-continental! The manager was a veritable Railway king in their eyes, and as to the Station Master at Brading Junction, clad in uniform and with a sense of the greatness of his position, they looked upon as a world centre! In the endeavour to comprehend Canada and its three trans-lines, junctions, branches, stations, yearly expansions, growths (and other Dominions also), we must get away from our little ideals and standards and take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of our great Dominions beyond the seas.

Montreal Sailor's Institute, Mr. J. Ritchie Bell, the Manager, writes:—"No Canadian is more universally loved and respected than Lord Strathcona. Sir A. Donald Smith is the name by which Montrealers knew him twenty years ago. He was the friend of every true philanthropy, and no appeal from any worthy cause, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, ever met with an unsympathetic reception from him.

That great temple of healing, bearing the illustrious name of Royal Victoria Hospital, which adorns the terraces of our Royal Mount, stands as a monument of the exalted qualities of heart and princely munificence of Lord Strathcona, and of his friend and associate, Lord Mount-Stephen.

For many years he represented the interests of the City of Montreal in Parliament. He has always been a generous contributor to the work of the Montreal Sailors' Institute, in addition to Annual Subscriptions to Current Expenses, he has made generous donations to each of our building schemes.

Lord Strathcona, however, has given better than money, he has given himself. While residing in Montreal, he was a member of the Board of Management of the Montreal Sailors' Institute and on various occasions showed his personal interest in the work by presiding at our Annual Gatherings and speaking in the interest of the work.

The British and Foreign Sailors' Society has had many illustrious men occupying the President's chair, but never have they had a gentleman more deserving of the nation's honour than Lord Strathcona and Mount-Royal. The Montreal Sailors' Institute extends its hearty congratulations to the parent Sailors' Society of the world."

Last Snapshot of Lord Strathcona, taken Twelve Days before Ninetieth Birthday.



RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, OPENING NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICES FOR THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY, 25TH, 1910.

Here we find our young High Commissioner for Canada, only twelve days before his ninetieth birthday. A gentleman asked, "he is 92 isn't he?" Oh, not 92? Why he isn't 90 yet! I did not tell tales out of School, namely, what would happen next week! I began my modest booklet with a picture of the man and his work, I end it with a snapshot, as he is in the midst of his work for his beloved Canada. Among other duties of the day he had already attended two meetings and was going off to fill other engagements in this Empire City! It was a study to watch him all through the happy little function and playfully trying to dodge the photographers! But he would not suffer himself to be taken without companions in tribulation! So the London Manager of the Bank of Montreal, Mr. F. William Taylor, and Mr. A. Bowder, the representative in Great Britain of the Government of New Brunswick, &c., came into focus. His Lordship's last word to me was, we were so sorry not to be able to get to your daughter's wedding—and to-morrow morning he attends a Colonial wedding. So I felt here is a man the oldest, yet the youngest among us, entering with bonhomie into the grave and gay. Again he prophesied Canada within the next generation would equal Great Britain in the number of its inhabitants.

21 Sir George Reid and his brother Commissioners should have arranged a birthday banquet and we should have had a real good time, and some of the more exuberant spirits would no doubt have sung "for he's a jolly good fellow" but London will be empty! Everybody will be out of town and our chieftain will have gone to his Bonnie Scotland! We must therefore content ourselves with all the affectionate good will and prayers contained in our birthday booklet—

GOD BLESS HIM.

ERRATA.

Page 20.—Par. 5, for “Achieston” read “Archiestown.”

Page 111.—Under Illustration read “Steamer,
[Wanganui River.”

Page 113.—Under Illustration read “New Zealand Lake.”

Page 136.—Line 1, read “Friend” for “Friendly.”

Page 166.—Par. 8, for “Captain Jeffrey” read “Captain
Jefferys.”

Page 168.—For “Dr. Cosmo Lacy” read “Dr. Cosmo
Lang.”



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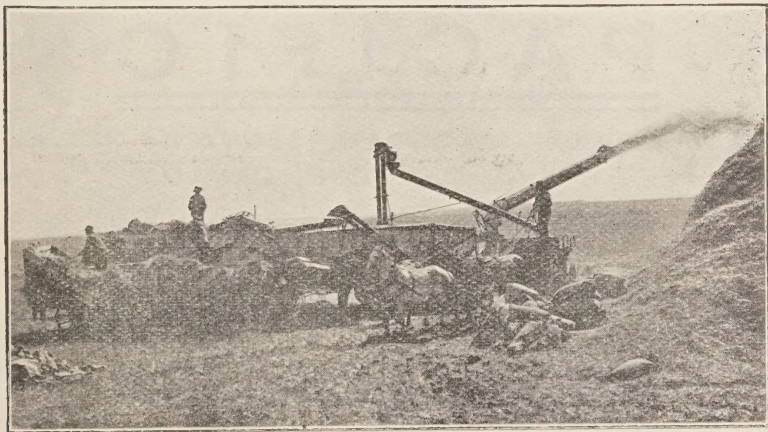
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